This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

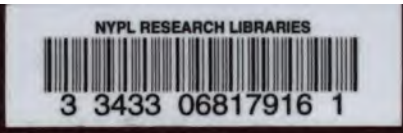
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06817916 1

MARY LYNDON

OR,

REVELATIONS OF A LIFE.

An Autobiography.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

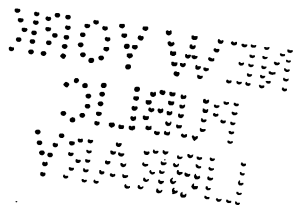
NEW YORK:
STRINGER AND TOWNSEND,
222 BROADWAY.
1855.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
340691
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1906

ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1855, BY

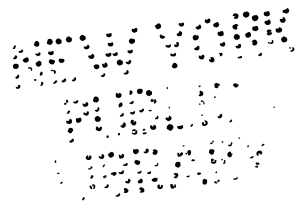
STRINGER AND TOWNSEND,

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK



DAVIES AND ROBERTS, STEREOTYPERS,
201 William Street.

To Those I Love, on Earth and in the Heavens, I Dedicate this Book. It is the best Tribute I can now offer you, although a Prophecy is in my Heart of a Better Work—one more worthy of you and me—which I am yet to Write.



DUP EXCH 29 MAR 1906
DREW THEOL SEM

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

MARY LYNDON.

PART FIRST.

Chapter One.

CHILDHOOD AND RED APPLES.

THE world appears dark, ignoble, and gloomy, or sunny, glorious, and beautiful, corresponding with the soul of the onlooker. For us all are the cares of life, the hard duties, and for many the hard work which must daily be done; but harder than all is the stern devil's fact that hearts, beating in perfect rhythm with each other, are sundered, to make sad discord in many homes—chained where they do not belong, doing a life-work that is not theirs, and making and mending shams till their life-sun goes down. This is what darkens the face of the heavens, that kills the flowers from earth, and blots the stars from the sky. Truth! where is it? Who lives it? Who speaks it? Is it not too true that the last thing known is the inmost thought and feeling of those nearest to us? Do we not want, more than any law or any compact, a league for mutual protection in honesty? Who dares to tell the truth? What Life was ever written? Am I brave enough to write mine? Questions these of weightiest im-

port. Some of them I may yet answer worthfully. Surely I think I may, else I would not make the endeavor.

A village rises before me—a village of "sunny New England." Sunny it may be to some, but a "hard-favored" Father-land to many more. A home that sharpens men's wits to work, because without these sharp wits they can not live. A home that has made thinkers for these many years, by the necessity of bread and butter. I would describe this village—daguerreotype my vision of it for a warning against the creation of another such; but my labor would be quite lost, for the builders of such villages read few books, and none that treat of the sin of hamlets such as theirs—a town without trees, built on a sand plain, from which all the pines and shrub-oaks have been carefully cleared. The primitive Yankee seemed to have a spite against nature, which he wreaked on the trees. He had only two reasons for saving the forest from the axe—food and firewood. The nut trees might stand for boys and squirrels; and the winters to come pleaded for some acres of woodland—and Greenwood was settled by such men as these.

They built a church—a square, ugly, unpainted building it was, overlooking a grave-yard, which is set round by poplar trees, and is as full of white stone slabs as a stone-mason's yard. Behind the church is a grove of walnut and chestnut trees. Oh, the relief of those blessed trees, to one who looks over the sandy "Common," and sees the dozen houses that surround it, the brown, weather-beaten church, with its row of dismantled horse-sheds, and the desolate-looking school-house, where the "rising generation" is imprisoned six hours a-day in winter, with the thermometer (if one ever got there) at ninety degrees. Here children breathe an atmosphere impure enough to insure scarlatina and other juvenile gifts, such as croup, measles, pneumonia, and sit on hard, uncomfortable benches till they are qualified by curved spines for the reclining-board of the doctor. And all this is endured that they may become cognizant of the fact, or assertion, that "English grammar is the art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety;" which fact, or assertion,

learned under such conditions, ought to be worth a weighty sum to the learner.

That grove, spared by the men of Greenwood because it bore something good to eat, is very beautiful—more beautiful by its contrast with the surrounding ugliness. In the cold winter the trees shield the hamlet from the force of fierce winds; in summer the children play in the cool shade; and in autumn there is great glee among the young people, when the first frost has brought down the brown, shining chestnuts, and they lay in bushels on the ground.

One bright autumn day, a group of children were picking nuts in the grove. A happy, romping girl, with radiant curls falling all over her shoulders, and with her white frock soiled and torn and her chip hat in her hand with but one string, rises before me on the dark background of the past. She is standing on a rock, pouting her full, loving lip, and turning a fold over a rent in her soiled frock.

"I like to tear my clothes, and go without my hat, and do every thing mamma don't want me to do," said the spoiled pet.

A little, weary, sad-looking girl sat on the grass, with a great babe in her arms. She raised her eyes to the speaker with a gaze of sad astonishment. She had no idea of the courage that could conceive such insubordination. The pretty romp swung her beautiful, bare arms, and looked a queen in miniature. She is named Eva Wilmot; and the ugly, sad-looking child is named Mary Lyndon. Poor Mary! it is painful to look at her. She is clothed in a coarse, cotton frock, made in the ugliest fashion. Her flaxen hair is knotted in her neck, and combed straight over her forehead, and she is so cross-eyed that her eyes look always in different directions. There is a timid and even fearful expression in her face; as if her spirit had strayed unwittingly from above, and had been lost, miserably lost, on the earth.

That weary child, who sat, holding her baby-brother on the grass, and looking in astonishment, and yet in reverence, on the beautiful Eva, now traces these records of a life, as full of change as the rapid river, or the ever-varying clouds. That child has grown to be a woman, and has gone down into the deeps of existence, and has dwelt among its shallows and shams—has drunk

earth's bitterest draughts, and has had the sweetest foretastes of heaven. And now she would paint the picture of her life, with its black masses and shadows, and its bright and blessed lights. She believes that the world loves Truth, and that a Life Revealed may be both a warning and a blessing.

Reader, there I sat upon the grass, with a miniature universe rolled up in my heart. I could not analyze it, and know it; but I could feel it weighing down my spirit, as if the weight of the world were upon me.

I looked at Eva. How angelic she seemed in her young, glowing beauty! I was oppressed with a sort of awe when I looked at her; and yet I loved her more than I could ever find words to express.

Presently the group of children took a fancy for another part of the grove. Away they ran, but I could only look wishfully after them. I had my baby-brother to take care of, and I could not carry him about. My strength was barely sufficient to support my chubby burden where I was, and the little cart that my elder brother Arthur had made for the child was not formed for running over fields and fences. Eva was foremost of the group, and my pale, shy brother Arthur kept very near her. The little fairy had made the good brother forget his tired sister.

"The red-apple tree! the red-apple tree!" was the joyous cry. Eva was eager to get the apples. They were her father's, and there was the joy in prospect of being Lady Bountiful, and giving all the children the mellow fruit. Before they reached the tree she thought of me, and looked back to see me sitting sorrowfully on the ground, picking nuts and grass for the baby.

"Let us go back for Mary," said she.

The children cried out, "Oh, she can't bring Willie, and there are two fences, and he cries if any one takes him from her."

"Then I will go back and stay with her, and you may bring me some apples."

In a minute more she was at my side, her head in my lap, and my little brother was twining his fingers in her golden curls, and crowing with as much delight as if he had appreciated all the beauty of the glorious Eva. She only rescued her ringlets when

Arthur brought his hat full of beautiful apples, and the baby rolled them about to the neglect of every thing else.

"I wish I were a queen," said Eva; "then I would give every body great red apples."

How I loved her for coming back to me when I was tired and alone—and I seemed to myself to be always alone. I loved my brother dearly, but he lived in a dream-land, peopled with books, and his love for Eva was the only living sympathy he had; and this was his worship. He was kind to me, but I was not of his world. My only sister was some years older than I was, and as unlike me as rose pink is unlike ash color. Emma was beautiful, and I loved her as I would love a beautiful picture. She sung like a nightingale; she danced like a sylph; her taste in dress was exquisite. Her ruling loves were for admiration and novels.

The only happiness I had with Emma was that of admiring her. This was a pure, sweet pleasure, that was never dashed with one bitter drop. I could not envy her, though I knew my own ugliness full well. My mother told me often that I was a fright; that my skin was yellow as a squash, my nose large enough for two, and that my eyes were not mates.

If a friend suggested that I might outgrow my squint, my mother inquired tartly if they were charitable enough to promise me that I would outgrow flaxen hair that looked like tow, a great nose, a leathern complexion, a stoop in the shoulders, and being afraid of every body?

"Never mind," said my father; "Mary has got a true spirit in her, if it does look out through desperate cross eyes. She is a good girl, and reads to me; and if she is not pretty enough to catch a beau, all the better for me; I shall keep her the longer." How I wished that he would allow me to read to him oftener, and that he would talk to me more. "As to gifts," he continued, "I like a bird that can not sing, as well as one that will not sing. I have not forgotten the king who heard the song of the nightingale, and thought that a bird that sung so sweetly must be good to eat. So he had a dish of nightingales cooked, and probably he was as sadly disappointed when he ate his birds, as I should be, if I was to expect my handsome, singing daughter to entertain her father."

MARY LYNDON

OR,

REVELATIONS OF A LIFE.

An Autobiography.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

NEW YORK:
STRINGER AND TOWNSEND,
222 BROADWAY.
1855.

My father was the son of a Scotsman, and a part of my inheritance is a reverent love for

"The Land o' cakes and brither Scots."

Scotland has been to me the home of stalwart men and sturdy women—yes, sturdy women; however my delicate, gossamer lady readers may dislike the adjective. Die Vernon and Jeannie Deans were worthy to be the mothers of heroes, as surely as our pale, shadowy, fastidious wives in long clothes, who shrink with equal pain from a run up hill, a Bloomer dress, and the suspicion of masculinity, were born for no such destiny. The home of Burns must forever have my love, and the land of the stern Covenanter, just, though merciless, deserves my respect.

My father was more than a father to me; he was a hero and a friend, and as such I reverenced and loved him, independent of all natural ties. No name was ever so sweet as his. William Lyndon is as musical now as ever to me, though he bears it no more. My first distinct remembrance of him is of his leaving home as a soldier in the war of 1812, when I was two years old. I feel at this moment my little hand clasped in his, his soul-full eyes gazing on me. My cheek is pressed to his, a tear falls on my face, and I wonder, as I did then, why he does not kiss me. My next recollection is of his return. I see his manly form before me, with just half of his days lived through; the halo of heroic accomplishment around him; his eye flashing with a light that eighty winters never dimmed; his broad brow expanding with the perception of facts and the wisdom of thought. He possessed an energy which seemed a sort of earthly immortality; for at seventy years he was as lithe as an Indian, and as straight as an arrow. His pride of personal prowess was never bowed by a bent form.

He had no sympathy with that false dignity which lead parents to shun the acquaintance of their children. He was my friend. I told him all I learned, and he taught me all he knew. Perhaps he told me more of his thoughts than it was well for my young mind and heart. He was called an "Infidel," a name that terrified many so-called believers, who would have been greatly blest had they possessed a tithe of his knowledge or goodness. His

infidelity was a deep protest against the evil he saw in those who bore the name of Christians. His "orthodox" friends wondered that his practice was not affected by his doctrines. It was by no means wonderful, for his opinions were nearly all negations. It were an easy task to find "thirty-nine articles" in which he had no faith, but very difficult to find half a dozen to which he would give his hearty, unqualified credence. He had one great fault, according to my code of ethics: he loved argument as a pugilist loves an encounter, as the athletæ love games of strength, or as the Indian hunter loves the chase. He argued for the most various opinions, and on both sides of a question, with equal ability, and in the same hour. He lived in a kind of intellectual gymnasium, where the industry had no object but to sharpen wits already inconveniently thorny.

When I became old enough to be troubled at my father's opinions, I had a genuine fear that his eternal peace was in peril; and I saw also that much damage was done his reputation, and the prospects of his family, by his avowal of unbelief. I tried to convince him that he was wrong. Vain attempt! Like a player who uses loaded dice, he was sure to have the best of an argument. It was very painful to me to feel then, and to know now, that my noble father was a sophist; that he loved to triumph, almost as well as to convince. The tritest of all sayings are those concerning the imperfections of our common humanity. Still the faults of our friends are as painful as if they were not incidental to our natures. It was a sad thought to me, that the stain of evil was on my father's spirit. That he was not a Christian, was a vague terror to me which I could not analyze; but my sorrow for a sophistry in which I saw a kind of dishonesty was more intimately painful. His pet name for me was "Little One;" and when he prefaced a remark with this saying, I was sure he was disposed to talk to me. I must give a specimen of his mode of dealing with my faith.

"Little One, your Christianity commands the impossible, and does not achieve the possible. Tell me who is a Christian."

"The being who acts from love," I answered readily.

"Every one acts from love, but the little word self comes before it. There are a great many kinds of love, Little One."

"I only mean Divine love, father."

"I grant that *you* mean always just right. Let us look at those who call themselves Christians. Those who acknowledge themselves such plead guilty to intolerance, a persecuting spirit, uncharitableness, and pious pride. How much Divine love is there in all this? If Christianity is the saving system that its professors contend, why are they not saved, to say nothing of the rest of the world, who in my judgment are no worse helped? Examine the history of the Christian Church for eighteen hundred years. Have there not been intolerance, persecution, and cruelty among Catholics and Protestants, worthy of the patrons of Juggernaut? The Inquisition, with its revealed and unrevealed horrors, the burning of Servetus by your worshiped hero, John Calvin, the hanging and scourging of Quakers, and the pressing to death of Salem witches; all this is chargeable on your Christianity, Little One."

"You know, father, Dr. Franklin says, 'If men are so bad with religion, what would they be without it?' The true spirit of religion is love, and whether its professors have much or little of this spirit, it remains the same. Though persecution, deception, Phariseeism, and all uncharitableness abound, and though no man feels that he has a brother, still the central truth of Christianity remains the same."

"That is a droll center that has no circumference, Little One," said he, laughingly.

"But, father, simple goodness is always a center to a blessed circumference."

"Was there no simple goodness before Christianity?"

"Oh, father!" sobbed I, "it is folly to talk with you, though I had the tongue of an angel. I can not abide argument. I have a horror of it. You do not wish to convince—you argue to triumph and to silence."

"Pretty near the truth. Most people have no analysis, or understanding. You are quite out of the common highway for women. You are better than the best of them, and *you* always end an argument with an inundation. You prove yourself a Christian by a liberal baptism of tears every time you try to convert your heathenish father. Listen to me, Mary; I find to-day the ma-

jority of people are clamorous for one set of opinions or prejudices, and it is an amusement for me to try my eloquence in persuading them to adopt another brood instead."

"But what are your real thoughts, father, when you do this?"

"I can hardly hope to set my thoughts in order for you, Little One—enough that I am a Freethinker."

"I never yet have learned the definition of Freethinker, yet I must own that I am quite sure that whatever they think is wrong, and I am glad there are few of them."

"Those who have the truth never boast of majorities. Those who have it not, are very much in need of numbers to keep them in countenance. You are welcome to your multitude of believers, and I think the 'Good Book,' speaks of 'following a multitude to do evil.'"

Profitless and painful as were our discussions, they were often renewed; for as they grew out of what I read to my father, they were as plentiful as ghosts in a grave-yard, and to me about as unwelcome.

There are two classes of readers. Those who read to avoid thinking, and those who read to have matter for thought. William Lyndon was of the latter class, and though he labored much, and read comparatively little, he astonished all with the extent and variety of his knowledge.

The mystery of life and its sorrows, of character and its evils, can not be solved. Why are many miserable ones cursed with an existence that they did not crave, and which at best is only tolerable? Why are wretched mothers born to bear children more unhappy than themselves? Why had I a mother who blasted half my existence by wrong training, and the other half by the evil inheritance which she gave me of disease, and its consequent sorrow? and yet she was convinced, beyond possibility of cavil, that she had always done her duty; and so doubtless she had, according to her understanding of it; and she had none of that false humility which led her to undervalue herself, or confess sins that she had no consciousness of having committed.

That my mother had no spiritual relationship to me, was not her fault. It was a misfortune that we shared in common with many parents and children. I could disguise the fact, and speak of my

mother's many merits, for she had rare energies and virtues; but I am not about to write a book to conceal, but to reveal, my Life.

With a mother, whose nature was as distinct from mine as the cat from the bird, with no common thought, no gushing fount of sympathy, no appreciation or understanding of the being committed to her care, I could have no happy childhood. From infancy I was baptized in tears. I presented a strange contradiction in my organization. I inherited a portion of the iron endurance possessed by my parents; but owing to the ignorance of my mother, and her consequent evil nursing and training, I was almost always ill—always on the verge of destruction, without quite losing my life. In childhood, neither my mind nor my body was suited to my station. I was weak—my mother was strong. She could form no idea of my frailty or feebleness. She had a mania against aristocracy. That a child of hers should, from any cause, be exempt from labor, and be reared like the "pampered children of the higher classes," was to her the depth of degradation. With a democracy that would forever level downward, her bitterness toward all above her in talents or position can hardly be conceived. Poor mother! Thou art to be forgiven for thy poverty and thy ignorance, as are the myriads of starving ones, famishing for the bread of life, the soul's riches, and for the bread that keeps the soul and body in company. Yes, forgiven by mortals—punished by God. The Omnipotent forgives not the poor, the ignorant, the criminal, but punishes with exactest justice. How much more need that we forgive one another, and strive to teach and to elevate all out of the misery of material and spiritual poverty—out of which all other evils come!*

My mother had a horror of what she termed *will* in children. The slightest manifestation of my natural taste or disposition she called "will," and sought to crush it in its germ. She thought

* It is a fact that causes me much joy and thankfulness, that my mother never became too old to learn, and that though the truths of Hygiene and Social Science were presented to her late in life, she was able to accept them. As she advanced in years, she advanced in wisdom and goodness, and in her last days a devotion to the same truths made a bond of union between us, stronger than any mere tie of blood. But for this, I had to wait many years, and an honest record of the causes that have wrought in creating my Life, and the influences that have modified it, is demanded this day at my hand, though the dear departed mother pulls heavily at my heart-strings, and says, "I did what I could." So she did, and no more can be asked of any.

she had accumulated much wisdom in managing two children older than myself; but the bitterness of wearing labor, anxiety, and care had soured a kind heart, and my young days were filled with sorrow, caused by a mother who doubtless loved me tenderly. I could not lean upon her; she gave her strength to earn food and clothing; she had none for me. I could not confide in her, for my joys or sorrows had little meaning to a mind like hers.

In childhood my brother and sister were very beautiful. I was ugly. O beauty! in my nursery I learned to know thy worth. I have no words to describe the misery of these early years. With a taste for every thing delicate and refined, I was surrounded by inelegance and coarseness. With the most ardent and consuming desire for sympathy, I was continually thrown back upon my own heart, until I came to live in a world filled with the creations of the imagination. I became sick in spirit and in body, from exceeding loneliness, yet no one led me out of myself. It is a mistake and a wrong to blame others that they do not serve us—that they do not lift the burden from our hearts, and shed on us the light of wisdom. They need service and blessing, light and love, even as we do. They can not help us—they are too poor in soul-riches. No one seemed to have any conception that the little, ugly, neglected, cross-eyed one had any soul or sensibility. My mother set me tasks, and hid my books, and scolded, because she could not comprehend me. If I washed the dishes, I broke them; if I watched the oven, the cakes were sure to be burned. How could I expect to be treated with kindness, unless I gave some equivalent? I was neither useful nor ornamental. The lowest uses of life were the only uses to those about me. When I had learned some of these, I had begun to make peace with my fate—not before. This was well; but it was not well that all my work was done in confinement. My mother abhorred romping, and was never satisfied unless little girls were miniature women. I was constantly ill from want of exercise, want of sympathy, and want of all things healthful for my body and my spirit. I had the gloom of age in the spring-time of life; I had the loneliness that broods over one like the solitude of a vast desert. I was not unwilling to work, but essentially unable. I

tried to complete my tasks, often till my head swam, my sight failed, and a weakness and misery possessed me that made existence seem a curse. Under all this, my love of life faded away, and I was often tempted to self-destruction. I could not learn to prize life and cling to it, when no one loved me as I loved. But through all, the world was dearer than I thought—I could not leave it voluntarily.

Chapter Three.

ABOUT PETS.

CHILDREN and dogs always loved me; to them I was not ugly or cross-eyed. My soul shone out through my face, and beamed from my eyes, and they came to me at once, without previous acquaintance. Oh! what a joy thrilled through my heart when some bright-eyed, dimple-cheeked little one would reach up his round, white arms to me, and lisp with those sweetest of all sounds, the child's first utterance: "*Mammy, take a baby.*" When those little white arms were twined around my neck, and that confiding head lay quietly on my bosom, then I felt that there was something in the world worth living for. I was a martyr to my baby-brother, because of our mutual love I carried him about when I was scarcely able to stand. Before I had him to love I had a whole chapter of pets. Some of them may seem fabulous enough, but they are, nevertheless, as genuine as the canary that is singing to you, or the King Charles that has just stolen your lace pocket-handkerchief, or the baby that will tear your book, unless you allow him to pull your curls into a hopeless tangle, or to play with your watch, regardless of crushed crystals and cut fingers.

My first pet was a tame crow—not a raven, but a common crow; a bird about as large as a pigeon, whose plumage is black, and whose business and amusement it is to pull up the young Indian corn when the first green shoot appears above the ground. The kernel is then very tender food, and no flock of crows ever seems to need any instruction as to this fact, or in the art of pulling up corn. Farmers have interfered with their

practice by the invention of scare-crows, and various other operations, all tending to the damage and discomfiture of the crows.

My crow was very tame, and familiar with our household, but he was a genuine gipsy, and took to thieving in the most natural manner, whenever opportunity afforded. He stole cheese from the tea-table, and hid it in the ground, carefully covering it with earth, and digging it up to eat the next minute. His covetousness and gluttony had a perpetual contest till the cheese was finished. If he found no favorite food on the supper-table, he took the tea-spoons. He was very closely watched at home, and thus he was driven to carry on his depredations abroad. Before my window there was spread an extensive hay-field. I noticed Scipio (so we called the crow) very busy one day with the mowers. He strutted about among them, occasionally lighting on the shoulder of one and the head of another, causing a great deal of merriment. Suddenly he started in a heavy flight toward my window. Several of the men dropped their scythes and followed him. He had stolen a bright metal drinking-cup, and was flying heavily toward me with his prize. My father was standing near me, and he took the cup from the bird, snapped his head severely, and returned it to one of the workmen. Scip. took his punishment very much in dudgeon, and came and sulkily sat on my shoulder. I gave him a penny, and he flew to the top of an out-building, and wedged it under a shingle with his beak and claws. I gave him some bright buttons with the eyes broken off, and he disposed of them in the same manner. In those days, in the country towns of New England, contributions were taken at the churches on communion days, by spreading a white napkin in a chair outside the door of the church. The people put down their money as they passed in; a deacon always watched the chair. Deacon White watched zealously on communion Sundays during Scipio's residence in the village, but the crow was altogether too rapid in his evolutions for the good man; and he flew off several times with pennies and silver coins, all of which he industriously wedged under the shingles of the roof of the before-mentioned out-house. Scipio's predatory operations resulted in his death, by the hands

of certain persons who believed in capital punishment for theft when committed by crows. I did not mourn for him greatly, for he was not an object of affection, so much as of interest.

My next pet was a small Italian grayhound. He was one of the most beautiful of the canine species, and accomplished in many little feats, such as carrying articles to their owners, watching carefully when he was bid, for a person who was expected, or over an article intrusted to him. Carlo was my companion everywhere. His little, graceful form went with me like my shadow. I thought he understood every thing that I said to him. When I went berrying, I told him to be sure to kill the snakes, and he had the greatest pride in obeying me. He would start off in the most gleesome gallop in search of reptiles. As soon as he found one, he seized him near the head, by the neck, and then he shook the breath of life out of the unfortunate, with a very brief shaking; and when he was surely dead he laid him down and ran off to find another; if he found none, he came back to the first, and performed the ceremony of killing and shaking him over again, and always brought him to show him to me, as he did when he had first killed him.

If I had put away my handkerchief, and bade him bring it me, he presently brought it, galloping along with it in his mouth; and he would bring any small article that I would trust him with, in the same manner.

He would seek the cow when I went to the pasture for her, and save me the trouble of driving her. I took a book and read on the way, and Carlo drove the cow, sometimes in rather an ostentatious and consequential manner; refusing to allow her to stop to drink at a clear, gravelly brook that ran across a little by-road that led from the pasture. When I told him, quietly, that Mulley must be allowed to drink, he sat himself on his haunches and waited in silence till she was ready to go on, though before I spoke he would be barking at her in the noisiest and most impatient manner. I wandered all over the fields with him, feeling always safe under his protection. I never feared to lie down upon a soft knoll to sleep, with my head upon my sun bonnet, for the faithful dog would allow no creature, great or small, to come near me.

Some one has said that the human heart must be desolate indeed, when it finds companionship with cats and dogs. Whether this is always true, I can not say; but I know that I clung with fearful affection and tenacity to these dumb creatures. I can never describe the love of my poor, lone spirit for this dog—this constant companion and ever-watchful friend. He went with me always to the school-house door, and awaited me there when the school was dismissed. He never forgot to be at the door to meet me at twelve o'clock, and at four, P. M. One day I noticed that my brother had offended a schoolmate. He was a dark, bad boy, and he threatend to have vengeance upon Arthur, in a tone that chilled me. My brother answered him bravely, and I soon forgot the threat.

I used to sit much in the garden, with my book, nestled under a cluster of asparagus, which was like a tree to my little person. I remember, after I had been long a woman, that I returned to my old home, and went to the garden, expecting to be shaded under the asparagus, as when a child; and I recollect my unreasonable disappointment when I found, not that the shrub was smaller, but that I was much larger.

Here I read in the kindly shade, Carlo lying by my side, his head resting on my lap, his eyes fixed on my face, seeming to say, "Why don't you read to me?" One day, as he lay thus, he became uneasy, and often changed his position. Presently a spasmodic tremor ran through his body, and he fell in a fit. A succession of these fits resulted in death, in about half an hour. The boy who threatened vengeance had poisoned poor Carlo, because my brother loved him. We learned all about it afterward. At the time, it seemed very strange that he should die thus. Just before the last spasm, he laid his head upon my lap, and gazed into my face with the most pitiful, prayerful look that I ever saw on any countenance. I have known many sorrows; I have gazed on many dying friends, but never in all my life have I sorrowed as then. It was the despair of utter loneliness. I have seen my friends, my relatives, die, with comparative peace many times since, but I knew that we should meet again, that the parting was but for a season, that they would expand in purity and beauty in a more beautiful world, and that I should walk in

shadow and yet grow brighter; that I should be disciplined in the rugged earth-struggle, till I should be more worthy to meet them. They left me, too, with other friends, with many to love me; but then, when my poor Carlo rested his head on my lap and implored my help, I was powerless to save him, and I was alone in this world, with no hope of meeting my dog in another. I seemed to myself to have nothing else to love, and now he lay cold and dead by my side. I threw myself upon the grass; I wept, and would not be comforted. Oh, the dark desolateness of that grief! I can not describe it. I could not conceive it, if the deep scar were not now on my soul. Parents, for God's sake, be the friends of your children; you know not what souls, what sensibilities, may be laid in the clay which you have vivified with an everlasting life! Have mercy on your offspring, and leave them not alone. Loneliness of spirit brings always sorrow—sometimes sin. We were not made for isolation. If we set ourselves apart for use, it is well; we but win a wider sympathy; but neither man, woman, nor angel can live alone.

I mourned all night; asleep and awake the same low moan escaped from my young lips. The next day my mother terrified me into silence. She told me that I must not be seen weeping; I was going to school, and I must seem as usual. This was the keenest portion of my grief, to keep my agony pent in my heart. My brain seemed ready to burst all the time, and yet I restrained my tears. I dared not disobey my mother. How I lived through the day, with that weight of grief on my heart, without a tear, I can not tell; but I obeyed. Night was precious to me, for then I could weep.

My next pet was a lamb. It may not be amiss to tell how I came in possession of it. It was an early lamb. The spring-time had not come to welcome it. There was a driving storm for a week after its birth, and the sheep-cote was an open shed. I went to see the first lambs, as I always looked for the first roses, with a heart trembling with joy; but the pinched and miserable appearance of this one made me very unhappy. The owner, Deacon Conant, was standing in the shed, smoking, and looking at his new riches, which promised very little profit. One

of his boys cried out, "Father, just see that lamb, standing on sixpence. You had better give it to Mary."

This "standing on sixpence" needs explanation. When a lamb is weak and chilled, the four feet gather very near to one point, and if this continues, the lamb dies.

Deacon Conant had a strong affection for all sorts of property, and he liked not to give away lambs. "I guess the lamb will make a living," said he.

"Not a bit of it, unless you give him away. He's standing on sixpence now, and he'll stand on nothing soon," said the boy.

The property-holder took his pipe from his mouth, leisurely disbursed a large quantity of smoke, and seemed considering.

My heart palpitated like an uncertain lover's. But presently the deacon put his pipe in his pocket, and walked over to the lamb, and took its unresisting form in both hands, and brought it toward me. In a moment my little woolen shawl was wrapped around my treasure, and holding it carefully to my heart, I walked quickly home, having no more sense that it was a sharp, cold day, than if I had been wrapped in wool, or cradled in down. I fed and nursed the little, soft, white creature till it grew nearly to be a sheep, and my heart was somewhat comforted for the loss of my other pets. After a time, my parents decided that it was improper for me to be followed everywhere by a sheep, and moreover, by a sheep that would intrude into the kitchen, and turn cupboard buttons with her nose, and help herself to bread. My father built a sort of extempore pen for Maillie, and put some large stones on the roof, to keep her from raising the boards and getting out; for, once at large, she would have set out in search of me. She did not like to be alone, poor lamb. Notwithstanding the heavy weight of stones, Maillie raised the roof with her head, was caught by her own trap, and choked to death. In the morning I went early to visit my pet, and found her dead. I was very sad, but I could never grieve again as I had grieved. I wept, and thought that some fatality took away whatever I loved.

While I was still a child, a strange incident occurred, which has always been a marvel to me, and which will, doubtless, to many, seem incredible. But the facts occurred as I relate them.

Some distance from my father's house was a deep evergreen forest, the home of pheasants, and partridges, and many other beautiful birds. The pheasant and partridge were considered untamable. One morning I was in the garden in front of the house. At a distance, across the lane, a large dark bird sat on the fence. A neighbor was passing, and stopped for a rose, at the same time saying, "See that bird, Mary, don't you wish you had him? he is larger than your bantam, and twice as handsome."

I said, "I will catch him." I felt sure I could, in the teeth of all probabilities.

"You must get some salt," said the man, laughing.

I went through the gate, crossed the lane, and took the bird from the fence. He was a large, glossy, male pheasant. My spirit was much elevated by my strange success. The person that watched me was astonished that the bird did not fly away; but it seemed perfectly natural to me that he should stay. I have wondered since, but I was only joyful then. I had found another pet, and my world was peopled with pets. If they had not had the infirmity of dying, I should have been possessed of great riches in them.

The bird seemed perfectly at ease with me. I put him on my wrist, and he strutted along up my arm, and made himself at home on my shoulder. I often walked around the grounds, or over to see Eva, and still my bird sat on my shoulder, and evinced no fear. No one but myself ever made his acquaintance. Many who did not know the natural history of the pheasant,* asserted that he had been tamed by some one. Why then was he wild to all but me, and tame to me from the time I first put my hand upon him? After I had kept him a few hours, I began to think what could he eat. I did not know his natural food. Some branches of fir were brought into the house for a broom. He flew down from his perch on my shoulder, and commenced shaving off the leaves with his bill, as if it were a pair of scissors. These leaves he ate with avidity. Some

* This bird was called a pheasant, or cedar partridge, in Vermont, where he was found. The account here given is exactly true. It was not an English pheasant. He was somewhat smaller than the common gray partridge, and had black and white plumage.

water had been spilled upon the uncarpeted floor, and he drank it. He would never drink from a spoon, or vessel of any kind, and I always gave him water as he accidently obtained it at first.

He lived with me for several weeks. If, weary or ill, I lay down upon the bed, unlike any bird I ever saw before or since, he would nestle beside me, and remain while I slept. I wore large drapery sleeves, and he would get inside my sleeve and remain quite still for a long time. Many guesses and suppositions were made by people about him. Some said that he had been tamed and had escaped from those who had him in charge; but when it was objected that no bird of the kind was ever tamed, and that, in his habits of taking food and drink, and to every one but me, he was perfectly wild, then they said that he had just been frightened by some bird of prey when I found him. I never attempted to solve the mystery. Some said it was an omen of no good, that a strange bird had come to me so strangely, and lived on such intimate terms with me. I did not fear it. I was too happy with my new pet to feel at all alarmed about omens. He never attempted to leave me. He was a bright, beautiful being to me, as if he had come from some higher world. I had heard that angels had wings, and I had no very clear ideas of their shape or appearance, not having then read or heard of Swedenborg and his revelations. To my child-heart the bird was a veritable angel, and I remember feeling very important, as well as happy, that he had come to me. But, alas! he proved to be a pugnacious angel; and one day he pitched a battle with a large cock in the yard. The cock was a fierce pugilist, and an artist beside. He had mangled many a crest in his day, and laid low larger birds than himself. I separated the combatants as soon as possible, and watched my bird with care afterward. But on one sad morning he eluded my vigilance. My father rose much earlier than I did, and this morning he left the kitchen door open. My bird had a young fir tree for a perch in a corner of the room. He flew down, went into the yard, waged war against the cock, and when I found him, he was cruelly torn, and unable to walk. He lingered several days and died in my lap. He used to try to walk, I held my hands each side of him, and supported him

like a child. For a bird, he had a strange and wonderful intelligence.

I was very sad at his death. My bright-winged angel was gone. I buried him under a rose bush, and the roses seemed a fit inscription for his tomb. I thought then that every creature I loved must die in some dreadful way.

Chapter Four.

MY SISTER

IT was strange that I never envied my sister. I admired her more than any and all I had seen. She resembled a bouquet of delicate, pink rose-buds and lilies of the valley. Even now, when I have traveled far, and seen many of earth's fairest, there is a more exquisite loveliness in her image, mingled as it is with mist-wreaths of long-cherished memories, than in all real forms. Emma gazed earnestly into her mirror, and I looked as affectionately at her. Both seemed equally pleased with what they saw. She reveled like a bird in beautiful music, but she never cared for books. She used to say,

"Pore over your books, Mary, and frighten all the men by being a Blue. I am pretty enough to get a beau without taking a book for a bait."

It was wonderful, that with a heart formed for love, as was mine, and with a most enthusiastic admiration for beauty, I still did not love my sister with any great depth of affection. The poet says,

"Love, and love only, is the loan for love;"

and Emma did not love me. Was not this, then, my reason and excuse? She did not love any thing but her pretty self. She liked to laugh at me—to mimic my stooping walk—to put her bright, heavenly face beside mine at the mirror, and see me gaze at the reflection without envy, while the sight of my own plain features were very painful to me.

I do not know why I was not envious, unless it was that observation, thought, and imagination satisfied me, or at least

made me content with my portion, and unconsciously unwilling to exchange it for another's. Once, I remember, the serpent-fangs of this passion were fixed for a few moments in my heart. It was long after I had ceased to be a bashful girl—years after I had outgrown my squint and the stoop in my shoulders. A lady of great brilliancy and beauty had surpassed me in conversation, and drawn all those I cared to interest around the couch where she was seated. For a few moments I envied her, and then I first knew what envy was. I could not endure the torment—I would as soon have been burned. I went to her. I was not acquainted, beyond a formal introduction, but I said, "If your heart is equal to your head you must allow me to love you."

She took my hand. "Come, sit by me," said she, "I do so love to be loved;" and she looked into my face with the expression of a little child.

We were friends from that hour; and this was my first and last experience of that spiritual famine that men call envy. Give all souls their birthright; endow them as God wills; and envy will perish, as thirst passes after the full draught of crystal water.

In material poverty, men steal. In spiritual poverty, they are jealous and envious.

Many said that my sister was too beautiful for this world. They frequently made this remark after the red began to deepen and burn on her cheek, and she at first coughed a little, and then more and more.

"Emma," said my mother, quite harshly, "you will not go to Mrs. Conant's party to-night. I will not allow it. The weather is too bad for well people to think of going, and you have such a cough it frightens me."

"I have hardly coughed to-day, mamma, and I am sure my cold is nearly well."

"But you will get a new one, if you go out this awful night."

"It is only a little way," pleaded Emma, "and I can ride with Mr. Richards, and I will wrap up as warmly as you like. You will lend me your sable muff and tippet, and no cold can come near me with them, and I shall look almost as well as my mother, in her beautiful furs."

My mother was softened. She dearly loved a compliment, and particularly from Emma.

"Then you will be home at ten o'clock," said she, sharply.

"Of course, mamma, whenever you wish; and if Mr. Richards' sleigh comes at ten I can ride."

"You will not walk," said my mother, in real terror; "I would as soon see you jump into the river."

"Don't tease about me, mamma. One would think I was a baby, and could not take care of myself. Can't you remember that I am twenty years old, and your daughter; and no one ever said that my mother had less sense or judgment than her neighbors."

The victory was won. Emma might go to the party, but she must wear the sables, and fur-lined overshoes, and a dress high in the neck, and a warm shawl, and a cloak, and she should ride, and be home early. She came down in the evening, dressed in sky-blue merino, her neck, shoulders, and arms exposed, as if in mockery of the warm material of her dress.

Her waist was laced so tightly, that its hour-glass form proclaimed the sands of life fast ebbing.

"You shall not wear that tight dress, and go half naked," cried our angry mother.

"Then I shall not go," said Emma, bitterly. "You told me a week ago that I should wear my new dress to-night. *Will you break your promise?*"

She knew that our mother had much pride in keeping promises, and perhaps more in seeing her in that dress.

"When I promised you, the weather was like summer; and now there is a snow-storm and sleighing."

"I can keep the fur over my shoulders, mamma. It is very handsome."

The mother softened again, especially when Emma assured her that the new dress was quite loose and easy, and that to-morrow she would have it made larger, if mamma desired it. She went to the party in the cloak and fur, but without the fur-lined overshoes. She found Mrs. Conant's large room very cold, but she left off her sable, and sat shivering in slippers and thin stockings till the dancing commenced. Then she forgot

time, and refused to go with the Richards' at ten, saying that the evening had just begun. At midnight she went home, through the storm, her poor little feet almost bare upon the snow. The fur-lined overshoes were clumsy and ugly, and she would not wear them, even when no one could see them.

The next day Emma reluctantly confessed that she had somehow renewed her cold. It was strange, when she wrapped herself warmly. Our parents were alarmed, and sent for the family physician. He took a little blood, and gave some medicine, which my father said was mostly opium. He also gave her spermaceti and iron in a blue powder. I wondered very much that the doctor should cut a hole in my sister's white arm, and take away that cup of blood—and I wonder just as much now as I did then.

After a few days, Emma declared that she was a great deal better. Certainly the light in her eyes was brighter, and the red on her cheek more intense and burning. She looked radiant in her beauty, and again she insisted on being allowed to go to the winter parties. My mother could not refuse her any thing. She went to many others in the way that she attended the one at Mrs. Conant's. My mother always remonstrated against her tight dress; always insisted that she should wear her fur, and go otherwise warmly clad. Emma constantly averred that her dress was very loose, very warm, and very comfortable; and that, too, when her lungs were compressed almost to bursting, and she came home so chilled, that she was hardly conscious of her benumbed extremities all the long night. One very cold evening she returned late. She had gone laced and dressed as usual, and, on coming home, retired to her bed, half freezing, the covered embers in the great kitchen fireplace having almost gone out. She lay chilled and sleepless through the night, and her morning accession of cough was most distressing. Her lungs were congested by the extreme cold she had so long endured, and by the compression to which she had so mercilessly subjected them. She began to cough early, and the blood rushed from her lungs into the trachea in such quantities as nearly to strangle her. The family was alarmed, the physician came, and bled her largely. She escaped with a little lingering

life. I used to watch her as she lay in her bed, her cheeks still glowing with the beautiful carnation, her eyes more and more brilliant day by day, her pearly white hand feebly raised to put back a straggling curl, that escaped from her little close cap and annoyed her. Alas, now, for the fond mother! The agony of her loving care can never be told. She would have compassed the earth, she would have dug through its solid substance, she would have been burned with a slow fire, she would have borne all punishments, she would have forfeited all hopes but for Emma, in heaven and earth, if by all this, her darling could have been spared. It could not be. The violated law of God, established in her nature, found no atonement. The minister came, and asked if she repented of her sins. He did not ask her if she repented having committed suicide by the torture of corsets, and cold, and other cruelties against her frail life. His decalogue contained no command against compressing the lungs. He probably thought it unhealthy, but he never regarded it as sinful, nor did he desecrate the pulpit by preaching against it. He fully recognized the iniquity of dancing, denounced it from the sacred desk, and strove earnestly to awaken Emma to a sense of her sinfulness in having danced during the winter. He thought her illness might be a judgment for this offense against Heaven.

Emma assured him that she was daily getting better, and that as soon as she was sufficiently recovered she would think of all he had said. At present, it hurt her lungs to talk, and she dreaded exertion greatly. In a week she had no doubt she should be quite able to converse with him. My father declared that the minister was a fool, and yet, as regarded the causes of his child's malady, he was little wiser. He said that doctors were of no use, and yet he multiplied them, and sought their prescriptions far and near. He said *No*, to every one's proposition in medicine and religion, but he had no *Yes* to utter. He had plenty of negative wisdom, and little that was positive. He knew that the world was wrong, himself included, but where was the right? He was more tolerant of the physician now, than of the clergyman, because the first promised a present good; the prospective blessings of religion had no weight or reality with him.

It was a sad task to the young and earnestly-believing minister, who came daily to see my sister, to attempt to refute my father's heresies as often as he came. Frederick Barker was a "circuit preacher" among the Methodists. He had worn his young and earnest life away in faithful labor, and he could not understand unbelief. It was a dark mystery and a great sin to him, and he prayed fervently that God would take away my father's heart of stone and give him a heart of flesh. Day after day he committed the folly of argument. He was convinced, and he had a sanguine hope that he should be made the means of convincing, or that a miracle might be wrought, and my father converted in answer to his prayers.

"O Mr. Lyndon," said he, "Jesus is our Saviour. He came to seek and to save the lost."

"When the work is done I'll send in my allegiance, Mr Barker. For the present, I have no proof that the lost are found, or saved, or any thing of the kind."

"But you must have faith; you must believe that he is your Saviour, else he is not."

"But you said just now that he *is* our Saviour. Does my unbelief alter the fact? Does my want of faith make the truth of God a lie? Suppose that I doubt, or disbelieve that there is such a city as London, does my doubt affect the fact? If Jesus is the Saviour of the world, I would like to see the world saved. It needs it enough, and has been in a like want for eighteen hundred years, I think; and the theologians tell us that the world was a great deal worse before that time."

"All owing to our unbelief, my dear sir."

"But, friend Barker, you are a believer."

"I am," said Barker, humbly. "I have bowed my neck to the yoke, and find it easy."

"Well, why are you not saved then? You say you are a great sinner. If Christ is a Saviour to all who believe in him, and you are a believer, why, in the name of good faith and honest contracts, are you not saved? I think I must wait till your work is done, before I put in a claim. Perhaps there are too many hard jobs on hand in that quarter now. I don't think my case would

add any to the light work, and, under all the circumstances, I guess I had better not make haste to be a believer."

"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation," said Barker, solemnly.

"It may be so, friend Barker, but you are a poor witness, on your own showing. You say you are a sinner. I take it that I am no more than that."

Barker was a good, humble, truthful Christian. He did what he considered his duty. He visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction. He labored zealously to arouse the religious sentiment in all. It was no fault of Frederick Barker that he was not a philosopher. Philosophy was not the end of his creation—argument was not his *forte*, and yet he argued on with my father, as if success were sure ultimately to crown his efforts. He might as well have argued with a windmill in a heavy gale. But when he had exhausted his time, or patience, or found himself enthralled in sense or sophistry—for my father had plenty of both—he used to kneel down and pray fervently by Emma's bedside, that we all might be saved, that God would have mercy on his servant who did not yet believe in his beloved Son, and not allow him to descend faithless into the vale of years, and sink at last into the grave without an interest in the great salvation; and then he begged that father and child might not be separated before the throne, the one to go away into outer darkness, mid wailing and gnashing of teeth, while the other was received into Life Eternal with angels and glorified spirits. I looked at my father as the minister offered up his petition. The muscles of his under lip quivered, and I almost thought I saw a tear fill his eye, but he did not allow it to burst forth. I never saw him weep but twice —and yet he had a loving heart, though it seldom overflowed at his eyes.

My sister faded almost imperceptibly, and began to think it possible that she might never recover, though she still looked upon death as a great way off. The words of the young and ardent minister could not but find place with Emma. He was so honest, so much in earnest, so kind, and so happy in his faith, so reconciled to live, or die—so resigned indeed to all things, but that sin should exist in the world, and sinners die impenitent—

that Emma came to have a tender regard for this Christian young man, and she thought if she must die, she *must* go to his heaven. She could take no denial—he would be such pleasant company—she was never weary of his prayers, tears, or exhortations. If she had been well and able to dance, she would have tired of Barker, and longed for her favorite amusement. She was now weak from constant bleeding at the lungs, and so languid that she longed for rest, and Barker promised her rest in heaven. She loved music, and he sang the sweetest melodies set to Methodist hymns, and promised her plenty of music in heaven. She did not analyze her feelings or say much about them, but it was very apparent, as her life ebbed to its close, that she was convinced that the heaven of the good minister was just the place she wished for. There she would rest from all her pains; her fever would be quenched; her friend would come to her very soon, if she went first, and this she thought was doubtful, for she felt a great deal better and stronger every alternate day; and, sweetest of all, she would live among music, and hear *his* voice forever; and her own sweet bird-notes would be restored to her. She was happy. She believed all that Frederick Barker wished her to believe. She was sorry for all that he told her was wrong in her life. She was patient and peaceful, and we all felt the influence of her happiness.

Emma's conversion brought with it some disagreeable associations in the shape of meddling brethren and sisters. The most formidable was a maiden lady of very uncertain age, who belonged to one of the "first families." This lady had given most decided evidences of piety, having laid aside all her ornaments, and ripped many yards of ruffles from day dresses, night gowns, and night caps. She had measured the ruffles, and gave an accurate estimate of the sacrifices she had made in edging, cambric muslin ruffles, lace, and point lace. All were thus enabled to give her the credit due her self-denial. She had combed back her curls, and her thin face and pug nose were not improved by that sacrifice. The only ornament she could abide was in language. She exulted in the tropes and figures of a sermon or exhortation. She took the greatest care of her words, and pronounced *er* in perfect, mercy, and all that class of words, like the

er in error. She followed Walker as a standard in pronunciation, she said, and it was evident that she intended to make amends for straight hair and a poke bonnet whenever she spoke. She cultivated flowers, too, and made her father's house a conservatory, and she was seldom seen without a bouquet, or bunch of flowers of some sort. She "lost her strength" and fell in trances at prayer-meetings; she was "gifted in prayer," and "a wonderful exhorter," and "a fierce disputant." She had a large stock of what my father called "spiritual pride," and was far from being pleasant to him. She assailed his infidel notions with a rancor to which Frederick Barker's heart was a stranger. His abhorrence of my father's notions was tempered with a tender pity. He was the father of his beautiful and dying sister Emma, and Barker was naturally a most kindly man.

Sister Thompson's indignation against Infidelity was no sweetened bitter. She hated the enemies of Jesus Christ with a holy hatred. She said that God was angry with the wicked every day, and she hurled her anathemas with sufficient force against my father to injure herself in the rebound. Only two considerations kept him from forbidding her his house. Emma wished her to come and see her; and my father was too proud and too much a gentleman to quarrel with a woman. He put a stop to her exhortations to him, however; telling her, with a repressed acrimony, that when he had occasion for a female Methodist missionary to convert him to a religion whose professors held slaves, sold rum, made war, and hung men instead of putting them to useful service, and keeping them from mischief, he would send for her. She gave an exhortation, and made a prayer at my sister's funeral, and avenged herself in both upon my father. She denounced him as an infidel in the exhortation, and then she prayed for him as an unbelieving sinner, who had well-nigh been a millstone about the neck of his now sainted daughter, to sink her into the pit that is bottomless. The bereaved parent sat restlessly on his seat during such services as these.

I need not tell how Emma faded away. She died in joyful hope. Frederick Barker raised her up, to help her get her breath, when she breathed the last time. Miss Thompson whispered words of triumph to her, just before the spirit fled. My father

calmly closed her beautiful eyes. The tears coursed slowly down his cheeks, and my mother gave vent to the full bitterness of her grief.

I seemed to myself to be in a sort of stupor. I did not weep. I gazed long and often on the lovely clay. The rose on Emma's cheek was bright when she was laid in the grave. She did not seem dead, but sleeping.

Chapter Five.

IMMORTALITY—THE HARD ACTUAL AND PRECIOUS IDEAL.

WHEN those we love, those who have made the happiness of our lives, leave us, torn from us by death, or the equally inexorable circumstances of life, with what bitterness, for a time, we look on all that reminds us of them! The room in which the loved one sat, and worked, or read, becomes sadly and terribly precious. At times, the sorrow of our love is greater than we can bear. We can not look on a picture of our beloved. The gush of passionate tenderness is all too bitter to be borne, and we would not tempt or allow it to burst forth. A book, a letter, a trinket, a garment, opens the heart to a flood of memories. We are sunk in the depths, and the sorrowful billows roll above us. What a freezing of the spirit, and locking up of all the springs of life, and thirst that we feel certain can never be quenched, come to us in the first days and weeks of parting with those who were our daily bread! For do we not ask of our heavenly Father friends to love us and to sustain us on the blessed bosom of their sympathy, when we say, "Give us this day our daily bread?" Do we not ask this spiritual food with a far more famishful craving, than we can ever, in any hunger, ask the bread which feeds the body? Who has not felt that the very life has gone out from the soul, when separation has been our lot, even for a few months, and how more than true all this becomes, when Death takes our treasure. Then, if we do not know in ourselves the indestructible; if we do not feel, with the holiest assurance, the eternal individuality of God, and therefore of the human soul *made in His Image*, our punishment is

greater than we can bear. But if, at this awful moment, we are sure that nothing can be lost; that not even a particle of matter can be destroyed; that the consciousness that we are, can no more perish from our being than the solid globe can become naught; if we can have this faith that we are, and must continue to be, because we are; that facts of spirit can no more be destroyed, or annihilated, than the greatest masses or the least atoms of matter, then we are comforted, irresistibly and inevitably. We know that if we continue to exist, the might of our love will answer its own prayer. Granted immortality and eternity, and love will do all befitting the immortal and eternal.

There is a grief that forgets all but the fact of bereavement; that loses sight of all faith, and all hope, and that will not be comforted. Such was the grief of my mother. For myself, I missed my sister, as I would have missed a beautiful picture—little more. She had died so gradually and so happily, that after the first shock which death always brings, however much or long expected, I suffered very little. I never was able to ascertain my father's feeling of faith respecting Emma. He said nothing; but directly after her death he prepared to leave a place in which we seemed rooted, to go among more northern snows, and denser evergreen forests than darkened our home in the south of New England. It was evident that my parents had no more a home; for the bright one gilded it no longer.

Arthur was at school. I was very little acquainted with him, but I religiously believed that he was perfect. I had a sort of worship for him, or rather for my idea of him. He knew nothing of it, and would not have understood that any such religion was possible to his most commonplace sister. He was a handsome young genius of sixteen; proud, studious, and sarcastic, and yet shy and timid as a girl. He was very old for his years, and wrote what I thought was wonderful poetry. My father once picked up some of his verses. He read them through with a queer expression of pitiful respect, handed the paper to Arthur, and asked him, with a smile, if he knew that poets were always poor. Arthur answered that he was willing to have his share of poetry and poverty in the world. He had both in after years, and safely outlived them—a happier fate than awaits many.

It was much comfort to me to worship my brother, and to believe that he would be a great man, and write books, one of these years. The highest ambition of my heart and soul, and my deepest aspiration, was to write a book. I thought of it, dreamed of it, and lived, moved, and had my being, in this idea, long enough before I could write my name. I should have been comforted in poverty and loneliness; I should never have felt my ugly, stooping form, and the pain it brought with it; I should have forgotten my large nose that I always remembered, and my cross eyes that I always saw, night and day, asleep and awake. I should have seemed to myself to be clad in tasteful and beautiful garments, instead of the ill-shaped hangings of ugliness with which my worthy but utilitarian mother saw fit to invest me, if I could have seen, by an eye of faith or prophecy, in the far future, the books that I have since written. To me, at the time when this literary ambition took possession of me, and mastered my young spirit, an author was not a being created a little lower than the angels, but a good deal higher. I looked up to one as a sort of demi-divinity, of whom the world was not worthy.

When Arthur left home to "get an education," as the bits and odds and ends of book learning that are pieced together at school are, after the piecing, denominated, I was ten years old, with a great desire to be older. I had this desire in common with all children, and besides, I had a particular object to attain with my age. My father had always refused to allow me to learn to write. What his reason was, I never knew. Perhaps he thought he saw mischief in prospect for me when I should have gained this accomplishment. The fulfillment of my literary dreams seemed indefinitely postponed, so long as I could not write. I made verses in anticipation, and remembered them so well that I remember them now, but this only made me more impatient to learn the art of embalming my thoughts. (I had not then heard of flies preserved in amber.) I thought of expedients to learn, despite my father's prohibition, but as he took care that I should not have pens, ink, or paper, I failed, as he foresaw I should. At length I found, in an unfinished chamber, a bag of old letters, belonging to him. I do not know how I learned the written character, but I mastered it, for I recollect reading the

letters, and I remember their contents clearly. As soon as I could read the written characters, I determined that I would imitate them. I tore off all the blank portions of the letters, and, thus furnished with paper, I looked about for quills. I found these where the geese had shed them from their wings, and I begged ink of my schoolmates. I commenced writing my own name. I remember that I almost wrote Mary at first, but I could not persuade my pen to make an *r*, and it was a long time before my unaided efforts produced this letter. It came out, with all its fair proportions, after some days of labor, and then I rejoiced in my name, fully written with my own fingers. I do not particularly remember my further efforts in learning to write; the next thing I recollect, I was keeping a journal—writing in it every day, and burning it quite often, for fear some one would read it; having the folly or vanity to suppose, that because the "pot-hooks and trammels" that I dignified as writing, were legible to me, they could also be read by others. When Arthur was gone, I wrote much of him in my journal Had he known the love I lavished on him, he would have been surprised; though he would have professed to treat it with the contempt that boys, not very tall, generally bestow on the sentiments, to give people the hint that they are manly. My brother held the mature opinion, that women have no very important business in this world; but that they are somewhat useful in the family, and rather necessary than otherwise to the existence of a race of heroes denominated men. He was convinced that it was the exclusive business of this masculine moiety of creation to win fame and glory in art, literature, and arms.

Little girls, like Eva, did not belong to the category in which Arthur placed women. They were angels; or, rather, Eva was to him a bright, particular angel. She had a happy instinct for conciliating him; for notwithstanding she pouted, and struck, and ran away from him, she always called him "*Mister* Arthur."

The day before he left for school, I had permission to spend with Eva; and so I witnessed the parting between her and my brother. But of that by-and-by. I loved a day with my brother's charmer above all other goods. We used to sit under the great red apple-tree, and talk our little full hearts honestly

out, and tell fairy stories, and cheat ourselves into a sweet happiness that forgot our mothers. Heaven pity the child who is obliged to wish for this oblivion!

With what a tender earnestness Eva looked at me this day as we sat together, and said, "Mary, I know a fairy story. How I wish I could tell it!"

"And why can you not, if you know it?"

"Oh, it is too pretty to tell—a great deal too pretty;" and she seemed to be looking it over in her mind, to see if she could possibly tell it.

"I wish I were good," said she, "then I should see the fairies. Do you know, Mary," and she looked at me again with her great, earnest eyes, as if she would impress me with the truth of what she was going to say, "it is very hard to be good. I wish I could be happy without it. It is so stupid to be good and sit by mamma all day in the house, and sew patch-work till my eyes ache, and my pricked fingers ache and smart, and till I am tired all over. Mamma says, I must be good, and get my lesson in the catechism, and sew all the squares she bastes. Oh! I wish there were some other ways to be good; I hate this way. I want to go out in the morning early, and see the diamonds on the grass, and get flowers. But then I wet my feet, and drabble my frock, and mamma scolds me, and makes me sit and sew till I wish I could go away with the fairies. Oh, I hate being good."

I had an instinctive objection against telling Eva that I fully agreed with her. It seemed treason to my mother, to express my feelings; but my braver little friend had told my opinion of "goodness," and her own, at once. I only said, "Tell me the fairy story."

"I'll try," said she, very solemnly. I laughed at her grave face, and the usually laughing child looked up at me reprovingly, and began her story.

"Once upon a time there was a beautiful little girl who lived in Greenvale, just beside a little brook, and on the edge of the prettiest woods in the world. The leaves of the trees sung, and the brook sung all day long, and all night. The little girl was named Nadine. She went to sleep in sweet music every night,

and was happy; and she dreamed of the fairies, and was happier still. When she rose in the morning, and went out in the valley, she picked her lap full of roses, and the dew from the rose-bushes fell on her curls and made diamonds. All the morning she lived among the flowers. In the afternoon she lay on the grass, and looked up at the clouds, and watched them as they lay still, or sailed away like a great flock of white lambs. In the evening she sat at her father's feet, or lay on his bosom, and he told her pretty stories. Her father and mother were very kind to let her go into the woods, and among the flowers, and to let her see the stars at night; and she used to wonder which star she would choose to live in when she died."

Eva hesitated now—her eyes swam in tears, and her white bosom heaved with emotion. Presently she said, in a low and trembling voice: "Her father and mother died, and left Nadine with her aunt, who came from a great way off, to take care of her and her father's house. Now the poor child had to sit all day in a high-backed chair, with no place to rest her feet, and knit stockings from morning till night. She was very tired, and longed very much to go to her papa and mamma. One Sabbath afternoon her aunt went to church, and left Nadine to sit in the high chair, and learn catechism. She studied till her head ached, and she grew dizzy and could not see, and then she got down and laid up her book, and went in the garden at the back of the house, and looked toward the pond, where the white lilies grew. Nadine had sat on the edge of this pond many times with her father, and he used to send his spaniel to fetch her lilies. She thought of her father and mother, and the lilies, and she ventured farther and farther from the house, till she came to the mossy seat where she had sat so often with her parents. She sat down and longed for some lilies, but more for her dear papa and mamma. Presently she saw a whole troop of fairies; some of them were in the cups of the lilies, some were hid under the leaves, and some were sporting in the water. Nadine watched them as they played, and she thought they were more beautiful than the lilies, or the stars. She wished she were one of them, and did not have to sit in the high chair, or knit any more, or (lowering her voice to a whisper) *learn catechism*. By-and-by

they brought a boat, woven of lilies and leaves, yet strong enough to bear them all. One of the loveliest fairies stepped up on the broad lily leaves that lay on the water, and drew the boat to the shore. The leaves did not sink at all under her as she walked on them, drawing the boat after her. Another sat in the boat, in the cup of the lily, and held out her white hands to Nadine, and beckoned her to come. Oh, how much she loved them, and wanted to go with them! She looked back to the house and felt very sorrowful, as she thought of her aunt, and the knitting, and the catechism. She hardly knew what she did, but she put out her hands to the fairies, and in an instant she was in the boat. It came near sinking with her great weight; but the fairies breathed on her, and then the boat was steady, as if only a leaf had been laid in it. The fairy in the lily-cup grew as large as Nadine, and so bright and beautiful, that the little girl was drawn close to her by a great love that she could not resist. Just then she looked toward the house, and saw her aunt in the garden coming to seek her. The sweet fairy opened her arms, and in an instant Nadine nestled in her bosom. The other fairies covered her with lilies. She did not hear her aunt call her, for she was asleep."

When Eva had finished the story, there was a look of wild exultation in her face that told how much she rejoiced in Nadine's escape from high-chair, knitting-work, and catechism; and then the look of triumph faded from the bright little face, and she added, in a solemn tone, "And Mr. Arthur said, 'When her aunt sought her in the garden, and did not find her, she went to the pond, and there was Nadine drowned among the lilies.'"

"Arthur said so!" exclaimed I, in surprise.

"Yes; Mr. Arthur told me that fairy story: no one else could tell such a beautiful story."

And she whispered reverently, "God loves Mr. Arthur, because he tells such beautiful stories—and I love him."

Just as she said this, we saw Arthur coming toward us. Eva ran to meet him, and made him sit with us under the tree; and then she played about him like a glad squirrel. He seemed so quiet and happy with us, that I could hardly realize that he was my proud reserved brother, who hardly ever noticed me, except

to plead for me when my mother was what he called "too hard upon me." I had never been so happy with him a half hour in my life. Years after, I knew the meaning of that happiness, and why my brother looked benevolently toward me, if not lovingly, when he took his eyes from Eva's beautiful face and form. But now the little fairy pouted at him, and scolded because he was going away.

"What do you go for, Mr. Arthur?" said she. "I should think you had had enough of learning catechism. What will you do when you have to study it all the time for months? Will you not wish you had stayed at home?"

"But we shall have other books, darling," said Arthur, "and very pretty books."

"With stories in them—fairy stories?" said she earnestly. "Will you write me a letter, and tell me the stories you learn—if they are pretty?"

"Yes, yes, I will write, my little fairy Eva."

I wanted to say, "And will you write to me too?" but the words would not leave my tongue. I was glad though, for Arthur took me by the hand and led me home, when he had kissed Eva, and left her at her own door. He went the next day, but I dared not ask him to write to me.

My parents found life too lonely to be supported after he left; and my father went away into what I then thought the dark, cold north of New England, to find a home. In a few months we had removed, and were settled in Vermont. How much of heart-loneliness, of broken ties, of a homesickness that eats into the very core of life, are comprehended in that line! We had removed, and were settled in our new place. My relatives were all in the home we had left. How I loved them, though they knew nothing of my genuine nature, and never seemed to break in upon my spirit's solitude! And then, my darling Eva! my heart seemed broken, and I almost thought my tears were bloody after I had parted from all—not in the hour of parting—then I was stupid with my sorrow. The real pang came when I awoke alone in our new world. Every body seemed strange to me; and I doubt not I seemed just as strange to every one else, with no expression for one thought or feeling of my heart.

I had one joy, or, rather, joyful anticipation—it was to see Arthur at the end of half a year. As the time approached, and my heart was filled with this one wish, a letter came to tell us that he had concluded to teach school for some months, to help himself on; and my hope was blasted, or deferred, which seemed the same thing to me. I slept only to dream of my childhood's home, and I always woke in tears.

Chapter Six.

LIFE IN A NEW HOME.

I PINED with homesickness till I grew grievously ill. When my mother decided that I should have a doctor, I was very much frightened. I shuddered in anticipatory reverence before a large and remarkably elegant man, with a gold-headed cane and a pair of saddle-bags. Such had been Dr. Rushton, our family physician at Greenwood, and I thought all doctors as much alike as goose quills or green leaves. Dr. Perker, one of the two who constituted "the Faculty" at Graydon, came promptly. He had a paucity of patients, favorable to punctuality of attendance. I was much disappointed when I saw him, for he was entirely unlike Dr. Rushton, except that he had the saddle-bags. He had no cane. He was a little man, four feet eight inches in height, with a narrow coat tail about half the length of his person. He came up to me with a hop and a smirk, and, inserting a smile into his face, which seemed as foreign as a new patch on a worn-out elbow, he said, most graciously, "I opine, my dear young miss, that we have a valetudinarian for our Esculapian diagnostication."

I was very much astonished at the long words, and more at the long coat tail.

"When did you cease to pour libations to the Hygeian goddess?"

I hesitated to answer, and he went on, displaying the smiling slit in his face, which revealed gold wire and some cream-colored crockery teeth.

"How long since you have needed to become a recipient of therapeutical skill?"

My mother here came to my relief, and said, "My daughter has been some time ailing, doctor."

He felt my pulse, and gazed intently at the face of a large silver watch, which I perceived was not going. He put the watch in his pocket, and considered a while in silence. Then he said, "Please, miss, to put forth your tongue."

I obeyed, and he pondered that for some time. Then he took a lancet from his pocket, and turning to my mother, he said, "We must phlebotomize—I will thank you for a bowl and bandage."

I knew that the hard word meant bleeding, because he had asked for the usual accompaniments of that process, and had taken out his lancet. I trembled and wept. I was weak as a child, and pale as paper, and yet he bled me till I was twice faint—once when I first saw the blood, and again when he had taken more than I should regain in many weeks.

He next put a quantity of "bitters" in a bowl, and ordered that the material should be steeped in brandy, and that I should take a wine-glass of the mixture three times a day, to strengthen me. He said, "Under the influence of this potent preparation, madam, your daughter will soon cease to perambulate the periphery of sickness, and return to the center of health."

My father was not present at this exhibition of the doctor's skill as leech and linguist, else I should have been spared the speedy infliction of another visit.

When he came again, he was more incomprehensible than at first. He felt my pulse steadily, studied my tongue profoundly, and inquired after the effect of the bitters. I was weaker and worse every way than when he had seen me at first. He sat for some minutes, leaning his forehead in his hand, and holding my poor bony wrist under his finger, and then he uttered, oracularly, "*Probatum est.*" He then turned to my mother, and said, in a measured, and, as he evidently thought, most impressive manner, "My dear madam, to arrest this disease in its very inchoation, the cerulean mass is indicated."

As my mother looked her utter inability to understand him, he went on, "Vulgarly called 'blue-pill,' madam."

I venture to say, that no other man in the town of Graydon

ever said *madam*, in sober earnestness, to any woman. Therefore Dr. Perker used the word as often as possible.

"The cerulean mass is an incomparable, a veritable *nonpareil*, for preventing an emphysematous state of the hepatic gland, to which miss, here, has a decided proclivity. I do not doubt that there is a strumous idiosyncrasy in her case, and from the paucity of the roseate hue on the cheeks and lips, I deduce a decrescent state of the circulation. Cerulean mass alternating with the sulphate of magnesia, a smart dose of each daily—"

Just as the doctor began to speak intelligibly my father came in, and the incomprehensible eloquence ceased at once. He contented himself with a smile, a smirk, a bow all round, and the further elevation of his very thin and very aspiring nasal protuberance, as he would doubtless have designated his stuck-up little nose.

My father smiled quietly at the grotesque little man, but said nothing. I employed myself all day hunting for his words in the dictionary, but as I did not know how to spell them, I was a good deal disappointed in my efforts at elucidation. I learned the meaning of his medicine without looking in a lexicon. I became very ill indeed. My bloodless lips grew even paler, my wan face thinner, my eyes sunk, and a black circle surrounded them, and my trembling limbs almost failed to support my attenuated form. At last, young as I was, I became convinced that the doctor's drugs were killing me. My father said, if I could get out of medicine, and out of doors, I might be better. At length he managed to discharge the physician by sending me for a short visit to the kind family of the only miller in the town, whose cabin was in the "next opening," and concealing my retreat from Dr. Perker.

How weak, and entirely good-for-nothing I felt, as I emerged from that learned doctor's care, I leave for those to imagine who can reason from analogy. Most people have made similar escapes, and a great many have not escaped, or have been caught again. The first really joyful feeling I had known since we left Greenwood, was when I felt myself free from fear of lancet and medicine, lying on a mossy knoll, under a great tree, on the edge of some grand old woods, just back of my father's

house. Our dwelling was of that extempore kind, so common in the new settlements of the North and West. It was an aristocratic dwelling, compared with many of our neighbors, for it was built of plank, instead of logs. It had been erected hastily, and we moved into it in the first warm weather of spring. We saw the blue sky, and the stars, where we slept; and kindled a fire to cook our food beside a stump in the door-yard. There was a pleasant excitement in seeing the house daily improve, and the roughness around disappear. We liked the new Home, and we proved the saying true, that "hardships are not always trials." I should doubtless have sunk lower in my homesick illness, if we had been in a comfortable home.

For some days after Perker's dismissal, I was comparatively well and happy. I lived out of doors among the green woods and spring blossoms, for spring was just mellowing into summer. But, unfortunately for my young convalescence, there came a long rain and storm, and I was forbidden to read—Perker had imperatively interdicted that comfort. My mother was no particular friend to books, and she ardently adopted the doctor's veto as her own; and my father knew that I was very likely to read too much, and he joined the enemy, and then my case became desperate. All the books in the immediate neighborhood could not have done me much injury, for they were like "angels' visits." The most important I had been able to borrow was a collection of almanacs, numbering about forty, which had been preserved by an old bachelor neighbor. Even this bundle of erudition was taken from me, and I had to bear the storm as I could.

My sight was so much affected by weakness and weeping that I could not sew so well as I could read, and knitting wearied me indescribably. If I remained standing for a few minutes I became faint, and I had no resource but to lie in bed and wish for fair weather. If they had allowed me to read ten minutes an hour, or half an hour a day, I should have saved my weak eyes from a great deal of weeping, and probably have gained strength to use them more. My mother would have considered such a course the very one to insure my destruction. The storm lasted a week, and at the end of that time I was too ill to give fair

weather a welcome. I had a sore throat, inflamed eyes, and a low, nervous fever, and was unable to rise from my bed.

Graydon had recently been enriched by the arrival and settlement of another physician. It seemed strange how two could live, but another man was desperate enough to make the trial and take the risk. My father called on Dr. Alden and told him my case, and requested him to come and see me. I was sadly frightened when I learned that I was to be given up to another doctor. Perker's image rose before me, and my head began to swim with interminable words, and the vison of bowl and bandage, lancet and life's blood, scared me terribly. I could hardly persuade myself to raise my eyes to Dr. Alden's face, when he came. Indeed, I did not see him till he was at my bedside, and had taken my hand in his, and had spoken to me. The sound of his voice, I then thought, was the sweetest music I had ever heard, as he said, "My poor child, you have fever—you are suffering." I ventured, timidly, to look into his face. Oh, how handsome he was! his eyes were a deep, pitying blue, and bright, as if tears were in them; he had great masses of auburn hair, and it curled naturally and most beautifully; his face was full, clear white, and dimpled like a fat babe's; and he looked as though he could smile or weep, just at the right time, and right from his heart, too. I worshiped him from the first moment I looked at him. I believe I should have fainted with pleasure, over a bowl of my own blood, if *he* had abstracted it from my poor, shrunk, and impoverished veins. I could have thanked *him* for a glass of "Hull's physic," alias aloes, or picra steeped in rum, if he had held it to my lips with his own dimpled white hand. I could have renounced reading entirely, for the privilege of daily looking at him, and listening to his melting, musical voice.

I have heard a great deal about love at first sight, but I think no more positive proof has ever been offered for the veritable existence of such a fact, than my willingness to be bled, blistered, or *bittered*, for my doctor's sake, during the first five minutes of our acquaintance. If I had numbered more than a dozen years, I might have had more experience in the healing art, and a less affectionate docility; but I have lived long since then, and I am not yet convinced that faith and love, and the hope born of both,

are not the most powerful of all medicines. When Hope comes into the saddened soul, she opens up a channel through which life flows in upon us, blessing us, and healing all our ills. How it is that Hope rolls off the cloud from the spirit, and leaves the violet light of Love to pour in through all its windows, we may never know, but we may bless God for the fact, though the philosophy of it is far beyond our comprehension. Why is it that the heart leaps at the approach of a friend, and that the blood comes in tumultuous haste, as if a spirit were in chase, when the lover touches the hand or looks into the eyes of his beloved? Philosophy asks why is all this? Who shall read us the riddle of life? who shall unravel the mystery of existence?

Dr. Alden felt my pulse, just as Perker had; he told me to put out my tongue, and he sat and considered, just as that worthy had; but ah, me! what a difference there was in the emotions caused by these two men. I seemed to myself to be sick unto death whenever I saw Perker, either of my malady or of him. I could not clearly determine whether it was one or the other, or both. I felt well, quite well, as soon as I looked on Dr. Alden, and listened to his gentle, pitying voice.

The doctor held my hand, and, looking toward my father, who sat regarding me anxiously, he said, "Your daughter needs very little medicine, sir; she is a delicate plant, and such do not bear transplanting well." Then turning to me, and taking my little, hot hand between both his soft, cool hands, he said: "Every body seems strange to you in this new home; don't they, my dear? I am a stranger in Graydon, and I know how to pity you; you left all your mates, and miss them; can't you tell me about the prettiest one?" I pressed the doctor's hand, and hid my face in the pillow, and wept freely, but not altogether bitterly. No one had spoken to me before of my lost home, or of those I loved; no one had recognized my disease to be *homesickness*; and, if they had, they would have said, "The girl is only homesick." *Only homesick!* No one would say this who had ever had this sickness of the heart for an hour. Dr. Alden knew me and my disease by the true intuition of the physician; and though I was too bashful to look at him a second time, except in stolen glances, yet he drew me out, made me talk to him, and tell him

all about Eva, when I could speak without weeping. He remained half an hour, chatting with me and my father and mother; and, sad as I was, he made me laugh heartily before he left.

After we all seemed acquainted, and happy in the acquaintance, he took a little bottle of white powder from his saddle-bags, and put as much of its contents as would lay on the point of a penknife in each of a series of little square bits of white paper. These he carefully folded, and ordered me to take one every morning in a glass of warm, new milk. My father looked inquiringly at the papers, and the doctor said, in a low tone, evidently intended as an answer to the look, which no one else should hear, "Magnesia." My father nodded approvingly. The doctor left us all well pleased with his visit and himself. My father was a little uneasy that he had not asked his opinion upon the efficacy of the shower-bath. He was sure it was the best remedy and the best preventive for a world of ailments.

"That is your hobby," said my mother; "I am glad you had the wit to spare the doctor a long talk about it."

"He would have agreed with me, I have no doubt, that it would be an excellent thing for Mary to go under the shower-bath every day."

"And you, too, father?" said I, shuddering and smiling.

"I am like other doctors," said he, with a humorous twinkle in his eye; "I seldom take my own medicine. But I shall get the doctor to prescribe the bath for you."

"And a book?" said I.

"Yes, while you are in the bath, but at no other time."

I had a feeling of hopelessness about books. I felt as if I were never to read again. All states seem eternal to the young; if they are happy, they are sure of happiness forever; if they are miserable, they are equally sure that the state is never to end. Little did I imagine that the doctor was as much determined to prescribe moderate doses of reading, as my father was the shower-bath.

The doctor approved of my father's remedy, with the modification that my mother was to pour a pail of cold water over me in the early morning, and then wrap me in a blanket, and put me in

the warm bed. I slept always after it, an hour of the sweetest sleep I had at any time.

In a little while my parents were brought to consent that I should read a few pages daily, and Dr. Alden was canonized in the most reverent adoration of my young heart. Even now, I deem this no mean reward for the worthy man. The sober, mature thought of the matron of forty years is mellowed by the sunny light of that spring-time. The memory of that affection lives. That love is one of many gems, that burn with pure and steady beam in her coronet of life; for after all the death that ascetic morality has wrought for the human heart, the witness of the spirit is, that "LOVE IS LIFE."

Chapter Seven.

DIALOGUE WITH THE DOCTOR, AND A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

"LET me see," said Dr. Alden: "two years and four months, Mary, since you promised me that you would not get sick again. Do you remember, Miss Pale Face?"

"I remember," said I, "when you gave me the clove pink, and the white chrysanthemum, that you were so kind as to bring me from Mrs. Blake's. I was so happy then, that I thought I never could be ill again.

"But corsets have come in fashion since, even here in the woods," said my father, "and young ladies are ambitious to ape the wasp and the ant."

The doctor looked at my slender form, and my face glowed crimson. I had been given over to a bad influence. A young lady had come to reside with us from the civilized south of New England, where the echo of Boston fashions could reach. She was companion, and help, and schoolmistress, and well enough qualified for the various functions she fulfilled. She would have been really a worthful acquisition, if she had not been so radically and remedilessly fashionable. The malady with her was incurable. The symptoms were thin shoes and thin dresses in winter, made to expose maternal mysteries, and corsets close as the crushing thumb-screws of the Inquisition. The girl had more education and elegance than any one I saw, and I imitated her in every thing, as far as I could. I got into corsets, and made my waist as ridiculous, and myself as wretched, as the bad model which I copied.

Parents, do you know the power of example over your chil-

dren? Do you know that your child as surely learns your faults and your falsehoods, as the infant learns to lisp words that he hears you speak? Let the young see before them only beauty and goodness, and they will imitate it, and grow happy in the imitation, till this life becomes their own. The faults of those they love and revere for their kindness, their care, and their general excellence, are doubly dangerous to the young. They reason on this wise: "My mother, my darling mother, who says I must always speak the truth, did not tell quite the truth when she said that Mrs. Brown's hat was the most perfect fright she ever saw, and that Mr. Bartlett's horse ran away and dashed his carriage into a thousand pieces. The fact was, Mrs. B.'s hat was rather ugly, and Mr. Bartlett's horse did injure his carriage a good deal. The thills were broken, and perhaps a few splinters might have been knocked off the front of the carriage."

The fashionable woman who sends her servant to say she is out, to the visitor she does not wish to see, or who appears most kind and loving, when the caller has caught her in—who says, "My dear Miss B., what a love your hat is, and how charming you are to day, and how glad I am you came, and what an age it seems since I have seen you;" and when the lady has left, remarks that "her hat was odious, her complexion faded, her looks ugly as sin, and her call at any time, and particularly now, a great bore"—this lady is educating her children, even if they are at the breast. The sphere of falsehood surrounds her, imbues her being, and taints the fountain from which her infant draws its life.

I imitated Miss Howell most disastrously, for my impulses always led to do all things in extremes, and through the day my blood well-nigh stagnated in my lungs and blood-vessels. The freedom of the night, when the corsets were removed, saved my life, but the day destroyed my health. I studied hard, day and night, for Dr. Alden had loaned me books for home consumption, and I had various studies at school, where my ambition was to be at the head of every class, and I succeeded.

I had three evils which were fast sinking me to the grave. My corset lacing was probably the greatest sin against my life, which was feeble from my birth. Then I studied when I should have slept. I used to take my candle and book and retire to rest at an

early hour. My mother always called to me after a reasonable time, and said, "Mary, have you put out your light?" I then blew out my candle, and answered, "Yes," and then "blew it up" again. It was very easy thus to re-light the large wick of a tallow candle, and then I studied or read till the candle was exhausted, and perhaps another that I had secreted. I rose in the morning from my almost sleepless night, unrefreshed, perhaps exhausted. I then drank several cups of very strong, green tea, eating little or no breakfast. A sad trio of sins were my vigils, my tight lacing, and my tea drinking.

Dr. Alden had seen very little of me the past two years. He had become a popular physician, having, as my father said, "killed Perker by a word that he did not understand, viz., Practice." He had now all the sick to attend to in three towns. He was not a rising, but a risen man. He had always kept me in his mind, and sent me books, but he little thought of the mischief I was working to myself.

He never dreamed that he was a divinity to the solitary heart of a child, who had so much of worship in her spirit that no temple was large enough to hold it, and no Sabbath long enough to exhaust it. Dr. Alden never dreamed that he was a hero to any one, I think, and least of all to me—"the book-worm girl," "the oddity"—whom children and grown people used as an illustration —"as odd as Mary Lyndon," was a common saying in Graydon.

"My poor child—I believe you have got worse than when I saw you first. What set you to make a clay-wasp of yourself?" said the doctor glancing toward my father, who was regarding me with a severe look. "Your complexion has come to be a delicate pea-green, with a little ink added, especially under your eyes. Your lips are a fine lead color, and you look tired of trying to breathe. You have crushed your lungs into collapse, and your blood is nearly in a state of stagnation."

"A very Christian deed," said my father. I believe the heathen have never practiced tight lacing." He said this very bitterly, for he had no friendship and little tolerance for what he considered Christianity; and when he had defined the word according to his understanding of it, one did not wonder so much at his rejection of it. All the absurd and wicked customs that ob-

tain in Christendom, such as frauds in trade, manufactures, and commerce; intemperance; war and contentions, broils among brethren, the same bitter spirit with which he assailed Christianity, manifested by Christians against opposing sects, the envying of the unsatisfied, and the scandal of the unemployed, the bigotry and intolerance of the ignorant, and the want of wisdom in the multitude—all these in one infernal conglomeration my father considered Christianity.

During the doctor's remarks addressed to me, I had sat overwhelmed with mortification. My pale face burned with blushes that my meager blood could not long sustain. I knew not what to say to Dr. Alden. I knew that I had made myself very uncomfortable, but I did not know that I was impairing my health and shortening my life. I had no idea of the complex machinery of my body. I did not even know what he meant by my lungs. I supposed he meant some internal organ, or organs; but what were the uses or number of the lungs, I had not the slightest idea. If I had been taught the mechanism of the body, I should have trembled, and shrunk in horror from the self-destruction I was bringing upon myself, in the folly of girlish imitation and vanity. But in my ignorance I sowed the seeds of premature death in my system, and cursed my whole life with weakness and melancholy wants. Who shall tell what my life might have been worth to myself and others, through the years that I shall not live, because in my blindness I blasted existence in its young promise? Thank God, oh ye daughters, that the darkness is passing, and that *your* morning is illumined by a flood of rosy light!

Dr. Alden turned his eyes from my blushing face, and shrinking, cowering form, to my father. He never lost an opportunity of rebuking his want of faith. Persons said that he did not know his own interest, else he would not argue with Mr. Lyndon, and attempt to confute him. But I think Dr. Alden had more policy than people gave him credit, or discredit for. He knew that my father liked a spirited and honest independence; he knew that he was his favorite because he opposed him.

"I like argument," said my father, "and an eternal concession is no argument. The man who always says *yes* to me, is next door to being my enemy."

On the present occasion, the doctor gave his time to the one he considered the greatest sinner. Self-murder was bad in his sight, but unbelief was a great deal worse, inasmuch as the soul was infinitely more valuable than the body.

"My dear sir," said he, "why do you consider Mary's wrong-doing a *Christian* deed?"

"Because I do not know any body but Christians who do such deeds."

"The Chinese compress the feet of their females, and the Indians flatten the heads of their children. It is the want of the knowledge of Christian duty that makes these people disfigure their children, and allows our children to disfigure themselves. Christianity does all things for us, my dear sir. It has given us the civilization of our nineteenth century; it has elevated woman from barbarism to be the companion of man, and it has made man a *man*."

"Yes," said my father, with a mocking blandness, "our women are elevated above the barbarous Chinese, who crush their children's feet—our daughters only crush their hearts. The civilization of the nineteenth century *is* something to boast of; for when the travelers from the desert came to the civilized land, they saw the gibbet, and thanked God for this unmistakable sign of civilization. Man is a man now-a-days, and therefore he is just fit to be shot at, and cut up by thousands, for a master's pleasure."

"Well, if men are to sleep forever, Mr. Lyndon, it matters little when they enter upon their long rest."

"Do you believe that you existed prior to your life on earth, Dr. Alden?"

"I believe that I was created a living soul."

"If there was a time when you did not exist, why may there not come another when you shall cease to exist?"

Dr. Alden colored, and I could see that a shade of anger flitted across his face, but it was gone in a moment. The kindly spirit of the gentleman and the Christian subdued the ill feeling instantly and entirely, and he answered, smiling:

"We will not contest that matter, my dear sir. When a man is determined to prove himself a brute, I concede the point, and save him the trouble. If you have no soul, if you are like the

beasts that perish, I can only commiserate your unhappy condition."

"You may spare your pity for me, and your egotistical condemnation of the brutes. Who told you that you have a soul, and that they have not? Does not the beaver build a better house than the savage? Does not the bee excel man in wisdom and industry? Does not my dog know my thoughts when I take my rifle? and is not his sagacity more worthy of a soul than that of many a man, when he brings the ducks I have shot from the pond to my feet, and always drops a dead one, to bite the head of one that flutters? Every wounded duck is carefully killed, by biting his head, before he is laid at my feet, and those I have shot dead are brought to me last. Is this an intelligence that is to be put out with as little thought as you snuff out a candle?"

"But, Mr. Lyndon, your argument for the immortality of the brutes proves too much, if it proves any thing—that is, it proves too much for you, for you doom the greatly superior intelligence of man to eternal sleep. Why should not the brute be annihilated as well as the man?"

"I was only using your argument," said my father, "and rebuking your Christian egotism. I don't see why the Indian's dog has not a right to share the Indian's heaven. He will have his master's vote for his life and immortality. I go for equal rights, and object to all your Christian monopolies, whether of a future state, or less imaginary commodities."

"Mr. Lyndon, you are too good, and too wise a man to talk in this manner. You are very bold. You frighten me."

"You will never be a great warrior, then," said my father, smiling.

"I wish you would give up your unbelief."

"And I wish you would renounce your Christianity, or boast less and do more; and, particularly, be just to your cousins, the beavers and the bees. If your immortality is so desirable, why not pass it round? I should be willing to share it with my horse and dog, if the thing were worth having at all."

"You are a strange man, Mr. Lyndon; a better man, and more of a believer, than you choose to allow."

"No insinuations against my moral character, if you please, doctor."

"I will not praise you again in a hurry," said the doctor; "and I will try my skill where I am sure of being more successful," and he came and sat by me, and looked at me more in sorrow than in anger. If I could have shrunk away to nothing, if I could have been annihilated then, and forever, I believe I would have accepted nonentity as a benison from Heaven.

The kind man looked pityingly at me, and then he called my mother, and gave her directions to have my dresses made loose and comfortable. He did not say a word to me, but silently and sadly bandaged my arm and bled me, and then he left me blue-pills, and some other vile medicine, and he said nothing of bathing, study, or exercise. He seemed a doctor again, and not a friend. He doubtless knew that his formal manner would be a punishment to me, but he did not know how severe. My soul had become morbid with my body, and a rebuke, that would have been light to another, was martyrdom to me. For days I brooded over even a fancied slight, and much of the time I was so ill, and every way so wretched, that I meditated self-destruction. I think I could hardly have supported life till the doctor's next visit, if I had not become deathly sick under the operation of the medicine. I was too ill to think. I only felt bodily sensations. In this respect, the medicine was a blessing to me. When the doctor came again, he was the same kind, cheerful, and even mirthful friend, that he had been formerly. But he had really become a routine doctor. He depended more on his medicines. This was sad for me, though he cheered me a great deal, and gave me hopes that were not all disappointed. During two weary years I was bad and worse, but at no time could I really be called better, though often weeks passed without a visit from my physician. I was always looking death in the face. I was given up to die by the neighborhood, and felt myself to be doomed. My religious opinions became tinged with the gloom of my illness. I instinctively felt that I was far from the Good and True. I wanted atonement. I longed to make sacrifices that should give me peace, for I felt forever a vague, indefinable remorse. I did not know that the body was the fulcrum on which the soul rested its lever for action. I did not realize that my ill health made my mental misery. I did not know that my soul *must* be

ill at ease while my body was poisoned with the pent-up evils resulting from long tight lacing, and with calomel, and other medicines, given in the vain hope to purge the system from these evils, while my life's blood was drawn away, and with it my little strength, because my physician thought, rightly enough, that the blood was bad. I did not dream that the sickly vapors from my body clouded my soul. My physician knew that close dressing was an evil, but he did not know that green tea was a poison, and he did not imagine that my little remaining strength was warring against the medicines that he had given, in the futile endeavor to poison me into health. This light was for other days. Meanwhile I drank the brimful cup of error to the dregs. For two long, weary years, I struggled with weakness and disease, and an indescribable remorse, and longing to be set free from a body of sin and death, which I felt but did not understand. I was not actually disabled at any time, but always suffering, more or less, from chronic illness. My mental distress yielded at times to a naturally gay and buoyant spirit. My studies comforted me at all times, but the desire for peace, for atonement, for what I considered holiness of heart, haunted me forever. I watched against irritability of temper, and against a disposition to hyperbole or exaggeration in my language, the only sins I was conscious of committing. I prayed with agony to be delivered from sins that I feared had possession of my heart. I knew nothing of the sins that, in my ignorance, had possession of my body. I never dreamed that I was pale, and trembling, and morbidly sensitive on all subjects that belonged to this world, or another, because I drank many cups of the strongest green tea daily. I often put near half a cupful of gunpowder tea in boiling water, and after macerating it for a time, I drank the juice and ate the leaves. My food, when not too little to be appreciable, was composed of the most unhealthy compounds that people make for invalids, to coax them to eat. Highly-seasoned meats, mince pies, stuffings, jams, jellies, and other preserves, increased daily my bad digestion, and my spiritual temptations and disasters. Let no one accuse me of Materialism because I thus speak the truth. These ills of the body come first from spiritual causes—from our ignorance, and from the woful want of wisdom on the part of those

who care for us, and they react upon the spirit with a vengeance that is educating people surely, though expensively.

With all my watchfulness, my melancholy misery continued. If I had been a Catholic I should have macerated the body for the good of the soul. I should have done much penance. But the path to penance, and asceticism, and sacrifice was at length opened to me, and without Catholic instruction, or the guidance of any living father of the Church, I walked zealously in the way which I saw before me. There was a dearth of books in Graydon, or, rather, in that portion of the town where I resided. There were large and well-chosen libraries belonging to the minister, Judge Curtis, Mr. Young, the lawyer, and a few other wealthy and educated men. These persons were all kind to me, and loaned me books, when I dared to go and ask for them. But my timidity, which was very great naturally, was increased by my illness, and I would not have asked for any thing but books, and I chose to explore every dusty shelf in the log houses and plank houses in the neighborhood, where I was not too bashful to enter, rather than to borrow of those who awed me by wealth, education, and refinement.

Mrs. Turner, a dear old lady who lived near us, had loaned me "The Book of Martyrs," "Pilgrim's Progress," and Thomas-à-Kempis." My early piety was very charming to this good woman. Some months previous to the loan of these books, there had come a lucid interval in my depression. I had prayed for this light, and so had my friends, a great while. I had longed for pardon and peace, and it seemed to me one day, after I had read the Bible and prayed very earnestly, that God had forgiven me, though I did not know what my sins were. I did not know any particular sin, but I felt a mountain load on my spirit, and I doubted not that it was my "exceeding sinfulness." I remember where I was when the sense of pardon came to me, when my heart leaped in lightness, and I believed that God had forgiven me for Christ's sake.

I was about fifteen years old. I wished to make a new beginning in my brief life, as I was then sure it would be a beginning that should insure a happy end. This world seemed fading from me, the next seemed near, and terrible in its darkness. It might

be full of everlasting burnings. I almost saw the lurid flames of hell, and I increased the vividness of my perception, and the extremity of my torments, by reading Pollock's "Course of Time." By reading this book, and listening to sermons filled with the like spirit, I became wrought to an agony. I felt that I *must* be saved—that God must save me, or renounce His attribute of mercy. And yet, with all this despair, I had the disease of humility desperately, and declared that God would be just if he burned me eternally in the fires of hell. One day when I was thus mourning and agonized, sick in body and sick in soul, pale as a specter, and weak and weary of the world, I took the Bible and sat down on the threshold of the door, at the back of the house, where noble forest trees clustered almost up to our dwelling, and the sunshine of the waning afternoon streamed through the woods; it was almost evening, and a glory seemed to gather with the deepening shadows. The many-hued leaves, with their varied forms, lay on the air, and as I read I raised my heart in a prayer of agony. Suddenly the sunshine became the light of God's love, the trees imaged his perfection, and each separate leaf became a separate blessing and a distinct joy. I forgot that I was sick, that the wings of my spirit were weighed down with many sins. I only remembered that God was merciful and omnipotent. I lived and loved. My soul glowed and burned with the faith that I was to be made holy, and elevated to be the companion of angels. I spoke to my religious friends of my new state, and they told me that I had "experienced religion." I asked them if this beautiful state would last. They said, no; that soon I would be dashed down from my high estate, and have to pass through grievous conflicts and direful temptations. This prophecy began instantly to work its own fulfillment, and very soon I was wretched enough to satisfy a devotee of the olden time, who believed in fighting with legions of devils. I longed again for sacrifice and atonement, and I wanted many additions to the atonement that I was assured might be made my own, though wrought without me, by him who was the Saviour of all men, and especially those who believe. But I believed, and still I was not saved. Then I wanted to die. I prayed always that I might die, and go to that heaven where no one should say, "I

am sick." I exposed myself cruelly, that I might take cold and die, and get quit of the burden of existence, and yet I had made profession of that religion which commands us to preserve our own lives and those of others. My Christian friends regarded the tendency to suicide as another temptation of the adversary of souls, and as another evidence of a state of grace.

I think people seldom take their lives when they talk of it, and seldom take cold and die when they walk into brooks, or through snow drifts, and pray to get out of the world. With all my "experiences" I still read every thing but novels, and studied immoderately, and wrote many yards of sad poetry; sad in more respects than one.

That I record all these unpleasant particulars may seem matter of marvel to some; but I have set myself to write the revelations of my life truly, believing that all things have a meaning and a use, from childhood to age. If I am considered as faithful as a Flemish painter, I have only to say, I meant it, I have made no mistake.

I had a mania to study all that could be learned, and, notwithstanding my ill health, I was always learning. After my conversion, I went a good deal to the house of the "orthodox minister," as the Presbyterian pastor in Graydon was termed, by all parties. He was so called because his sect had claimed this appellation for him, and used it in good faith, while other sects used it ironically, and accorded it to him on all occasions. Mr. Chapin was a most worthy man, after his own pattern. He was "zealous for the faith delivered to the saints"—by Calvin; he was honest, industrious, and intolerant to the last degree. He was a quiet, excellent, gentlemanly man, who believed that a young girl who was found dead in her bed, with a novel under her pillow, was struck dead as a judgment upon her for reading it. And yet there were novels in the Sabbath-school library of his church. There was "No Fiction," and "Decision," and "Profession not Principle," and no judgment followed the reading of these. This good man had married a beautiful and accomplished wife. She was very lovely to look at, and her manner of dressing and adorning her person was so exceedingly gay and ultra fashionable as to be the scandal of the gayest church in

Graydon. As her husband's salary was small, and as elegant apparel would wear out, the lady determined to increase her pocket-money by teaching a young ladies' school. Her husband was advertised to spend a portion of his time in the school each day, and a number of pupils, from fifteen to thirty years of age, were gathered together, and occupied a room in the minister's house.

I had a more intense desire to attend this school than I can express, but the scarcity of money, and the pecuniary difficulties under which my father was laboring in his settlement in a new country, for a time made it impossible. However, Arthur came home on a visit, and made me a small present of money to buy a new dress, which I sadly needed. I determined to devote this money to pay my tuition at the new school. It seemed to me a peculiar privilege to learn of this pious minister and his wife. I felt sure that learning must be doubly precious when I received it from them. I was exceedingly happy when I was received into the school, and had paid my tuition in advance. Mr. Chapin had often loaned me books, and had taken a great interest in the development of my intellectual powers. His presence filled me with awe; he was such a good and learned man. He had loaned me Hedge's "Logic," and had helped me to understand it. I had studied an old edition of Blair's "Rhetoric," that Mr. Chapin had used in college, and I had answered all the questions at the bottom of the pages a half dozen times, at least. The good man always assisted me in my studies and reading in the kindest manner; but when I related my Christian experience to him, he told me severely that "the human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and that he did not think I had any reason to hope. I afterward learned that he always spoke in this manner to young converts, because he thought those who could get up, after being knocked down in this way, were very likely to be genuine Christians. I might have gone to a lunatic asylum, if I had not learned this fact seasonably. As it was, I was comforted, and reverenced the pastor all the more for his watchful care over the interests of souls.

I entered Mrs. Chapin's school with a due sense of the important privileges I was enabled to purchase with three dollars,

the price of a quarter's tuition. That money seemed more precious to me then than thousands would now. I question whether any sum could ever seem of such priceless value to me as that. For a time I was exceedingly happy. I was blessed with hearing prayers, and the reading of the Scriptures in the morning. I devoured my studies with the appetite of one starving. I answered all the questions that the other people failed to answer. It was soon evident that the preceptress could not teach me. The questions I asked her respecting my lessons, she was utterly unable to answer. She was in danger of my contempt, if not that of the school.

Soon after I discovered the incompetency of my teacher, I observed that the young ladies began to regard me coldly. Some of them did not speak to me at all; others threw out hints that I had slandered them; and when I asked to know what I had said, they could not or would not give me any satisfaction. The averted eyes, the constrained manner, the silence and coldness of the whole school, froze the warm life-blood in my heart. I could hardly sustain myself through the hours of study, and after a few days it was scarcely possible for me to drag myself to school. One morning, as my weary, hopeless feet slowly ascended the stairs toward the school-room, Mr. Chapin spoke to me from the door of his study, which was opposite. "Mary, come here," said he, seriously, not to say severely. I went to him trembling, so that I walked unsteadily, I believe, and I sat down on the first chair, my heart beating audibly. "You will wait here a moment," said he. He went into the school-room, as I suppose, for a few last words with his wife. While he was gone, I took up a Testament, and opened it, hoping that some chance verse might give me comfort in my mysterious trouble. I opened at the chapter about Paul and the viper, and my eyes fell on the following verses:

"And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on his hand.

"And when the barbarians saw the venomous beast hang on his hand, they said among themselves, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.

"*And he shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm.*"

Again and again I read this verse: "And he shook off the

beast into the fire, and felt no harm ;" and I was comforted. Presently Mr Chapin returned.

"I have a very sad duty to perform," said he. "You must leave our school."

I raised my eyes to his face, timid as I was, and said, "Will you tell me why, sir?"

"You have spoken disrespectfully of my wife, who is your teacher, and also of the young ladies of the school."

"Who accuses me?" said I, in the boldness of innocence.

"Mrs. Chapin has proof that you have done so," said he.

"What proof?" said I, with more determination than would have seemed possible.

He hesitated. I believe he was ashamed of the story that his vain, false wife had told him. Finally, he told me that the black servant had said that I had told her many things which were only in the consciousness of my incapable teacher, for no mortal had ever heard me give voice to a disrespectful thought of her, though I was forced to admit to myself, with heartfelt disappointment, that she could not teach me.

"It is all false," faltered I, overwhelmed with sorrow that I should lose the opportunity to learn, and the friendship of Mr. Chapin, and of the young ladies, who had all been so kind to me, that the world had begun to seem pleasant. I thought of Paul, and a gleam of light shone into my mind. I passed into the school-room to gather up my books, and the minister took his place at the desk for morning prayers. I never spoke with his wife again, but I heard of her death some years after I left Graydon. She died miserably, lamenting that she had lived a hypocrite. People thought that she was deranged; but I believed that she had her senses and her memory.

Chapter Eight.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE CONTINUED—PORTRAIT OF A MINISTER.

HAVE you any more books, Mrs. Turner?" said I to the good woman who had loaned me "Thomas-à-Kempis" and "Pilgrim's Progress."

"You may look in the great blue chest, in the unfinished room," said she; and I went to it with joy, longing and hoping to find something to feed my insatiable appetite. I pulled over a great deal of lumber, but at the bottom I found a book. I believe it was called "The Monitor." It was a Quaker school-book, made up of different articles, didactic, pathetic, and narrative, but all leading to ascetic piety—all inculcating the peculiar and distinctive customs of this sect. There are many persons who confound in idea the Quakers with the Shakers. The people, whose school-book I had found, were called by themselves Friends, and by others Quakers, and have nothing in common with the Shakers, except a plain dress, and what they call "plain language," which is so denominated because they use the singular *thee* and *thou* when speaking to one person, and address men and women of every age and condition by their given names.

My treasured book (and all books were treasures to me) gave an account of the rise and progress of the Quaker sect, or, in their language, "Friends' Society," from George Fox downward. The temperance, frugality, self-denial, and exceeding piety of this people, were set before the reader in a simple, beautiful, and evidently truthful manner. I had longed to make some atonement for my sins, in myself. However much I prized a vicarious atonement, as a last resort, it seemed to me, in the present, some-

thing like the almshouse to the poor of our country—they must be hopelessly humbled before they *can* accept it. They will do something for themselves till the last line of manhood is erased; then they accept alms, or go to the almshouse. I longed to make sacrifices. I wanted to present myself before God as one who humbly accepted the atonement made by Christ, though I did not understand it at all, and was told that it was a mystery, and therefore was not intended to be understood; yet I wanted to work out my own salvation, though I did it with fear and trembling. I learned from this book of the Quakers that I must take up my cross, and follow my Saviour through evil and good report; but I inferred that it was mostly through evil report that I had to go. I was to deny all my vain loves; in other words, my taste for beauty was to be crucified. A dress without ornament, a language singular and strange, was to set me apart from the world, satisfy God, and make me a happy Christian.

I had been thrown a good deal out of the society of the fashionable Presbyterian Christians of our place, on account of my treatment at the school. I shrunk always from what had given me pain; and the pain and mortification I had been made to suffer by the vain, false wife of the minister must ever be indescribable. I had often wanted to die in consequence of it. I could not die, but I could die to them. I could separate myself as effectually from their world by turning Quaker, as if I went out of it.

All Christians that I met dissatisfied me. The picture of the early Quakers drawn in the book was to me a picture of true Christians. I doubted not that they were now the same simple, truthful, self-denying people that they were in the days of George Fox. I never once dreamed that "distance lends enchantment to the view." I believed that I had at last found the path that led to heaven; but it was to me a straight and narrow one. There were no Quakers in the region where I resided; I had never seen one; and I should be sure of the opposition and ridicule of all my friends and acquaintances. But the answer of the book was, "No cross, no crown." I had very little understanding sympathy to lose. My father had a good-natured contempt of all sects. What would he say if I should be a Quaker? I could only "guess and fear."

I had always a sort of deathly fear of ridicule. A proud, satirical person can give me great pain now; but when I was sixteen years old, I had a morbid sensitiveness that no one could describe, because such miseries are always indescribable. I was called, as I verily believed, to make myself singular to all my world—to come out from it, and set myself apart. I dreaded the loss of sympathy even more than if I had experienced its abundance. What would Dr. Alden say to me? How should I bear the storm that was sure to burst on me from my mother? The struggle between what I considered my love of the world and my love of the cross was long and severe. My whilom ugly flaxen hair had deepened into a rich brown, and was very abundant. It was very long, and it curled in massive and most beautiful ringlets with the slightest possible care. I loved my hair. It was almost all the beauty I had, though I had outgrown my cross-eyes, or somehow they were cured of the squint which had made me very ugly during my childhood. My eyes were deep-blue, bright and pretty; but I was still a "plain girl," and to comb back my luxuriant curls straight over my forehead, and twist my hair in an immense knot in my neck, was a great sacrifice.

But I "took up the cross." I combed back my glossy brown curls, and removed every ornament from my dress and person. I was wholly under the dominion of the sentiments. I did not reason. I only wanted to love, to worship, to believe, and I did all blindly.

I loved beings of my own creation, with which I peopled my world of fancy, and all those about me, who showed me even slight favor. Solemnly I loved all lovely things. The flower-starred meadow, white roses, and white lambs were joys—but most I loved the beauty of woman. The memory of my sister's exceeding loveliness was a melody in my heart. I loved to let my hair fall in a heavy shower of curls over my neck, and shade and hide my face, where was no beauty, except when I dared allow my soul to shine through my eyes, and illuminate it. It seemed almost wonderful how much my plainness was redeemed by my eyes and hair, and, fully conscious of this, I made my beloved ringlets lie straight across my forehead. I probably felt as the nun feels when the cold shears pass over her head, and its

severed glory falls to the ground, and the black pall covers her, the symbol that she is dead to the world. A knot of lilac or pink ribbon had been like heart-poetry to me. I must no longer love these delicious hues; drab color, and white and black, were to drape my poor form hereafter. The ludicrous remark attributed to Thomas Paine occurs to me now—"If the Creator of the world had been a Quaker, what a drab-colored creation we should have had! Not a bird would have been allowed to sing," etc.

The path of man from savage to civilized life is a series of efforts, mistakes, and successes; and the path of the individual is its synonym. When I look over my past, with its ignorance, its dim understanding, its ceaseless prayer and struggle for the good and true, and its thousand mistakes and shortcomings; when what once seemed solemn and imperative duties now seem to be ridiculous and hurtful sacrifices, I can only say it is growth. Why I grew in such arid soil, with such scant and unwise culture, I know not. When the myriad mysteries of life are solved, then mine may be. Till then I love, I labor, I trust.

My reverence and diseased conscientiousness were satisfied by my course. My love of the beautiful was continually crucified.

My friends looked on in amazement. My mother bade me angrily to restore the ruffles to my dress, and comb my hair "fit to be seen." I had been always a meek-spirited and obedient child, and therefore my mother supposed that she had only to speak to be obeyed. She found her mistake. What I did was for God's sake. The most stubborn of all people are the saints; and the most irreclaimable sinners are those who sin for conscience' sake. When my mother saw that I meekly and quietly took my own way and disobeyed her, she went off in a storm of rage, and showers of threats and menaces fell on my devoted head. But my father, with all his contempt for Christianity proved my good providence on this occasion. "What does this mean, Mary?" said he, pleasantly. "I thought you were too good a Christian to disobey your mother."

I said, as calmly as I could, "I have come out from the Christianity of the world—I am sick of it."

"That's right, girl; I have been in the same way a great while. We are likely to agree at last."

"Oh no," said I, "father, thou dost not understand me." I felt that I must use the "plain language" of the Quakers, and might as well begin with my father now, and explain all at once. My mother was angrily listening.

My father indulged in a prolonged *ah!*—"A Quaker!" said he. "Mary, you intend to turn Quaker, I see."

"That is my intention, if I am spared and blest," said I.

He turned to my mother and said, in a peculiar tone, that he always used when he settled a matter, and there was no more to be said on the subject—"The Christians are a poor set, but I believe the Quakers are the best of the bunch. They have always been considered honest. Mary has my consent to be a Quaker, till she gets wise enough not to be a Christian." My mother received the decision in silence. I was infinitely relieved, and proceeded to take up my next cross, which was to say *thee* and *thou* to every body, and call all persons by their given or Christian names. My habitual reverence for old people, and those who were elevated by goodness and intelligence, made the latter form of address the greatest cross of all; and I went around it, by calling one Grandfather, and another Grandmother, and giving the titles of Esquire, Judge, Colonel, etc., scrupulously, where they were at all used by other persons. After all, there were many left whom it seemed very irreverent to call by their Christian names. When I could not avoid it, I took up this cross, but I was careful to shun it if possible.

After a few months I was known as a Quaker, and my peculiarities accepted as a matter of course. I was employed to teach "district schools" in the town. My health had become such as to allow me to do a great quantity of literary work, though I was far from being well; and others besides Dr. Alden assisted me, loaned me books, and directed me in my studies. My heart glows with gratitude to them now. Many of them are in the spiritual world; some of them still live, but a broad waste, or fertile field of years, has separated me from them, and perhaps they have forgotten that they ever knew me.

A few months since, I met an old man of near ninety years, whom I knew in these days that I have been describing. He recognized me, and talked of twenty years ago as if it were but

yesterday; but of the day on which I spoke to him he knew no more than an infant, and his children assured me that when I left him, he would have no memory that he had seen me. The Lethe rolls its dark waters over the world. But the buried in darkness shall rise again in light.

"All things once are things forever."

It is blissful to believe that life on earth is but the night of the better and brighter world, which we can not see with our eyes blinded by the body in which we live.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

I lived my new life with more quiet and more sympathy than I had expected. As I knew nothing of Quakers except from books, I made up my externals without a model, and very strongly resembled the Methodists, who were numerous in Graydon, and in those days affected great simplicity in dress and manners. Up to this time I had felt it my duty to attend public worship at the "Orthodox" church, notwithstanding the cruel treatment I had received from the minister's wife. Still I held myself much aloof from the members of this church. I had become acquainted with a few Methodists; there were many in Graydon. My mind was full of the glowing pictures of the first Quakers, drawn by Clarkson, Thomas Elwood, and others. I had never seen a "live" Quaker. I did not dream that pride and fullness of bread had largely taken the place of prisons and persecutions, with this respectable people. The Methodists came nearest my idea of Quakers, for they were very friendly and frugal, and by no means popular with the worldly great. I had long been thoroughly tired of the anti-social character of the church which I attended, but I knew not how to leave it. I was a teacher in the Sunday-school, and notwithstanding my odd appearance, it was evident I was much esteemed. I tried to give up my class, but the superintendant rated me very like a scolding woman, for my impiety in trying to escape from my manifest duty of teaching those young immortals. I went on for a time after this, but I was ill at ease.

Directly opposite the "Orthodox" church there was a low, brown, old building called the "Court House." It was one of

the first public edifices erected in the town. It was used for town meetings, school exhibitions, and meetings held by traveling preachers of any, or no denomination. Here the Methodists, in *old times* celebrated for their humility, held their meetings. They have long since built a chapel much more tasteful and elegant than the church of their orthodox neighbors, that they once thought "a great waste of the Master's money." I often looked with longing eyes toward the old court-house on Sabbath morning when I entered the church. One Sabbath afternoon, when I had duly attended to my duties in the Sunday-school, I ventured to step into the court-house on a voyage of discovery. The house was crowded to overflowing. A tall and stalwart man rose in the desk. He was perhaps twenty-five years of age. His complexion was dark, his eyes black and burning. His whole form seemed filled and swayed with an uncontrollable power. He evidently took no thought for himself, or the words he should utter. He no longer regarded himself as a man, but as a missionary to lost souls. He was possessed with one terrible, overmastering thought and fear. It was that some of that assembly might be forever lost, swallowed up in a lake of fire, whose waves should beat through all the unending ages of eternity upon the naked soul. Before this vision he trembled in almost superhuman dread, and his warning shook his whole frame, strong man as he was, and his words, magnetized with the terror he so truly felt, fell with the force of blows on his audience. The brethren cried "Amen!" and "Glory to God!" and the sisters groaned, or shouted aloud for joy, as the feeling of fear for others, or gratification that they had, themselves, escaped the wrath to come, predominated.

A lovely young girl sat just before me. She was the daughter of Judge Scott, one of the oldest and ablest men in Graydon. His daughters were all bright and beautiful girls, and they had been carefully educated. They had been to the academy in Danville several years, and no young ladies in the town were so beautiful, so elegant, or so much admired. They had all joined the Methodists, and were distinguished for greater self-denial, in dress, amusements, and all the gayeties of youth, than many of the poorer and less accomplished members. Mary, the

youngest and most beautiful of the sisters, was now before me. She was noted for "losing her strength," as it was called; going into a sort of cold, cataleptic state, which was considered a great accomplishment among the Methodists, in those days. I believe, like many other fashions, it has become obsolete in these latter times.

My attention was drawn to Miss Scott, for she respired quickly, as if panting for breath, and deep-red spots appeared, scattered over her white neck. These spots were very strange appearances, and I have very little idea of their pathology, even now; but there they glowed—a deep crimson in a ground of the purest white. Presently she began to cry "Glory! Glory to God!" at short intervals. Then she sunk down upon a sister who sat by her side, becoming gradually cold and insensible, till she lay as if dead, only every sinew and muscle was tense as wood. Another and another was attacked, and sunk in the same manner, until six women, and one pale, delicate young man, lay in this strange, seeming death.

The preacher went on, and his words became more and more solemn and awful, as the "power" thus descended upon his hearers. His text was, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." He dwelt upon the hell to which the impenitent were hastening, till we saw its lurid flames, and heard the shrieks of the accursed—those to whom it had been said through centuries, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!" and yet, with this assurance ringing in their ears, they had gone down to the grave impenitent, and that, too, when no "decree" stood in their way. They were free to will, and to do. Impenitence was their own fault, therefore, and the wrath of the Highest was most justly incurred. And when this terrible picture was fully before us, when the people were ready to start from their seats and fly from the hell that seemed so near and so terrible, beyond description or conception, and yet so justly the fate of the unrepenting sinner, the preacher changed the whole character of his discourse. He spoke of the mercy of God, and painted the paradise of the saints. We heard the cool rushing of angels' wings; we listened to the music of the heavenly hosts; we saw the golden gates and streets of the heavenly city, and pearls and

emeralds, opals and sapphires, glittered in the light of a day that has no night. The audience were melted into tears of loving admiration for the great Gospel scheme thus set before them. They thankfully adored the omnipotent God who had, in his inscrutable wisdom, created them thus to sin, and thus to be saved —who had made such a hell, and yet provided such a Saviour. Toward the close of the sermon the minister became tenderly and almost playfully familiar. "Brethren," said he, "Christ shall heal all your backslidings. You will fall, of course, but he will help you to rise, and when you stumble, you must be sure to fall forward, and be up again and on your way." He closed with a heart-touching appeal to the old and to the young, to come into the fold of God, the ark of safety, and made use of several other figures not very nearly related to each other. At the close of the services, the "mourners" were called to the anxious-seat and altar, to be prayed for. The minister and several brethren and sisters prayed fervently for them, and then went around, and conversed kindly, or warningly with them, as they needed alarming, or comforting. And then the minister came among the brethren and the congregation, and spoke to all in such a free, and friendly, and brotherly manner, that each one felt as if he had found a friend. He did not seem a stranger to any. He had a kind word for all.

My heart was melted in the common sympathy. My hand was grasped with fraternal kindness, and I felt a new and delicious life infused into my whole being. I seemed to begin the world anew. I left the house with few new thoughts, but with a depth of feeling brimming over in my heart. I saw the dark face of the minister, with his deep, burning eyes, wherever I turned. It haunted me by night and by day. I longed for the next Sunday, with a longing that swallowed up every other wish —but I could only hear Mr. Butler in the afternoon. I must spend the weary forenoon in the orthodox church, and listen to a written sermon, read in the most monotonous tone, upon doctrines which I felt it a duty not to believe; and then to attend to my class in the Sunday-school; and then my heart leaped, as I felt myself at liberty to go to the old court-house.

But we were not destined long to receive the ministrations of

Brother Butler. His life was burning out. He preached daily, often three times a day, and rode many miles, sometimes in the most inclement weather. Through the long winter he preached in crowded, low, and miserably ventilated rooms, and then, perhaps, after three sermons of the most exhausting character, he would ride twenty miles through a storm of hail, rain, or sleet. And then, weak, weary, and burning up with fever, he would go the next day into the pulpit, and struggle through a prayer that was a long agony, and preach a sermon whose every sentence was baptized with fire. Through protracted meetings, begun for three days and extending over twenty, he would not know rest, nor hardly sleep. It is almost incredible, but he really lasted through three years of such labor as this, only resting through two or three bad fevers. He was in Graydon about six months; that is, he preached there regularly three times on Sunday, and occasionally during the week, and gave many deserted towns in the backwoods the benefit of an evening meeting; and he held protracted meetings through all the regions round about.

At length, one Sunday, he was not in the pulpit when I entered the church. My heart sunk, for I was conscious that some evil had befallen him.

A young, and particularly green, individual rose in the desk, and informed the congregation that Brother Butler was very ill of fever, in Springdale, twenty miles distant, and that he was to preach for him. "I do not expect to *fulfill* Brother Butler's place," said he, "but if I can't shine a star *into* the first magnitude, I must be content to be *into* the second." After this introduction, he gave us a great deal of noise, and bad grammar, and pathos, and ended by dismissing a very serious and unsatisfied congregation. Poor Butler had worn himself into a typhus fever, of which he died three weeks after, in great joy. "I know," said he, "that there is a straight road to heaven from Brother Corey's log house, as from my mother's home. God's will be done. I leave my mother to him who has promised to take care of the widow. He will not break his word. Tell the brethren in Graydon that I die happy, and that they must get ready to follow me, and have no halting by the way." He

then requested that the hymn should be sung which commences with

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

He breathed out his earnest soul with the last strain of the music he loved. *Peace be with thee, my brother.*

Chapter Nine.

POLITICS AND WISDOM

"MARY, you are a clever girl," said my father; "you write my ideas remarkably well for *The Spirit of the Republic*. It is a strange gift, this power to fetter one's thoughts to paper. I never could make my wit ooze out at my fingers' ends. But you and Paulus, Mary, can make the chip talk, equal to the one that frightened the Indian, when the missionary wrote on it, and sent it by him to a friend, for some tools. The Indian could not comprehend how the chip could talk, and I am nearly as much pnzzled to understand how you can write as you do."

"Father, dear," said I, "I am not more strangely gifted than thou art, for thou canst make all the people listen and laugh at thy town-meeting speeches, and vote thy way, too; and that is more."

"Paulus can't do that," said he, musingly, and nodding his head, as if very well satisfied with himself. "But he is the devil for writing, when we want to carry a point that way, and I *have* heard him speak to good purpose; but it was cunning, not eloquence. Well, liberty is the stuff to write about. It stirs one's blood, the very name of it. Fling the banner to the breeze, and down with the Federalists! I say," said he, warming with his theme into a startling animation.

'But, father, why not let the Federalists live, and believe as they must? You say that no man can believe but as he sees the evidence. Why may they not believe in accordance with their their mental perceptions? Why is not their opinion governed by necessity, as well as yours, or another's?"

My father had one terrible look. I can not describe it, any more than I could endure it. He darted it at me, in its fiercest form. "A child of mine raise her voice for Toryism!" said he. I tried to explain. It was as useless as to try to put back the north wind with my hand.

"I did honor the Tories once," said he. "I named my dog Tory, and he has a tongue in his head that never told a lie, and no other Tory ever had. Our country has been good to them, as the hen was to the rattlesnake's eggs. She hatched them, but that did not make them chickens."

I ventured to say, "Are none of them honest, father?"

"The fools may be. Those who were weak enough to believe that Jefferson was going round to burn all the Bibles, may be forgiven—not so the fellows who told the story. I would like to send them to Botany Bay, to be reformed, only I should fear they would corrupt the colony."

"Father," said I, "what is the doctrine of Democracy? How do the Democrats differ from the Federalists?"

"The Tories want a king. The Democrats believe in the right of the people to govern themselves."

"Do the people make the laws?"

"Yes."

"All the people?"

"No; the representatives that they appoint."

"Do all the people appoint these?"

"No; the majority."

"And the majority are right?"

"Of course they are."

"Suppose, then, the majority decided that one man should make the laws. Would they be right, then?"

"There is a difference, girl, between a majority of Democrats and a majority of infernal fools, as all Tories are, who want the one-man power. We live in a land of liberty, and I would make the man a head shorter who would put us under a Nero. I am a liberty man."

"But you will not let me go to meetings when I want to."

"Not if it rains, and you are likely to get sick."

Now my father was always watchful of my health on rainy

Sundays. A cloud or a thunder shower never alarmed him, unless there was a meeting that I wished to attend. I had a mania for church, which increased exactly in proportion to my father's mania against it. We had no difference, except on religious subjects. It was a great pain that we could not agree on this, to me, most vital concern. My studies, my writings (particularly when I wrote his thoughts on politics) pleased him beyond measure; but to the one great object of my life, he was worse than indifferent.

He had recently become acquainted with a man who had obtained a great influence over him. His name was Paulus. He was a loudly professing Democrat, and wrote articles for *The Spirit of the Republic*, that greatly gratified my father. I had an instinct against this man. I did not know why, but I feared him, and felt always sorry to see him with my father. It was strange, for he was a very handsome and gentlemanly man. I remember him perfectly to-day. He was tall and bronzed, with a cloud of dark, curling hair, and he wore a black, Spanish cloak, faced with red, and carried a rattan in his hand. His eyes were a very deep black, but you might live long with him, and not know their color, for he almost always looked down, and when he did look at you, it was with the unsteadiest sort of gaze. His eyes seemed dancing, and never fixed. He said very little, ordinarily, but he sung well, and wrote so as to satisfy the Democrats, and he drank, and played cards, and when excited in a convivial party, was said to be very brilliant and agreeable.

On a hill, three fourths of a mile from my father's house, was a very lovely farm, that had been cleared at the first settlement of the town. It was a smooth, velvety place, compared with the country around, filled with stumps, and fields of raspberries, and now and then an ugly patch of bushes, that had got leave to grow in somebody's clearing. On this pretty hill, right in the middle of an orchard, there was a small, white house. There was an opening through the trees to the door, but it was more shaded and embowered than any other house in all that region. At the back of the house was a garden, with flowers, and currant bushes, and fruit trees. My father said the garden was spoiled by the roots and shade of the trees, but the owner did not think

so, and certainly every thing was flourishing in Mr. Pierson's garden, and the bees in his apiary always found honey enough to fill their hives, from the many blossoms of fruit trees and flower beds.

The owner of all this beauty was a very wise, a very excellent, and a very singular man. He was near eighty years of age. He was blind, from having taken several pills of opium, by mistake, for some aloes dinner pills, which he was in the habit of taking occasionally, though he had never had a physician in his life. Some one of his family had put a box of opium pills, resembling the others, in the closet where his box was kept, and the result was a great affliction to good Father Pierson, as every body, myself included, called him. I could no more have called *him* by his Christian name, than I could have prefixed Mister to the names of the apostles.

I used to go often to see Father Pierson, and sit beside him, and read to him. In my estimation, he was a sort of Socrates and Plato combined in one person. Young as I was, I knew all that could be learned about these sages, though I confess to small understanding of their theology. I read a great deal that I felt, rather than understood, and it was astonishing how much reading and study I got over. The truth was, I never gossipped with friends or neighbors, never went to parties, spent no time in ornamenting my dresses, and, besides, all the happiness that other people have, in all this, was for me concentrated in a book.

This matter of having a great deal of time, is one that many do not at all understand. Few people see how much time they might save by a little economy, such as keeping clear of tiresome, disagreeable persons, whom they now waste much time in visiting, or being visited by. Many lose much time by lying in bed a most unreasonable number of hours in the night, and trifling away an equal number in the day. Modern improvements save much time, and if we could only use it to some advantage when saved, it would be a great gain. People lost a great deal of time in striking fire, before the invention of lucifer matches; and there is no reckoning the number of hours spent in igniting the wick of an oil lamp, while gas, or even its fluid substitute, catches in an instant. The world has not the least idea of its waste of

time. From the hundred thousand fires built in New York, when one thousand large furnaces would warm the whole city, as the gas lights it, from two reservoirs, down to the page I am writing, that the phonographers would spoil with far greater rapidity, the whole world wastes its time.

Perhaps this may be no great evil, till people shall have learned to do something worthful, and then they will be wise enough to save time to do it. Neither time nor riches are of much use, while men have no idea of a higher good than sensual indulgence. If a man, in adding more money to his estate, sees only greater facilities for gambling in stocks, monopolizing the food and clothing of the masses, and laying up for himself gout, bank stock, and railroad shares, his prosperity is certainly not the greatest of blessings; and though he may sleep, or toss restlessly, on down, under a canopy of purple, and lay his gouty foot on the most delicious ottoman that ever came from Turkey, and pay his doctor with a princely liberality, there is little to elevate him above the poor, rheumatic wretch, who smokes a black pipe, while his wife keeps her fat goose under the bed in their one room, and stuffs it without mercy, until they can increase their riches in pork, tobacco, and whisky, by selling the dreadfully diseased bird for a *pâté de foi gras*, to their rich gourmand neighbor, who lives in a palace in Fifth Avenue, while they hide their squalor in a multitudinously thronged tenement, in some lane or alley in the vicinity.

Truly we need not economize time, or accumulate riches, till we know their uses. Yet we shall continually do the first, and gradually learn the last. Heaven help us onward!

With all my ignorance of economies, I found time to read and write, although my mother often lectured me about the idleness of scholarship, for to her it was the veriest do-nothingness in the world. I had found, however, that children cease to cry for what they can't have, and grown persons leave scolding after a while, when they achieve nothing by it, except (as every general rule has its exceptions) perhaps, some scolding women, whose tongues are always rested and ready to run, and yet never rest. Then I could no more leave reading and writing to please my mother, than I could stop breathing to effect the same

object. I felt obliged to breathe, and to read and write quite as much.

I read Plutarch and Plato to Father Pierson, and my own stories and poems also. Rather a curious assortment; but he was satisfied, and so especially was I. He loved my father very much, though himself one of the pillars in the orthodox church. It seemed rather strange that he should so highly esteem an Infidel; he, whom every body considered a saint. But there was not the utter difference between the two men that most people thought existed. Father Pierson was a philosopher. My father was more philosopher than sophist, though a great deal of the last. Father Pierson was a Democrat, as my father said, "of God's own making—if there was any God."

Father Pierson always learned more about every thing and every body than if his sight had been perfect; and that, too, without the least meddling or intrusion.

"Mary," said he to me, one day, "tell me how Mr. Paulus looks. I heard him speak at town meeting the other day, and felt as though I saw him in his voice, and I want you to describe him, so that I can know whether I am right."

"Tell me first, Father Pierson, how you think he looks, and I will tell you whether you are right or wrong."

"I think he is tall and straight, and strong, and what people call handsome. I think his eyes and hair are black as night."

"What makes you think that he is tall?"

"His voice came from above other men whom I know and have seen."

"Well, how do you know he is straight and strong?"

"Because his voice is full and deep."

"And why do you think his hair and eyes are black?"

The old man hesitated. He always trusted me with any thought or fact that he chose to conceal from others. But he seemed to hesitate now.

"Mary," said he, "you are an old-fashioned Quaker. You are to be trusted. You always do what you think is right. I will speak to you now, but you must not repeat."

"I will do as Father Pierson tells me," said I, "for he will never counsel a wrong."

"You know, Mary, I am your father's friend, and so is Mr. Paulus, or your father so considers him. He is a dark man, my child. The children of light don't have such hair and eyes as that man has. The truth lives in the children of the light, and they have blue eyes and fair hair. He is very black, and his darkness goes deep."

The mystical manner and words of the old man made him seem a sort of oracle to me; and then, from the first sight of Paulus, I had disliked him.

"But surely, Father Pierson, you do not think that all dark-eyed people are wicked?"

"Few have *such* dark eyes as his," said he, shaking his head. This was very true. His eyes had a most snake-like expression, and his coarse, glossy hair, which curled close, and in heavy masses, emulated the raven's wing.

"Men call him beautiful," said the old man. "Few know what beauty is. They praise the rose that blooms over consumption; they rejoice in a babe fattened up to croup or fever; and they bow lowest before a genteel scamp with a broadcloth coat, bought with his winnings at the gaming table. That man is a gambler, Mary," said the old man, shuddering, "and your poor father is too much his friend, by half."

"How do you know that he is a gambler?" said I, in a great terror.

"Ah! my child, you must know *why*, must you? Look out sharp for this *why*, or it will carry you out of your Quaker garb, and out of your church too, maybe. It is not always good for grown *men* to ask why a fact is such, to say nothing of young Quaker girls, not yet eighteen. I know he is a gambler, just as I knew he was tall and strong, and had black eyes and hair. He managed the men at the town meeting as a skillful player does his cards, and marked cards too. He gambled successfully, and the party won the day as much through his skill as because they were a worthy majority. And what hurt me most, was to know that your father and others justified him entirely. Mary, we must be prudent, and see what can be done."

I thought a great deal of what Father Pierson had said. I wished to speak to my father about Paulus, but I knew very well

I must not. I should only offend him, and perhaps weaken his friendship for my aged friend, for he would be more likely to trace my opinions to Father Pierson than to my own instincts. I could not speak to my mother, for Paulus was one of her favorites, and, as such, she would allow no one to speak ill of him. I could do nothing but try calmly to wait, while this man should entirely master my father and ruin him. True, I had some hope from our good old friend, but I really could see nothing that promised, with any reason, to protect my father against himself. He was daily trusting Paulus in various ways. He had already, as I learned after this conversation, entered into a partnership with him to make stoneware—an article greatly needed in this new country, and which Paulus was very skillful in fabricating. The comfortable property that my parents had been years in laying up was all to be embarked in this business, and a credit obtained besides, and all was to be managed by a "gambler who would use marked cards"—as I inferred from the words of Father Pierson. I did not know what these words meant, but I had a feeling that it was something very wicked.

Preparations for the stoneware business went on. A disused wool-carding building was bought, and a kiln-house erected. Clay was brought from a distance, and other materials purchased. All was bought with my father's money and credit; and besides, he advanced the means to sustain Paulus and his family, while the works were being completed; and they were by no means prudent, as our family was. If Arthur had been at home, he might have saved us from all this; but he had gone to South America, as clerk for an eminent lawyer, who had business there, and promised to make a lawyer of brother, in the end.

The business in which my father was engaged bade fair to be profitable, when all the preliminary expenses had been met, and the stoneware, a new and excellent article, in a new country, should be fairly in the market.

At last the first kiln was burned and drawn, and the vessels were ready to be seen and handled. The people assembled, those who lived in Graydon and the neighborhood about, to see the wonder. I carried a little cream-jug to Father Pierson, that had been made for me. He felt it all over carefully. "It will

be a great convenience to the people," said he—"a public benefaction, or rather it would be, if Paulus would work; and he will for a few weeks, perhaps months. I have taken too narrow and gloomy a view of this business, Mary. I thought too much of your father, and too little of him too—too much, because I would have saved him from trouble, and too little, because I did not think he would come safe through it. But he will. He is a man of good sense, and, in the main, a man of integrity. I don't like the way he manages politics always—but the politics themselves are right, and he would not manage for himself, as he does for the party, for any amount of gain. I don't understand how a man can be at the expense of keeping two consciences. One is as much as I can keep clean.

I suggested that they kept one, as genteel people keep a kitchen, for the dirty work. The old man smiled sadly. "What can't be cured," said he, "can be patiently borne. Your father must go through this experience. A man that is a man never drops through the meshes of the Divine Providence. Nothing is lost. Look through all the world, and you will find that this is true. The same particles that once helped to make up the Indian's body, have gone back to dust, and live perhaps to-day in the maple tree that supplies me with sugar—nay, the very particles of sugar that sweetened my tea at breakfast, may have been used many times in making the red man, and the deer, the sugar tree, and the wheat, that go in turn to make me."

"But if our bodies are made of particles that have made other men, whose shall they be in the resurrection?"

"Do you remember, Mary, when the Jews asked the Master, 'whose wife shall she be of the seven, for they all had her to wife?' he answered, 'Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures. In the kingdom of heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but they are as the angels of God in heaven.' So of the resurrection, my child. Men are as the angels of God—that is, 'they are sown natural bodies, and raised spiritual.' We should quarrel curiously for the material particles of our bodies, for more than seven hundred have had them. Now, if all these particles are used over so many times, and not one of them ever lost out of the world, shall a man be lost? Mary, I tell you no.

You can't destroy the smallest fiber of flesh, the smallest grain of sand. You may burn them. They are not lost. They are only changed, perhaps made purer for the fire—but you can't lose them. Your father will come through all that is for him to suffer, and be the better man for it, I hope."

I had cultivated a spirit of entire resignation, as being the soul of Christianity. As devoted as Guion or Fenelon, I was comforted by my spiritual father. I have always known what the Catholics mean when they address the priest as "Holy Father in God," by my reverential love for this ancient and honorable Christian.

"We will wait, my child," said he, shaking his head sadly, as he always did when he wished to be impressive, or when any thing troubled him. "And now, tell me about your lesson." I went over carefully my last lessons in chemistry, as I had gone over the natural philosophy to him, some time previous.

"Forty elements," said he; "that is what your book says."

"Yes, father." I did not say "Yes, sir," because that was not allowed among Quakers. They allowed no *vain words*, as they considered the common phrases of civility and politeness.

"Forty elements. That is doing pretty well; but people will do better before many years. The ancients had four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and your father sticks to that yet, and don't allow any spiritual element. Soon they will find each of the forty made of three or four—and remember, child, they will not be lost because they are taken apart. You are a good girl to say your lesson to me—good to yourself and to me, and you will please to remember that you can never be good to yourself without being good to others. You make your lesson twice as much your own by giving it to me. The Democrats believe in working for the greatest good of the greatest number. *I* believe in working for the greatest good of all."

"You are more than a Democrat, Father Pierson," said I, "you are a Christian."

"May be so," said he, shaking his head, "but I think not." I looked up at him very much shocked and puzzled "Don't be frightened," said he, smiling, "I only think there are no Christians. Go home, Mary, and learn, and pray. You have enough of both to do to keep you busy."

Chapter Ten.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

THE work of making the ware progressed rapidly. A large quantity was made, and it was of excellent quality. It sold rapidly, and every body supposed that we were all making a fortune. I saw that my father became daily less cheerful, and more anxious and careworn. My mother, too, was discontented, and remarked bitterly on the extravagance of Mrs. Paulus in dress and living. She said little, for she disliked to acknowledge that she had been deceived; but the fact that Paulus was using much more money than we were, weighed very heavy on her mind.

My father did not speak at all of his business, but a great change was made in our mode of living, and it was evident that my parents were very wretched. One evening my father said, "I did not expect this, Emma, but the more we prosper, apparently the poorer we have to live. I can't be dishonored—our creditors must be paid, and when money goes into Paulus' hands from any sales, small or great, it never comes out again." I saw my father had made up his mind to speak before me, and I was silent and attentive.

"I thought Paulus a good fellow, and I have tried to believe it till I can't try any longer. He sold a whole kiln to Meigs & Dart, at Warrentown, and Fred. Newhall told me that he knew they paid him cash down. He showed me the note of the firm for ninety days, and now they have failed and all is lost, whether it was paid or not. Then there was that fine kiln that went to Morton, at Montreal. Paulus said he was good for thousands, *and now we have* news that he has failed. There are two pay-

ments now behind on the building. The carpenter wants his money for the lathes, and the clay bill came last week, and twenty small bills from poor people, who can not wait, have come in the last three days. I could bear to put off the payment on the building, and for the clay, but poor men, like Goff and Wheeler, who live from hand to mouth, I feel hurt for them. Paulus' cloak cost more than all the clothes they ever had. And I thought he was *a good fellow.*"

I looked at my mother; she was weeping. She had the kindest heart in the world, though she did not believe in reading and writing, and scholarship generally. Why should she? They did not help her to get a living. They seemed a very bad waste of time to her.

"How much is the carpenter's bill?" said she.

"Twenty dollars."

"And the other small bills, reckoned in one?"

"About forty dollars."

"We can pay it," said she.

"How?" asked my father, in a tone of much surprise.

"Our best bed and four coverlids will pay all."

These coverlids she herself had woven. They were a curious fabric, seldom seen in these days, made of coarse, double and twisted woolen yarn, colored with different and bright colors, and woven in flowers. Some women were fine artists in this kind of weaving. My mother was one of the best. The bed and coverlids were sold to Mrs. Judge Scott and another lady, within a week, and the debts paid.

My father tried to have a serious conversation with Paulus, aud learn what he had been doing with the money of the firm, and what he intended to do. But he could get few words and no satisfaction from him. He had robbed us of almost every thing. There was no ware in the warehouse, and our family began to feel the pressure of absolute want. A cold winter was upon us, and we had been wearing, and sparing to Paulus' family our warm winter clothing without renewal, till this winter, more severe than we had known in the south of New England, came, a gloomy visitor. The winter previous, my mother had divided all our *flannels with* Paulus' large and destitute family, in the

hope, which seemed very reasonable, that we could have plenty of new warm garments for the next winter.

My father had bought a few acres of land, partly cleared, as many as he could cultivate, but his great occupation with his business had left him little leisure for his land. Now he saw that he must work for food, though Paulus promised to burn another kiln of ware very soon. But though he went to work on the ware, my father did not trust to it, but made a bargain to cut cord wood in Mr. Turner's opening. This wood, when cut and drawn a mile and a half, sold for one dollar a cord. My mother and I spun and knitted heavy woolen socks and gloves for the Canada market. We contrived in this way to live and get a few clothes.

Meanwhile, Paulus made a very mean, small kiln of ware, while my father provided the wood to burn it. The night the burning was finished, we were aroused about one o'clock at night, by the cry of fire. We rose and looked out in affright, and were struck with horror, at seeing the kiln-house, and warehouse adjoining, in one light blaze. "It was very careless of Paulus," said my father, with a slight tremor in his voice, as he hurried on his clothes. I did not leave the house. I sat down by the window, and looked at the flame, as if I had been fascinated. I had no power to leave the spot. The blaze rose fierce and fast. I knew that it consummated our ruin, pecuniarily. I little thought that a more terrible sorrow than the loss of all our property was in store for us. I sat there till the flames burned out, watching the people in their vain efforts to extinguish the fire. All was lost; not a stick was left, for the whole building had been dried by the many kiln fires, till it was like powder.

Toward morning my parents came home, and sat down, sad and silent. After a time my father said, "Gilman can't press payment of the last hundred dollars, on a burned building."

"I am sure he will not," said my mother, "and now we shall be free of Paulus."

"I hope so," said father, with a slight shudder.

The next day Father Pierson came to us. He went all around the town as if he could see, and felt of every body's books, and got some one to talk with him, or read to him in every house,

He came in softly, and went up to my father, just as if he could see, and took his hand, and laid his other hand on his head. "It is very hard," said he, "but your friend Socrates fared harder. You will outlive it. You are only forty years old, and a strong man. I am eighty to-day, and I have lived to see a good many retributions. I may not live to see another, but you will. Be of good cheer."

He then sat down by my mother, and gratified her by listening to a very full and particular account of the fire. My father was called away, and then Father Pierson called me to him. I took a little footstool, and sat on it, at his feet, with the Bible in my lap.

"Mary, my child, read to me that chapter of the Acts about Paul and the viper." All this time he had not spoken of Paulus. I read the chapter. He laid both hands on my head, and invoked God's blessing upon me in the tenderest manner. "You will come and see me to-morrow, Mary. I know you must work, and I will not hinder you, only to come and go. You shall knit a great deal."

"She shall come," said my mother cheerfully, and I was very glad.

I went the next afternoon. Father Pierson always sat in his own room alone, unless he had company. His son was married, and kept his house, but he never held any intercourse with his daughter-in-law, beyond a very pleasant civility, and a present which he made her on her birth-day, and another at the New Year. This was all right and proper, but people never came to understand it.

I sat down by him, and he took my hand, and smilingly felt my pulse. "I want to know how much religion you have," said he, "and therefore I feel your pulse." He mused a little while, and then let go my hand. "A very good girl. You think God knows best. A wise girl, too. I hope you will not change for the worse, though I am afraid you will. There are severer trials than loss of property. I have seen Paulus, to-day, Mary—or, rather, he has seen me, for I don't see any one now;" he sighed, and then said, cheerfully, "only with the soul's sight, that spiritual eye, without which this material eye were cold, and dead,

and sightless. This is the eye of the eye, Mary. I went to Paulus. It is my duty to visit the afflicted."

"Did you find him afflicted, father?"

"I found his poor wife very sorrowful. She is vain and silly, like a great many poor women; but she is innocent in intention, as most of them are. I pity women, my child. They want ennobling occupation, and they are too sick and weak ever to find it."

"But the care of a family, and the education of children, is a noble occupation, father," said I.

"But what mother educates her children, Mary? They are turned into the school-house for some weak girl who can't work, or some vain man who will not, to teach them to read, write, and cipher. But this is not education. It is good as far as it goes. The boys come home to get food and to get their clothes mended, and that is about all that the mother has to do with them. The mother has no care of her boys."

"But, father, tell me about Paulus; and then I want your advice about school teaching."

"I thought so. Well, I have trusted you before to-day, and counseled you to pray. Before a week, the story will be spread all over Graydon, that your father set the kiln-house on fire. And it will be believed. Men follow a leader like sheep. There will be great indignation against your father. He will be shunned in the highway. I doubt whether you will be able to teach, as I know you wish to. Paulus will ride on the topmost wave of popular favor. He will rebuild the warehouse with the help of the people, and it will be all *his*. A contribution is already started. Now, Mary, how does all this look to you?"

"Very bad," said I, bitterly.

"Let me feel your pulse again. Not so much religion as you had a little while ago. But this is not the end. This bad man can't keep his advantage. The people may build him a workshop and warehouse, but he will never work in the one, and consequently he will never fill the other. He is worse than lazy. He has the exhaustion of the gambler. He has gambled for this contribution, and he will get it. But it will be of no use to him. In a few months there will come a reaction. We have only to

wait. And your father and mother will work. Your mother's woolen goods will be as warm, and sell as well, as if she had no need to knit them, and your father's wood will burn as clear, and bring as much money, as if the people believed him to be the worthy man he is. Can you wait God's time, Mary?"

My face lay in my hands, and bitter tears were streaming through my fingers.

"I can not accept the cross of unmerited disgrace," said I.

"It is lighter far than if it were deserved," said he. "Let us pray."

He knelt down, and I fell on my knees also, and then he prayed so earnestly, yet with such divine resignation, that I was "overcome as by a summer cloud," and as fervent an *Amen, so be it*, trembled on my lips, and in my heart, as Fenelon or Father Pierson could have desired. The good man prayed for us all, Paulus included, with the earnestness with which he would have asked the life of a friend, or any blessing of an earthly king, who he was sure could and would grant it. And then he prayed for all the world, that "righteousness might cover the earth, as the waters were *said* to cover the sea." He had never seen the ocean.

He sat in solemn silence awhile after the prayer, and then he said, "Mary, you must get ready to teach. You will be wanted next summer, and by that time all will come right with your father. You will not like to go through the examination, but you can do it, and you must. And the sooner you attend to it the better."

Father Pierson knew very well that I would fear and shrink from going before "the committee," till I would be really ill, if I did not go directly I had decided to go.

I went home that day very sad, notwithstanding my pious resignation. My parents had not heard the report of Paulus respecting the burning of the building, and I concluded to keep it in my own heart, till they heard it from some friend. I did not wait long. One after another came in to say such a report was in circulation, but no one spoke of Paulus as having started it. My father said little, but it was evident that he was deeply hurt. My mother never lacked words or tears when in trouble.

343691

I did not abridge my studies, but I did increase my amount of labor a good deal beyond my strength, and the certainty that many people believed evil of my father, weighed upon my heart a heavy burden, though I prayed much, and earnestly strove to be reconciled to this great disgrace. I went to Mr. Chapin, the "orthodox minister," to see if he would give me a certificate of ability to teach. I should have considered it a great hardship to go, had it not been that this large trouble absorbed smaller ones. I had not been in his house since he had *requested* me to leave his wife's school. I had little idea how he would receive me I had never mentioned my painful experience in leaving that school to any one but my parents. I could not speak of it to Father Pierson, because he belonged to Mr. Chapin's church, and I feared he would be hurt. So I had borne it in silence. I knocked at Mr. Chapin's door in a great palpitation and perturbation. I was shown into his study, and he spoke to me kindly. I told him what I had come for, and asked if he would have the goodness to question me.

"I have no need to do that, Mary," said he, very pleasantly. "You are a good scholar, and I do not doubt that you will make a good teacher." He drew a sheet of paper to him, and wrote a flattering certificate. He folded and gave it me, and I thanked him, and left the room without another word having passed between us.

So much was done. I now felt strengthened to call on the committee who were appointed by the town to examine teachers. One of these was a lawyer, named Young; he was appointed because he was known to be a good scholar. Another was a popular merchant, whom every body liked, and who was post-master, and wrote a very handsome hand. The third was a mechanic, and a deacon in the Presbyterian church; he was appointed because he was a Democrat and a mechanic; but what these characteristics had to do with qualifying him for the office, it would be difficult to tell. But the independent Democratic voters of Graydon liked working-men and Democrats, and that was a good reason why they should appoint them to any office. I called on Mr. Young, and he appointed the next day for the meeting of the committee, much to my joy. I prayed much and slept

little that night, and the next day I found myself in the august presence.

Mr. Hartford, the merchant, commenced the examination by giving me a nice goose-quill and an excellent penknife, and requesting that I would make a pen. I never knew how to make a pen in my life; I should cut a quill to-day as nearly in the shape of a chicken's toe as a pen; and then no one had ever given me a lesson in writing; I had taught myself, and I knew how my writing must look beside Mr. Hartford's. I took the quill, and as if by a special miracle, when I had cut and shaved it awhile, with a thick mist before my eyes, made of fright and tears, it really might have been mistaken for a pen; it looked more like one than any thing else. "Write your name," said Mr. Hartford. "She trembles too much," said Esquire Young, in a low voice. I, however, wrote it, and it was legible.

"How would you teach writing?" said Mr. Hartford.

"By setting copies," said I, just above my breath.

"By copies of parts of letters, or whole letters?"

"Parts of letters," said I; for I remembered that the children made hooks and marks a good while before they made letters.

"You would set coarse copies before fine?"

"Yes"—I dared not say Yes, sir, because my Quaker creed forbade such vain words.

Mr. Hartford now looked toward Deacon Martell, as much as to say, "Go on—I have done."

"How many commandments are there?" said Deacon M.

"Ten."

"Will you repeat them?"

"I think I can," and I went through the decalogue.

"Well, that will do. What is the chief end of man?"

I answered as the catechism directed.

"How many persons are there in the Godhead?"

I repeated the answer of the "Assembly Catechism," to his no small edification.

"You will repeat 'the stops and marks?'"

I ran over the definitions of the pauses given in Webster's spelling-book, and Deacon Martell smiled very graciously on me.

Esquire Young now began to question me. He proposed sums

in the "ground rules of arithmetic," and as I got through them correctly, he went on through Reduction and the Single Rule of Three. He asked me several questions in geography—gave me a page to read in Pope's "Essay," and then asked me how I spelt *cylinder*, and how I spelt the plural of *chaise*, and what was the plural of *scissors*, and how I would parse "To be, or not to be—that is the question!" I answered all to the satisfaction of the committee, and felt a great deal more courage at the close of the session than when it commenced. They gave me an excellent certificate, and I came away comforted, believing that a new opening to usefulness was before me.

My father was much pleased with my certificate. It was now November; I did not expect an engagement till summer, nor till the cloud had passed from my father's good name. The long winter was before me for knitting and study, and I could knit and read very well, laying my book in my lap and plying my fingers, with an occasional sight of my work.

Paulus went on prospering. The people built him a commodious workshop and kiln-house, far better than the old ones. The prejudice against my father was wider than we thought it would be. But Paulus made no ware; he was absent a good deal, and no one knew why. At length Mr. Gilman sued my father for the balance due on the burned building. This was an unexpected blow, and it fell crushingly. My father had not paid for his land, though Judge Scott considered it his. His house he had built on this land, and Judge S. held it by mortgage, so that this could not be taken from him. All that we could spare we had sold.

"Gilman is very foolish," said Father Pierson. "He told me that Paulus had promised to pay the debt if he would put your father in jail. He must trust to Paulus' honor for the pay if he takes your father for the debt; for as the names of both are on the note, and as the arrest of one clears the other, he can't legally collect the debt of Paulus now."

My father could do nothing but go to jail, but he was not committed. The sheriff had him in his power at his office at the jail, and this satisfied those concerned. Paulus got clear of the debt; Gilman was outwitted by him, and my father returned to

his business as usual, at the end of thirty days. He said nothing of the debt, but he steadily cut and drew "cord wood," until he had drawn one hundred cords, and then he paid the debt.

Our food, during this labor, was oatmeal and potatoes, with occasionally a relish of salt fish. When the debt was paid, we had a supper of wheaten biscuits and butter, with tea, and our hearts full of happiness. My father seemed to grow stronger and happier every day, as he cut that wood. Meanwhile, Paulus found that the people were beginning to give back their confidence to my father, and he was much troubled, and told a story of having heard a gun cocked as he came through the woods one dark night. He said he was sure that Lyndon had waylaid him, and intended to shoot him, but for some mysterious reason he was spared. One day when Father Pierson was sitting with us, Mr. Wheeler, a great friend of ours, since his debt was paid, came in and told the story of Paulus about the shooting.

"Now, Lyndon," said he, "you are the best gunner in Graydon; if you meant to shoot him why did you not fire?"

My father smiled his quiet smile of strength, and merely said, "I never shoot any thing that won't pay for my charge."

"Spoken wisely," said Father Pierson; "worthy of Socrates. Paulus' stories are not worth repeating," said he to Wheeler.

"I know that," said Wheeler. "A man that does not work, has time enough to talk about his neighbors."

In about six months from the burning of the stoneware buildings Paulus had not only succeeded in rebuilding them, much better than at first, but had mortgaged them for twice their value; had obtained loans of most of the men of property in Graydon, besides contributions, and had run away with his family, no one knew whither. His villainies had completely opened the people's eyes, and several circumstances combined to fix the belief in the minds of many, that he had burned the buildings himself.

"The retribution has begun," said Father Pierson, when I spoke to him of Paulus having gone; "but it is not finished. Your father is a better man and a stronger for it. Perhaps you are not any better, Mary. The strong wind strengthens the oak, but it destroys the tender plant sometimes. We must bow be-

fore God, like the rushes, if we would escape the blast of sorrow."

"But I am happy now, Father Pierson," said I. "I have engaged to teach school at East Graydon, and they give me more than any one has had before, and I do not board 'round among the scholars."

"Three comforts: a school, large wages, and a steady boarding place. My child, six months have brought great changes; six months longer, and perhaps, I may say probably, I shall not be here any more."

The tears rushed to my eyes as he said this.

"I have a few words to say to you, Mary, because you are worthy to understand me fully. You see that my daughter-in-law and I do not seem much like friends; but we are. I think there is some gossip about us that is untrue. I want you to know the truth—not to tell it, but simply to satisfy yourself. When Horace married, I felt very happy in the hope that his wife would be company for me, and read to me, and that I should not be lonely any more. So, a few days after she came to live with me, I asked her to read to me; she did not make me any answer for a little time, and then she said, 'Father, I must begin as I can go on. I have the housework to do, and the dairy to take care of, and I sha'nt have any time to read. I don't like it much either; and as for talking, I have not the sense to talk with you. I shall try to do my duty for you, and my husband and I think it is always well for people to understand each other.'

"I was very much hurt at what she said, though I did not make her any answer; but I found afterward that she was right. She did not know how to read well enough to read a chapter in the Bible to her husband, and she could not converse upon subjects that interest me. She has done the work of the family faithfully. I think she has done all her duty. I respect and esteem her. She has never spoken an unkind or even unpleasant word to me, or done an ungentle act. We are friends, but not companions. Providence has forbidden us companionship, but not service. We serve each other cheerfully. Horace has a good wife, Mary."

I may as well speak here of the final fate of Paulus. He went *from Graydon to* New York city with his family. Here they

suffered greatly from want. Paulus plunged into gaming and dissipation, and was one of the first victims of cholera in 1832. His wife poisoned herself, and died the next day; and the people of Graydon sent for their children, and they were placed in different families, and carefully brought up; so that the death of their parents was a great gain to them.

Father Pierson did not live to know the end of Paulus. He passed away a few months after his conversation with me respecting his daughter-in-law. He died full of years and of honor, and departed so peacefully that no one knew when he breathed his last. His son was sitting by his side, and suddenly discovered that his father had ceased to live.

Chapter Ten.

MY FIRST SCHOOL.

MY first school was a life-long lesson to me. I am not going to write the autobiography of a "School Ma'am," though somebody may make a fortune by it. What I particularly wish, is to record my errors, so that the young and inexperienced may not go over the same ground, and fall into the same pits, because they have not been warned of their existence.

Some one has said that "our vices are our virtues grown rickety." So our virtues are sometimes vices in disguise. The ambitious student says, My first duty is to study. This is his means of getting gain, and he becomes as avaricious of it as the miser. He shuts himself from the free air, he sacrifices health and life-giving exercise, and goes on selfishly amassing *his* riches. He has made up his mind that study and isolation are education. I was fully impressed that this falsehood was a truth. A greater mistake could not be made. I believed that I had two duties to perform: one was to teach my pupils what their parents wished them to learn, the other to learn as much as was possible myself.

As soon as I commenced my school, the parents of the children wished to get acquainted with me. They wanted to know to what sort of person the interests of their children were intrusted. I saw no reason why I should submit to a second examination from a committee of the whole. I had a pleasant boarding-place —a pretty room was set apart for me, opening into a flower-garden. The floor was white; the bed, with its white drapery, was sweet as roses; and the lady of the house was a fair-haired, gentle creature, who had been a quarter to an academy, and was much superior to most of the women in the district. I was happy in

her company, and in her pleasant home. I set myself selfishly to study, not to please my employers, but to please myself.

The week after I was installed as teacher in East Graydon, half a dozen of the mothers of my numerous family came to visit Mrs. Spaulding, where I boarded, in order to make my acquaintance. My fitness to teach their children was doubtless to be decided on from this visit. If I was pleasant to them, if I treated them kindly and interested them, then I would be an excellent teacher; if not, just the reverse. I had always a great hate of gossips; and women who lack knowledge and worthful subjects of conversation are a bad set of gossips—Heaven forgive them! and I was very timid, and I wanted to study, and was very selfish, and liked to please myself better than others; and so I refused to see the female committee. I spent the afternoon in my room. This piece of ill-judged independence well-nigh ruined me. My gentle hostess dared not remonstrate with me, but her husband bluntly told me that I must turn over a new leaf.

"I tell you, Sister Mary," said he (he was a Methodist, and therefore called me sister), "your way won't answer with our folks. They will call you proud, and they will talk about you, and you will find that you had better have stayed at home than to offend people that you work for. You know the Quaker said to the dog that did not suit him, 'I won't kill thee, nor hurt thee, but I will give thee a bad name;' and then he turned the poor dog into the street, and cried, 'Mad dog!' and the people killed him directly. That's the way they'll serve you. One of them told me yesterday that you need not set yourself up so, for you were always considered underwitted at home, and that was why your parents gave you an education. You did not know enough to learn to work."

Now, all this made me feel very uncomfortable; yes, very wretched. I replied to Brother Spaulding that I did not wish to be a hypocrite, and smile on people, and spend my time with them, when I had no interest in them.

"That's the way people excuse pleasing themselves, by considering it hypocrisy to please others. Christianity does not command you to be a hypocrite, but to deny yourself, and please your brother for his good to edification."

wisdom to redeem themselves from barbarism, and at the same time avoid disease.

One evening, when a bitter snow-storm was making me rejoice that my day's work was done, and my home so warm and happy, I was aroused by the noise of many bells. A fine sleigh, with a rearing, plunging span of horses, milk-white, with harness tipped with silver, and a store of buffalo skins, drove up to the door. An elegant young man alighted, and inquired for me. I had never seen him, but he soon informed me that he was one of a family of Friends, who were passing through our town, and that they had concluded to spend the night in Graydon village hotel, in order to make my acquaintance. The young man's dress had no affinity to that of those Quakers I had seen. I went with him in the fine sleigh to the hotel, where were his father, mother, and two sisters. The father was the "companion" of the "Public Friend," who had been at Graydon in the summer, and was remarkable only for very a plain suit of brown clothes, and the meekest manner in the world, His wife was a noble old dame in the stately perfection of the most formal Quaker mode. She wore a brown silk dress, a white crape handkerchief, pinned as plainly as possible over her bosom, above this a dark silk handkerchief, and over this a small, brown silk shawl, with a white stripe in the border, and the fringe cut off. Fringes were considered heterodox, or "unfriendly," by "solid Friends." This lady's cap was ingeniously made of one piece, the straight border projecting a little over her face. She was a fine-looking woman, though with her drab woolen cloak, without a fold in it, and her black Quaker bonnet, she had rather a severe appearance. She had a sweet, winning manner, and a very active piety. She was, besides, more demonstrative than her husband. He seemed made for the purposes of waiting upon his wife and "Public Friends," and sleeping in his chair when he was not engaged in this, to him, evidently attractive occupation. He seldom spoke, and was never guilty of uttering an idea when he did speak. The son had a very little Friendly oddity about his dress, when his fashionable overcoat was removed. His dress coat was "single-breasted," with an unusual economy of buttons. He was a gay, and rather foppish young man, held in check by his pious and

powerful mother. He seemed to have inherited his mother's taste, and his father's want of intellect and ideas. He was what we should designate in these latter days a very pleasant puppy. The young ladies were very lovely. They were both exceedingly beautiful. Their dress had the simplicity, with none of the homeliness, not to say ugliness, of the mother's garb. They had brown silk gowns, modestly approximating the style then worn. The eldest wore her hair plain. She had a white silk handkerchief of glossy beauty, with a fringe, pinned prettily about her throat, and altogether her dress was plain as a Methodist's, but a great deal more tasteful. Her complexion was roses and lilies in earnest. She was fresh and blooming, and beautiful as any Circassian ever could be. Her sister was a brilliant brunette, with sparkling black eyes, and her dark hair hanging in curls on her neck. She did not receive her mother's ideas, and make them her own, as the elder evidently did. She was not much a Quaker, though the whole family were a good deal under the care and authority of the mother. Instead of dark, drab cloth cloaks, made in the peculiarly ugly fashion worn by Quakers, the girls wore mantles of lavender-colored cloth, made of the softest merino wool. It was a pleasure to lay one's hand on these garments. Long shawls were then much worn by fashionable people, so the girls made a compromise, and wore a garment of fashionable form, and "Friendly" material. The color was not a dull drab, but a sort of dove color, the exact hue of heliotrope blossoms. Their bonnets were exquisite little silk hoods, plain and pretty—a thorough escape from Quakerism, and yet a Quaker could not be offended with them. The mother was really a "Friend," the eldest daughter struggled to conform, to overcome her taste, and to be one of the fold. The rest were in leading-strings—father and children, and would have escaped the mother's influence, only that they loved and feared her a great deal too much.

I was greatly pleased with this pattern Quaker woman, and her lovely and loving family, for all seemed to regard her with absolute devotion—much the same feeling that the Catholics have for the Virgin Mother. They lived in a town where there were no Quakers, and held a meeting every Sabbath in their own

workmen, laboring on the same spot with entire unconcern, I felt as if my blood was curdling along my veins. My friend, who acted as my guide, saw that I was terrified, and he assured me that there was no further danger in this spot. I entered subsequently into conversation with some of the workmen, as they broke and shoveled the coal with the stolidity of machines, and their answers quite harmonized with their seeming insensibility. The routine of their life was to earn six shillings a day, to chew about six cents worth of tobacco, and eat a reasonable quantity of hog and hominy. Their only excitement was the fall of the horseback. They talked a good deal about it when it first fell, and then sank again into apathy, till another accident or disaster occurred. It is a fact that has passed into a common saying, that, "one half the world does not know how the other half lives"—and little do those in our cities who feel the glow and beauty of a coal fire in winter, know of the low estate of those who supply this great necessary of life. Let us hope that invention will soon give us warmth and light from water, that unfailing blessing in whose latent powers are hidden much of human regeneration. Years since, I ventured the opinion that we should yet warm and light our dwellings with gas produced by the decomposition of water. I now repeat the prophecy. Who will fulfill it? *Nous verrons.*

To return from this illustrative digression, which I am not quite sure I had any right to make, a Quaker schoolmistress was quite a synonym of the fall of the horseback, with the gossips of East Graydon. They were unconsciously pleased that I had offended them. It raised them to the dignity of critics, and gave them a chance to discuss my character, and also to gratify their envy, and occupy their idleness.

Most of them forgave me for slighting them on their first irruption, after I had called on them and made civil atonements all round. But one or two held out, and said ungracious things of me, till the close of the school.

During the summer that I taught this school, I made my first acquaintance with Quakers, off paper. A Quaker minister, or "Public Friend," as they are styled by their own Society, with a "companion," came "to hold a meeting" in Graydon. He was

about sixty years of age, a very honest, worthy Friend, and the companion was about ten years younger, and also very good, honest, and innocent. They had nothing to recommend them to me, or to the people, except the name of Quaker. There was not one pleasant look or manner about them. They wore garments made of brown cloth, which had neither "form or comeliness," and their broad-brimmed hats were almost frightful. They sat down in the schoolhouse with a handful of Methodists and curious persons, of no particular faith or opinions, whom a short notice had gathered to the "Quaker meeting."

They remained a long time in silence, and then the minister gave a sort of exhortation in a singing tone, for a few minutes, after which they were again silent awhile, and then shook hands, and the meeting was ended. I was very much disappointed. The Methodists seemed more precious to me for some time after this. The winter, however, brought a more hopeful importation of Friends to Graydon. In autumn I found the people in East Graydon were very desirous that I should teach their winter school. I had learned to love the scholars, and to teach them was more a pleasure than a labor; besides, the compensation they offered was liberal, and our family needed every help our united industry could give. So I again took possession of my room at Mr. Spaulding's, with the door closed upon the dear garden, and as the flowers had bowed their beautiful heads beneath the snow, which drove in at the door at every storm, this was a very necessary and agreeable precaution. I had a stove, and always found my room the pleasantest summer temperature, when I had walked a mile through the biting cold, or a strong wind, or driving snow. I laid off my drab-colored woolen pelisse, and white woolen comforter, my mittens and Suwarrow boots, with great pleasure, and sat down to my warm supper, with a feeling of comfort and happiness that no one can know who is carefully housed from the weather, and always kept "comfortable." This keeping comfortable has sadly abridged the world's real comfort Just in proportion as men's lives have been thrown indoors, in sealed houses and warm rooms, their diseases have multiplied, and their strength and their length of days decreased. Men should get

wisdom to redeem themselves from barbarism, and at the same time avoid disease.

One evening, when a bitter snow-storm was making me rejoice that my day's work was done, and my home so warm and happy, I was aroused by the noise of many bells. A fine sleigh, with a rearing, plunging span of horses, milk-white, with harness tipped with silver, and a store of buffalo skins, drove up to the door. An elegant young man alighted, and inquired for me. I had never seen him, but he soon informed me that he was one of a family of Friends, who were passing through our town, and that they had concluded to spend the night in Graydon village hotel, in order to make my acquaintance. The young man's dress had no affinity to that of those Quakers I had seen. I went with him in the fine sleigh to the hotel, where were his father, mother, and two sisters. The father was the "companion" of the "Public Friend," who had been at Graydon in the summer, and was remarkable only for very a plain suit of brown clothes, and the meekest manner in the world, His wife was a noble old dame in the stately perfection of the most formal Quaker mode. She wore a brown silk dress, a white crape handkerchief, pinned as plainly as possible over her bosom, above this a dark silk handkerchief, and over this a small, brown silk shawl, with a white stripe in the border, and the fringe cut off. Fringes were considered heterodox, or "unfriendly," by "solid Friends." This lady's cap was ingeniously made of one piece, the straight border projecting a little over her face. She was a fine-looking woman, though with her drab woolen cloak, without a fold in it, and her black Quaker bonnet, she had rather a severe appearance. She had a sweet, winning manner, and a very active piety. She was, besides, more demonstrative than her husband. He seemed made for the purposes of waiting upon his wife and "Public Friends," and sleeping in his chair when he was not engaged in this, to him, evidently attractive occupation. He seldom spoke, and was never guilty of uttering an idea when he did speak. The son had a very little Friendly oddity about his dress, when his fashionable overcoat was removed. His dress coat was "single-breasted," with an unusual economy of buttons. He was a gay, and rather foppish young man, held in check by his pious and

powerful mother. He seemed to have inherited his mother's taste, and his father's want of intellect and ideas. He was what we should designate in these latter days a very pleasant puppy. The young ladies were very lovely. They were both exceedingly beautiful. Their dress had the simplicity, with none of the homeliness, not to say ugliness, of the mother's garb. They had brown silk gowns, modestly approximating the style then worn. The eldest wore her hair plain. She had a white silk handkerchief of glossy beauty, with a fringe, pinned prettily about her throat, and altogether her dress was plain as a Methodist's, but a great deal more tasteful. Her complexion was roses and lilies in earnest. She was fresh and blooming, and beautiful as any Circassian ever could be. Her sister was a brilliant brunette, with sparkling black eyes, and her dark hair hanging in curls on her neck. She did not receive her mother's ideas, and make them her own, as the elder evidently did. She was not much a Quaker, though the whole family were a good deal under the care and authority of the mother. Instead of dark, drab cloth cloaks, made in the peculiarly ugly fashion worn by Quakers, the girls wore mantles of lavender-colored cloth, made of the softest merino wool. It was a pleasure to lay one's hand on these garments. Long shawls were then much worn by fashionable people, so the girls made a compromise, and wore a garment of fashionable form, and "Friendly" material. The color was not a dull drab, but a sort of dove color, the exact hue of heliotrope blossoms. Their bonnets were exquisite little silk hoods, plain and pretty—a thorough escape from Quakerism, and yet a Quaker could not be offended with them. The mother was really a "Friend," the eldest daughter struggled to conform, to overcome her taste, and to be one of the fold. The rest were in leading-strings—father and children, and would have escaped the mother's influence, only that they loved and feared her a great deal too much.

I was greatly pleased with this pattern Quaker woman, and her lovely and loving family, for all seemed to regard her with absolute devotion—much the same feeling that the Catholics have for the Virgin Mother. They lived in a town where there were no Quakers, and held a meeting every Sabbath in their own

house, and the mother was the minister. Honor to the strong woman. She held her flock in due subjection for a goodly number of years; but ultimately all of her children escaped her, except the eldest and most beautiful daughter. She became a "plain Friend," and married in the Society, according to rule. The brother and sister who were at Graydon, and half-a-dozen more that I became acquainted with afterward, were seduced away from their mother and "the meeting," as they always call the church. When they were old enough to marry, they took partners from the world, and were expelled from the Society, to the deep sorrow of their parents.

I looked on the dress of the young ladies with great admiration, but I knew that I could not be allowed to imitate it. They were "birthright Friends." A great deal of gayety would be forgiven them, or pass unnoticed. But a "convinced" Quaker, one "who came into the Society by request," would be expected to be of the most self-denying sort. The old lady, with her silk bonnet shaped like a sugar hod, and all her other unattractive modes and forms, was the pattern for me. I received my fate with great resignation, but those girls were much too charming in my eyes.

It was arranged during this brief visit, that I should spend some weeks with my new friends the ensuing summer. When I saw the family in their own home, I was still more interested in them. I comprehended more fully the onerous duties of that Quaker mother in Israel, especially when her meek husband had been to a raising, or a sheep washing. I think he did not often get leave to go, and when he did, I believe he invariably returned in that state which is pretty well defined as "How came you so?" The wife was greatly exercised on these occasions. As for the husband, he was meeker, more self-abased, more entirely with his mouth in the dust (sometimes literally) than ever. He came home in the most lamb-like manner. His wife divined his state at a glance, and fixing her severe gaze upon him, she *looked* him out of the room, and generally, unless he was too far gone, into the bedroom—where she followed him, I suppose to see him safely to bed. She returned to the family a shade more dignified and serious, and I think her husband always awoke next day

more fully to shame and confusion of face than any person it has been my lot to see. It is said "every rose has its thorn, and every house its skeleton," and my Quaker acquaintances proved the truth of these proverbs. How two persons so entirely unlike, ever happened to get into the toils of matrimony together, I suppose will be settled, when about half the marriages in the world, which seem equally unaccountable, are accounted for.

Chapter Eleven.

"MARRIAGE."

IN this summer and winter school teaching my health all the time improved. My mind was at ease about home. My father's credit was thoroughly re-established, and his and my mother's industry met a fit reward; and I was conscious of doing my part for the general weal. My religious opinions and feelings had become settled. I had no more crosses to take up in the way of making myself odd or ugly, and in the state of quiet that ensued I had full leisure for study and writing. I had many valuable friends among the Methodists, and some of the most tasteful and cultivated people of Graydon were of this faith. Dr. Alden, too, always seemed to regard me and my progress with especial interest. Indeed, the measure of respect that I received was by no means diminished by the fact that I was a Quaker. Still, I had few intimates, and hence my friendship for books and writing was much increased. It was astonishing how much paper I consumed—how many tales and poems I wrote. A few weeks since, I was passing an old book-stall in New York, where sundry volumes of antique magazines reposed in the dust of years, and where a volume of any size may be bought for a shilling. As I waited for an omnibus, I opened one of the volumes. It contained a poem of mine written in those days. The blood tingled in my face and forehead, in a burning blush, that I had ever perpetrated such a property for an antiquarian book-stall. I closed the book hastily, lest my daughter, who was by me, should discover the paternity of the poem (by courtesy). And yet I believe that it was as good as half the flood-wood of

literature, that comes drifting through magazines, newspapers, and other currents, that the press pours down upon the people continually. Half our popular literature is like the pot-hooks and trammels of the tyro learning to write—mere spoiled paper, that still marks progress, or, in some cases, a hopeless stand-still in the essayist. I had the notion then, which some, not as great fools as I was, seem to entertain, that to rhyme smoothly, and write incomprehensibly, was poetry. I long since parted company with this idea, and now very much desire to be understood.

Just as I was beginning to be contented and happy with life and its uses in Graydon, I received a letter from an uncle, a younger brother of my mother, who resided about forty miles from Greenwood. He had conceived a very ardent admiration for the Quakers, not long after my own conversion, and he had united with a meeting in a neighboring town, there being not enough to hold a meeting regularly in the town where he lived. He wished to see me to give me the comfort and profit of sympathy, and it afterward transpired that he had a plan for marrying me to a Quaker friend of his. I had no experience in real love making. The heroes of my stories and my day-dreams, the tenants of my castles in the air, had been my only lovers. I was younger than my years in all this world's lore. My uncle had a very intimate friend, a Quaker, older than himself, much older than I was. This man he had set his own heart upon, and he thought he could not do his homely niece a greater favor than to marry her to a pious Friend, who both wanted and needed a wife—and who deserved much for waiting for a companion to the mature age of forty years.

My parents were greatly pleased that I should visit my uncle and my old home at Greenwood, and early in the autumn I left Graydon, I had almost said, never to return *alive*. My uncle, Robert Wells, was a weak, well-meaning man, who knew but little of the people called Friends, or upon any other subject. He was not happy at home, for his wife unfortunately belonged to that class that, like dreams, "go by contraries." I shall never forget my arrival at his house. The stage passed his door; and at about four o'clock one fine autumnal afternoon, it drew up opposite a small, weather-beaten building, containing two rooms,

situated about two miles from the village, in the town of Clayville, somewhere in the southern part of New England. I do not like to make this autobiography too plain and locally correct, for the peace of certain living individuals, whom it is my fortune to describe in my pages.

My uncle came to the door to take in my trunk, and to take my hand also, I believe, though he was a remarkably undemonstrative person. It had been raining through the day, and the land where the house stood was a clay knoll. It was very slippery ascending to it, and the importation of the trunk was a difficult matter to manage. I stuck fast in the clay two or three times, and finally reached the house minus one shoe, which an impish-looking boy, some twelve years old, volunteered to recover for me. Mrs. Wells cried out as we made our entrance, "*Scrape your feet.*" She took my shoe away from the boy, and boxed his ears, and pushed him out into the soft clay, as she said, "to bring back them boards that he had taken from before the door, to make a raft on."

Mr. Wells was a brick-maker, hence his residence in the clay district. His wife was one of the neatest women in the world, hence she was always in torment. Her husband laid up a large stock of clay on his boots, which he always managed to bring into the house, mauger his wife's misery, and their two boys carried away the boards that the good woman laid between the house and the road, for rafts across the puddles in the brick-yard, which were generally navigable for a short time after a rain. The consequence of the abstraction of the board was great facility in the descent from the house to the road, and a corresponding difficulty in getting back again; also an alarming "free soil movement" into the house, and as much eloquence on the subject as Mrs. Wells was capable of, under the highest degree of stimulation. Mr. Wells was a man of great endurance; he seemed to live for little else. He appeared to endure his wife and children, and his house, and his labor, and the clay bed in which he lived, and the Quaker meetings to which he went once a month always, and occasionally once a week, with equal calmness of sufferance. He never seemed to enjoy any thing *but the company* of Albert Hervey, his old bachelor friend. He

was always animated when he was with him, and when he was speaking of him; and enthusiasm in Robert Wells was so wonderful, that one might be excused for thinking it must have a worthy cause.

I have described my uncle's home and family thus particularly for reasons that will appear. There was nothing in such friends, or such a home, to strengthen a weak girl, or hinder her from throwing herself into the vortex of experience.

I recollect the first time I saw Mr. Hervey. I am not likely to forget it, for my memory has been charred with it these many years. It is very difficult to do justice to persons who have blessed or blasted our lives deeply, especially the last. Those who are not good to us, we are generally obliged by our wounded feelings to decide, can not be good to any. It is only at a distance that we can describe the burning prairie with calmness, and only through the long vista of years that we can see our lives, cleared from the mists and clouds of feeling, and describe them as they really were; and yet a description of sorrow is not sorrow. What is felt can never be described. The lightning strikes and burns. We note the outward fact, but we do not feel the inward fire: if we do, we can not tell it. The husk of life only is seen; its kernel is seldom put into books; and yet I shall go on, and, simply and truly as I *can*, I shall tell my story.

My first feeling, on being introduced to my uncle's friend. was one of deep and most decided aversion. There was a seeming all over and around him, which no word could express but meanness. He was tall, and well enough formed; his face, below the forehead, might be called handsome. His forehead was low and retreating. His eyes were green, and his chin protruded. His head was very high where the phrenologists locate firmness.

To show how impossible it is for us to do justice to what is foreign and hurtful to our natures, I must here say that to others this man appeared beautiful. I have heard many women speak of him as "so very handsome." There is a relationship of life which makes agreement and happiness. The hawk may be beautiful to his own, but the hen can not mate with him.

Hervey's dress was the perfection of Quaker ugliness: his hat

had a round crown and a prodigiously broad brim; his coat was the true "shad belly" cut, with the sleeves so short that his wrists took an extensive airing all the time. In excuse for this costume, my uncle told me that Hervey had been "a gay young man," and the cross was laid on him heavily on this account. He did not doubt, he said, that he would "feel free" to alter his dress before long, and make it a little younger and more pleasing.

Such was the outward appearance of the Friend my uncle had destined for me, and Hervey gratified him by falling in love with me at first sight. He had nothing to recommend him but piety; he seemed thoroughly and devotedly pious. He spoke on no secular subject, if he could avoid it. He sighed deeply and often. He had a pleasant home in an adjoining town, in the midst of a large and most respectable meeting of the Society of Friends. I was soon invited to visit some of his relatives in this meeting. I received much attention. I can not go over the intermediate steps toward my engagement with this man. Wherever I went I met him. He was always attentively kind, and, to do him justice, not obtrusive. I was pious—not reasoning or thoughtful, in the true sense of either. Hervey was pious—an ultra-pietist. Many a woman has been cheated into marriage because she thought a man holy; and of men this is equally true; and many have found, to their sorrow, that a large proportion of the Christian world has yet to learn the definition of holiness. A heart that constantly aspires after all that is pure and true, a mind that reverently receives all truthful teaching, and a life harmonized by love thus made wise, can alone know wholeness or holiness; and such life only is inspired by pure love—a love that is eternally amenable to the higher law, that it may be forever a fugitive from the lower law.

My benevolence was mostly wrought upon by Hervey and his friends. They pleaded and besought me to marry him, and, in a whirl of persuasions that literally made me dizzy, I consented to be engaged.

I never can describe the horror I felt the night after I promised to marry this man. I felt that I did not, that I never could love him. I wondered at my weakness in suffering myself to be *over-persuaded*. I spent the night in prayers and tears, and awoke

after a few moments of troubled slumber, in the morning, like one in the fire.

After the lapse of years, my breath stops when I think of what I then suffered. How much this human heart *can* bear, and yet not break! The days and hours after this hapless engagement seemed like months and years to me. At last I summoned courage to tell Hervey that I believed this engagement was made to be repented of. I was answered by prayers and weeping, and a misery so real, apparently, that, full of the spirit of self-abnegation, I determined to be sacrificed. A dull and indescribable misery took possession of me, which had only one glimmer of relief—this was the hope that I might die before the time came for my marriage: such things had been, and might be again. My uncle and Hervey wrote to my parents, and I wrote, asking their consent: they consented.

My time was well-nigh come, when Fate met me in the path of life, and I fell upon my face and worshiped. A young man, a being such as I had seen in my day-dreams for years, was introduced to me by Hervey. I loved, and I awoke to the consciousness of living death. Now I learned the worth of life, and the greatness of the sacrifice I had so weakly determined to make. The hours that I spent with my new friend, whose sphere was a constant beneficence to me, were white-winged moments, such as make our ideal of heaven. My heart sprang toward him, as the flower lifts its petals to the warm sunlight.

But this truthful, natural instinct of my being was considered a crime. This love that flowed toward its object as freely and sacredly as the incense of thanksgiving rises to *Our Father*, when the heart *must* overflow from the fullness of its blessing, was considered sin. I was pledged to Death and Hell, and bound and driven back into the fire from which my spirit shrunk in every nerve, as remorselessly, as *dutifully*, by every influence around me, as the Hindoo widow is sacrificed in the suttee. O morality! "what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!"

Hervey saw us together; heard us repeat impassioned poetry; saw me drink in life from the bright one. His whole appearance said "I can kill," as with set teeth, compressed lips, and an iron sternness of *features he* regarded us. Hervey's words were few

when next we met. He seldom spoke freely, except on religious subjects. He reminded me of my engagement, spoke solemnly of the curse of broken vows, and ended by calling some Friends into the room who could enforce the condemnation he had so bitterly uttered. I was in a paroxysm of tears. I dreaded and abhorred Albert Hervey more than any living creature I had ever seen or conceived of, and yet I had promised to be his wife, and I believed that the torments of hell awaited me if I broke my word. Hervey portrayed my doom if I dared break my vow, till I grew giddy at the thought. This hell was no vague fear, but a real flaming reality to me then. Robert Wells was leagued against me; or, as he thought, was the best friend of a fickle young girl. The whole body of Quakers, as one, regarded a broken engagement as a sin of the blackest dye. I might as easily have been raised to life from a coffin buried deep in the ground, as have escaped this marriage among this people. I saw and felt that I was doomed. I gave up all, and said I would be married. They took me at my word, and the marriage, or martyrdom, was *solemnized*.

And Hervey thought that I became his wife; my uncle thought that I was married to this man. On the day that sealed my fate, the man that I loved as I loved Heaven, looked on the sacrifice. Like me, he believed in a hell for broken vows, and would not have lifted his hand to save me lest he should destroy me eternally. I repeat my most solemn conviction, that this wedding day and ceremony involved more suffering than any Hindoo suttee that ever shocked our Christian world.

During the time of the sacrifice I saw no one. A film was over my eyes, and for hours my vision was indistinct. I had only one thought—one feeling—and that was a prayer for death; a prayer that was an agony, compared with which any death must be peace. O God! those hours—those fearful hours! My heart sickens and my brain reels at the thought of them; and yet I *live*.

Days passed, and Hervey knew that I dreaded and hated him; or he would have known it, if he could have believed me, for in the frenzied madness that succeeded my marriage, I told him all *my heart; but* he thought, or professed to think, that I was ill,

and hysterical, and he took me a long journey, believing I would be better.

But, says my reader, You were a fool to give up, and act in this manner. Most likely. I do not seek to justify my deeds; I only record them. Says another, I never would have acted in such a craven way. Had you been governed by the same opinions and motives that I was, you would have acted in the same manner. The stronger motive rules, be it fear, or conscientiousness, or whatever it may be.

A short time after my marriage I spent a few moments, quite accidentally, with the friend to whom my heart belonged by right divine. He made no allusion to our feelings or position. He merely said, "Mary, I shall never marry." It was not selfishness that dictated my answer when I said, "For the love of Heaven, keep that promise; do not marry." It was an awful consciousness of my own suffering, and the belief that his would be increased, if he married.

"Man proposes—God disposes." That noble heart was not destined to break in loneliness, but to find a love so pure, and true, and absorbing, that years since, the memory of my sorrow and sacrifice must have ceased to be painful. Thank God, love is like water, and every thirsty spirit may drink, if not in bond to that accursed lower law, which says, Thou shalt thirst forever, if the spring that is set apart for thee is like the waters of Marah, a bitterness that can not be healed.

Chapter Twelve.

ASCETICISM AND A NOVEL.

I WENT to my husband's home after I had somewhat recovered from my *illness* by a visit to Graydon. It may be asked why I was not married at home. There was no society of Quakers near my parents, and I had therefore joined the distant meeting where I was married, as it is a rule of the Society that marriages shall be solemnized in the meeting-house of "the particular meeting" to which the woman belongs. I use the phraseology of the sect. They do not say church for the body of the people usually bearing that name, but "meeting," and the building, used as a place of worship, is always called "The Meeting House."

In my new home I encountered various privations. The first was the absence of cultivated and educated society. Among this people there are few whose education has been entirely neglected, and very few who have classical tastes and cultivation. I became acquainted with two or three persons who had a taste for books, and much general information, but the mass of the Society were people of common sense, industry, and very slight literary acquirements. Hence there were very few books. But the members of the meeting, such as they were, I soon found were to be my only associates. I was tacitly forbidden to make any acquaintance out of the Society. I was expected to be at meeting twice a week, but not to attend the meetings of any other denomination, except on the occasion of a funeral. These unwritten rules of the Society shut me out from the Methodists as effectually as the walls of a convent. My husband had failed in *business about* the time of our marriage, so that poverty was

added to my other troubles. All these things dwindled into insignificance beside that continued crucifixion that clung like a robe of fire to my spirit. Never, for one moment, did I allow thought of that loved one to rest in my mind. I said, "I am the wife of another, and though I do not love him, I will stand sinless in thought, word, and deed before God." *And I did so stand.* Ceaselessly I battled with that master passion of my soul. I gave myself to all activities. I labored, I prayed to be delivered from this love. For a long time my efforts seemed in vain. I made apparently no progress. But something like peace came at last. The power to suffer was exhausted.

Thus in a few words I have told the sorrow, the struggle, the death, that I did not cease to die, and yet which continued living, and gnawing always, like "the worm that dieth not," for ten interminable years. For the first year, each hour seemed an eternity of misery. And when I reflect that on this sunny day of our Lord, 1854, thousands are bound by law and custom, and their own fearful weakness, in just such a moral paralysis, I ask, Why do not the stones in the street cry out against such death-dealing with "the life that now is, and which is to be"—"*which is to be?*" Alas! why is not annihilation among the gifts which, though Heaven can not grant, the infernal world could not refuse? How gladly I would have parted the dark waters of the deep river on whose banks I often stood, and have hushed my heart's wild beatings to the rolling flood, but for that "which is to be!" The unknown was a greater terror than the known, and I lived on—believing, poor fool that I was, that God had made a worse hell for me than the law of man had provided. I have outgrown that creed long since, and have nothing to fear in this world or another but falsehood and its fruits.

My habits of writing tales and poems was looked upon by my husband and friends generally with great aversion. Hervey never read any line of my writing, printed or manuscript, unless he was deceived with regard to the authorship. They regarded poetry as a sort of black art, and fiction as downright lying. Novels were unknown among them. I read all their books of biography, records of happy deaths, and journals of ministers; indeed, the whole stock of Quaker literature was soon exhausted.

in my hands I had not been long among them before I found that I was looked upon with distrust, for several reasons. The principal was my literary tastes; then I used a language entirely unlike the mass of the Society. They made a point in argument in favor of their peculiar form of speech, that *thee* and *thou* should be used in addressing one person, because such language was grammatical. Yet the pronoun *thou* was almost excluded from their vocabulary, not more than one or two persons in a meeting, and sometimes not one, using the word. They said, "How does thee do?" and "How is thee?" and "How art thee?" instead of "How dost thou do?" and "How art thou?" and so on through every form of address where this pronoun occurs. A minister was excused, and I think rather respected for using the language with tolerable correctness—but a common member, such as I was, was considered proud, and perhaps self-righteous for speaking in the language of the Bible and grammar. Mean, gossiping stories were told about me, by those who were born in the Society, and were therefore not to be blamed for being members. I soon found that the Christian perfection I had dreamed of, as existing among Quakers, was all a dream. I pined for the Methodists of Graydon. I prayed to die, to be delivered from my present life, most devoutly. But death comes not at call. I found myself encompassed with ills, of which poverty, and the pettiness of a people who have no variety in life, and failing health, were not among the least.

Cut off from writing, and mostly from reading, except the Scriptures, and from social intercourse in a great degree, I became so ill, that it was impossible for me to sit up but a few hours in the day. In this condition I looked alternately to my heavenly Father for relief, and to the idea of suicide. Day after day the thought of self-destruction haunted me. But piety and resignation triumphed at last. I read Lady Guion's works continually. I cultivated that spirit of entire self-abnegation which actuated all her later life. I knew Hervey's temper—and I bowed myself before it. He was obstinate, ignorant, and opinionated to the last degree. I never disobeyed him in the veriest trifle. If I wished to call on a friend, who was twenty paces distant, for twenty minutes, I asked his leave, and it was

often refused. However cutting or humiliating the refusal, I always bore it without a murmur. If I wrote to a friend, and a word or line of the letter dissatisfied him, I destroyed it. I strove to have no will. Some one has said, "Women have no rights; they have only duties." This was the doctrine I believed and acted upon.

My first child was born under the crush of all the circumstances I have attempted to describe. She has lived to bless me. She was the only one of five who was destined to live to know me and love me. I endured all the sufferings of maternity, without its solace. This was well. I saw God's beneficent providence in this, years after. The maternal portion of my life was too bitter to be told. I shade my eyes now, at this distance, from the full glare of that misery. There are living woes that drink up the fountains of life with a tongue of flame.

I dared not confide my sorrows to any one—terrible comment on our humanity—lest I should be blasted with blame. I had no confessor.

My first child—the child of sorrow, of tears, of unutterable misery—lived to be my blessing, the darling of my soul, in whom all hope, all fear, all love was centered. Day after day I looked to see her sink and die, but still my treasure remained, and was the only tie that had strength sufficient to bind me to earth.

I thought that I was resigned, but most likely I was only crushed. Occupation was a great comfort to me, and I was obliged at all times to be occupied. I was skillful with my needle, and I worked constantly. This was doubly necessary for me. First, the outward life must be sustained. My husband was miserably inefficient, and on the proceeds of his labor we must have starved or asked charity. I worked night and day with my needle, often sitting up till two or three o'clock at night to finish a piece of work. His idleness, a sort of deathly powerlessness to plan or accomplish any worthful work, compelled me to this severe and cruel labor. I can never forget the joy of my poor child when the weary night had worn well-nigh to its close, and I was at last allowed to lay my aching form beside her. She would twine her little arms around my neck, pillow her head upon my throbbing, faltering heart, and shrink

away from her father as if he scorched her. She was born with all my fear and dread of him, and when three months old this dread manifested itself toward him, and he then gave her blows, many blows, to overcome it. Such was the man who had her life and mine in his keeping.

No lot is unmixed evil. I had consolations. Piety and assignation, labor when it was not too destroying, and writing and study. My husband passed my essays and poems with silent and pious contempt, and "Friends" regarded me as in a very dangerous way. Still I wrote on. I had not been forbidden, though I had not been encouraged. A young student with whom I became acquainted, loaned me Latin and French books, which I studied whenever opportunity offered.

I remember one joyful variation of my monotonous life, when I had been five years married. A stranger who was stopped at our house, for a short time, by a heavy fall of snow, left some articles for safe keeping. Among them was one of Scott's novels. I believe it was the "Heart of Mid Lothian." I read it, though fearing it was a deadly sin. Never was bread or water, light or air, more welcome to a famished prisoner, than this work to me. I could never describe my sensations on perusing it. The life-long pleasures of reading seemed concentrated in that one book. I even forgot the fear of sin in the absorbing interest.

The privations which I suffered, with the loss of health, made my life a burden that I must at last have resigned voluntarily and violently, I think, but for my child. And yet my husband was kind to me. He could not be otherwise. I obeyed him in all things. I followed no attraction of my nature. No one could better understand him than I did. He was ignorant and obstinate, but conscientious. He believed it a sin for me to write poetry, but he was still withheld from forbidding me. He believed that a woman should obey her husband in all things, and that women have no right to property or the freedom of action that men enjoy. Poor, and idle, and inefficient as he was, his God was gain, but he did not know it. With his opinions and feelings, he acted as well as he could.

I found when I had been seven years married, that I must give up my needlework or resign my life. I was ill and wretched in

the extreme, and a large portion of our subsistence I earned lying in bed and sewing, because I was wholly unable to sit up With this torturing sight before him, my husband could not rouse himself. I believed then, and I believe now, that he had some dreadful disease of the will—a sort of spiritual paralysis, that made him unable to act for any useful purpose.

About this time we moved into a large town where was a good locality for a school; and teaching was the work that I loved next to writing. I now told Mr. Hervey that I wished to teach—that I was unable to sew, and besides, it would be well for our child to be placed in a class with other children. Unreasonable as it may seem, I had feared opposition to this plan, and I had matured it in silence, saying nothing of it to him. As I expected, he opposed my wish. He did not think I could make school-keeping as *profitable* as sewing, and therefore he was not willing I should engage in it.

I felt that I must have occupation, incessant and absorbing, or my soul would canker, or burn its way through my body. For seven years I had obeyed him, even as a machine obeys the hand that guides it. During these seven years I had obtained a good degree of knowledge, by study and application. I began to see that I was a being—that I had the right first to live, and second to enjoy life in some degree. I saw that my work was murderous, and that no one had any right thus to require my life at my hands.

I said to Hervey, "I have served you as long as Jacob served for Rachel. I can not serve longer. I must do my own work, now—the work that I can do."

But alas! slavery is no preparation for freedom. I was not strong enough to make my words of avail, and I sunk into a long and deathly illness. When I recovered, my husband was more gentle toward me, and no longer refused to allow me to teach.

I gave myself to teaching, and was much happier. I soon had a profitable school—and contemplated buying books, and having more opportunity for study. My struggles for education had been continued through all. Alone I had studied the French and Latin languages, which I had commenced before my marriage. The few books I had obtained were procured by making sacri-

fices of the most absolute necessaries, and I had studied them as a prisoner would. My only luxuries had been my books and the creations of my own mind. Now I looked with a strange, wild joy to having a broader field of study and reading. But in my school, as in my work, I found myself overtasked. One of the heaviest curses of this world is, that those who will work, may; and the life of one is worn out in ceaseless toil for several, who are as much injured by idleness as the busy one is by overwork. My hours of study came as sparsely and through as much wearing labor as formerly. All my receipts went into Hervey's hands, and no persuasion could induce him to allow me a book or a paper that he did not wholly approve. I could not expend six cents of the money I was daily earning, at the expense of my life, without telling my husband for what I wished to use it. If he approved the object, he unlocked a chest, and very unwillingly gave it to me. This was done when my labor was so distressing, that in the morning when I arose I was unable to walk, or hardly support myself, till the plentiful affusion of cold water had given me strength for another day of miserable effort.

My reader may say, "I do not believe such injustice was ever perpetrated in free America."

I tell you, before God, these things have been done; I suffered them; and, when worn to the quick by the bondage I began to feel that I could not much longer endure, I spoke to this taskmaster of a separation; I was told by "my husband," who lived in idleness on my labor, I might almost say on my bloody sweat, that the law left me no redress; that if I left him, public opinion would blast my name, and that my child, in whom alone I lived, should be taken from me. The law gave her to him, he said, and he should take her. And more than this, he told me that the brand of infamy should fall heavy and hot upon me. He *could* blast me, and he *would*, if I left him. These were his words.

I listened to all this, and I deliberately concluded, for my child's sake, and my name's sake, to remain the property of a man who could find it in his nature to taunt me thus.

"What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
They who war with their own hopes, and have been vanquished, bear
Silence, but not submission. In his lair
Fixed passion holds his breath, until the hour

Which shall atone for years. None need despair.
It came, it cometh, and will come, the power
To punish, or forgive."

When I resolved to submit to this life-long crushing, I did so with a more definite idea of what I was, and what I was sacrificing, than had been mine in previous years. I had begun to be conscious of strength, and that as an individual soul I was responsible to God, and not to one called my husband. I asked myself the question, Have I a moral right to allow this man to quench my light of life in his night, to make me an appendage, a thing with no will of my own, no right to the money I earn, or to the child I have borne in more than mortal pangs? And then I saw that the law gave him this power over me, and then again I was sensible that my own weakness gave the law its force. The will of the people is above the law. I had not yet the strength to save myself. I was determined that I would not be weak enough to repine to Hervey, or complain to others. I submitted to my fate as really and truly as if I had not dared to question my husband's right to impose it. Not even my parents had any hint of my evil lot.

They had left Graydon, and now resided in the same town with me. I saw them daily, but they knew nothing of my life. They had come to be near me, to be happier in their age. They had prospered in Graydon. Their land had become more valuable, and their pleasant little home had been advantageously sold. Should I spoil the comfort they had come to seek with me. My brother, through these long years, had been absent. He wrote seldom, but his letters were very precious to me. They had been rays of light shooting athwart the darkness of my life. He still remained in South America. Of late he was prosperous above what we had hoped, and he now wrote often to us, and always begged me to tell him if our parents, or if I, needed aid from him.

How I longed to see my brother! How I rejoiced when he said in one of his letters, "In six months your bronzed brother will be with you! Will you know me, Mary? Shall I know you? You were almost a child, and no Quaker, when I left you. Now you tell me you are odd and ugly. Well, your letters are

charming, and you are my sister. Little Eva Wilmot—do you ever hear of her now? Is she at Greenwood? Is she living even? If living, she is a remarkable woman. What a queenly child she was! How her form would dilate, her eye grow bright as a star, and her bosom palpitate, when I told her stories of fairies, and worlds in the flowers, where they lived their invisible lives! How strange that I could leave you all so long! If I had been told that it was for so long, I could not have borne it. But I thought at first that I could live three years and assure my fortune, and then I expected to return. Each year has been my last away, I was sure, and so I have gone on from year to year, and now the prime of life is past; but I am grown a strong man, Mary, with a great heart; if you want a share of it you are welcome. But I suppose Quakers have no need of extra tenderness. But *nous verrons*, Mary mine."

Chapter Thirteen.

LETTERS.

I LOVED letters passionately—particularly my brother's. They seemed to infuse a new life into me. Hervey hated them. He called them my idols; he had a holy horror of *my* idols. He thought they seduced my affections from him. One day I wished him to call at the post-office for me, as I felt almost sure of a letter from Arthur, and I was famished for it. I was very ill and worn, as I had a large school, and, at the time, no assistant. I thought my brother's letter would do me good, like some healing balm. My husband refused to go. It was raining very hard, and I was in the school-room, and disliked to leave for a walk of a mile, but I made ready to go, and Hervey then went along with me. It was near school-time, and I hurried much, and obtained the wished-for treasure. Arthur had written a long letter, "brimful and crossed, and written at both ends," like a girl's. My heart beat audibly as I broke the seal, but I could not wait to read it. I hurried back to the school-room, holding the precious packet to my heart all the way. I laid it on a desk near the fire, and took off my wet shawl, and shook the rain from it, and put it on a chair to dry. I then laid off my bonnet, and turned to take up my letter; *it was gone!* I looked toward the fire. It was in a light blaze. I turned to my husband; he only said, "I burned it." I made no remark. I would not for the world have trusted my lips with a word; but thought, with a master's thought—

"Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me; could I wreak

> My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
> Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
> All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
> Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe, into one word,
> And that one word were lightning, I would speak;
> But as it is, I live and die unheard,
> With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

This outrage upon my heart's best feelings was never excused or explained, nor even alluded to. But he did not stop here. I had a box in which I kept all my most precious letters. I suppose he came to the conclusion that these were all idols; for one day, on going to the box for a particular letter, to which I wished to refer, I found it empty. I almost fainted; for I was as sure as if I had been told that he had destroyed its contents. I went to him as quickly as my weakened limbs would carry me. "Where are my letters?" I asked. He calmly answered as before, "I have burned them." He said not one word more about them. He had often lectured me on the cost of letters; he thought postage money thrown away; but these had been paid for, consequently some other reason induced him to destroy them. I have no doubt it was a deed conscientiously done—they were idols; they ought therefore to be burned. I was an idolater; I ought therefore to be punished. Such was his reasoning, doubtless, and his action was consistent. If by gift, or otherwise, I procured books that dissatisfied him, he burned them, as he had burned my letters. He expurgated my album by tearing out every leaf that provoked his jealousy, or alarmed his piety. He was jealous of every thing and every body; and this was only natural. I had nothing in common with him. He knew that he could not possess my love—that my books, my friends, and my work, were all more welcome than he was. All this must have been in his consciousness, and it tormented him evidently, and as fire that could not be quenched. For myself, I writhed in my chains, but I dared not break them. I wept and prayed that they might be but loosened and lengthened. I verily believe that I have shed tears enough to drown me, in my life of poverty and prayer. I begged my husband to allow me even a few dollars a year, that I might freely use, out of the large amount that I earned by my own talents and exertions, by writing and teaching; but I met always his steadfast refusal. Thank God for those tears;

for from each drop a flower has had its birth and bloom, to bless the paradise where now my heart rests.

I had thought long, and deeply, and bitterly, on marriage. I had asked the question again and again, "What constitutes true marriage?" A conviction had long been growing within me that marriage without love was legalized adultery. But I conversed with no one. I had much reverence for what the world calls sacred. Whoever has given up old and established errors for new and living truths, knows what the struggle is. Such know how slowly ebbs the tide of educational prejudice, and how at times it rolls back, seemingly to overwhelm. I saw that repudiating the false does not qualify for the acceptance of the true, and that if the many were liberated from false marriage, they would be still utterly unqualified for a higher and truer state.

My life was now a struggle and a problem. There were flickering cross-lights that led me nowhere. Meanwhile my sufferings deepened. There are states that words were never meant to describe. "Nothing is so dumb as deep emotion." Oh, for that universal spirit-language that shall tell histories, and telegraph emotions, by the changes of the countenance, and the pulsations of the heart!

Through all, I had a deep feeling that my heavenly Father was forming me for use. I was not angry that my husband was ignorant, jealous, and a tyrant. I pitied him truly, for in his ignorance, and in my unfortunate, arbitrary, and most false relation to him, and in his natural endowment of obstinacy, or, in other words, of excessive firmness, I saw the reasons of our mutual suffering; for, deceive ourselves as we will, it is still true that the tyrant is well-nigh as wretched as the slave. I do not think I blamed Hervey more than I would have blamed a machine, whose construction I perfectly understood, that was crushing me to death. No unkindness rankled in my bosom, making my sad heart sadder. The faith that God was all-wise, and all-kind, and had me in his special keeping, supported me in all states. That faith seems very wonderful to me now, when I look back upon all the trials of my life; and the thanksgiving that was always in my heart seems almost strange now, in the gratitude of my present joy. Even then my heart-cry was, "Blessed Lord, I thank

thee for poverty, misery, and the crucifixion of my heart; all these have created me, and taught me to feel for a world full of miserable ones. God, I thank thee."

In the large town where we now resided, the number of Quakers was comparatively small. The patrons of my school were mostly people of other denominations. I had consequently many friends and acquaintances out of the pale of the Society. This was horrible to Hervey. He had a strange conscience. He would not scruple to cheat a man in a bargain as much as he possibly could, but he would not call him Mister, or address him with a plural pronoun in his language for any consideration. He would rob me of my earnings, and hide the money for the pleasure of counting it; he would burn my books and letters, and rejoice in my tears, as washing out my sins, but he would not wear buttons on the back of his coat, or call the days of the week by other than their numerical Quaker names.

When very young, I had learned to play a simple game which we call checkers. I had often played it with Arthur, and had taught it to Eva, and I loved it dearly for these associations. In autumn, my parents had gone on a visit to Graydon, and during their absence Hervey left town on some business for a week. Tired with my school and many cares, I one evening engaged in a game of checkers with a young Quaker who was very pleasant to me—he having literary tastes and acquirements much above any with whom I was acquainted in the town. My husband had always looked on him with distrust, and on the evening of our first game at checkers he returned, and found us playing, and my little daughter looking on the game with much delight. I had gradually become indifferent to many of the asceticisms practiced by Quakers, and I do not know that I ever regarded a game of checkers as a sin. Hervey was struck with horror. I was playing a game with a young man in presence of our daughter. His jealousy was roused, and his coarse and violent language was most revolting. Long repressed and concealed jealousies burst forth, and he accused all my friends, and threatened to expose me to my parents. I have no doubt that for the time being he thought me a wicked wretch. His language and manner *toward me* disgusted me more than I can describe. A few

hours exhausted his violence, especially after he had written a vile letter to my father, embodying his suspicions, but which he did not send. He approached me with kindness after this, and asked me to forgive him, retracting his language, with the exception of considering me a great sinner for playing the game.

My nerves seemed irrecoverably shocked by his treatment. I had borne so much, that this may seem strange, but so it was. Every time he approached me, or laid his hand on me, a convulsive spasm ran over my whole system, giving me indescribable pain. I could not overcome it. In spite of all effort it overcome me. I longed to have my parents return, but I knew they would not for some weeks. The loss of sleep was doubtless one great cause of my nervous suffering. In the first years of my marriage I had spent nearly whole nights often at my sewing, to maintain our family; later I was kept awake from illness; last of all, a continued thwarting of taste and will, and the constant oppression of petty tyrannies, had robbed me of rest. My body seemed at last only a medium and receptacle of pain; and in all this I had continued my labors of writing and teaching, earning of late very considerable sums by both. I often thought that it was possible that Hervey might engage in some useful occupation if I left him, but then again his utter weakness forbade me to think so, and admonished me to sustain him. To leave him, or suspend my destroying labor for our support, seemed to me like dashing a babe out of a fourth-story window. If he had been usefully employed, he would not have been the perpetual torment to me that he was. All my hours of study and rest were invaded, and as it were haunted by him. I could never know the blessing of being alone.

When the painful spasmodic effect that I have described above came over me, I begged to be allowed to remain alone. I might as well have asked to be relieved from the clutch of death, or the burden of my own pained body. I had little belief in physicians or medication; therefore I did not seek medical aid in this distressed state. A homeopathic physician had lately established himself in the town, and was greatly esteemed for his skill and excellent character; but I had not seen him. As I had become somewhat widely known by my literary productions, it was cus-

tomary for persons who came to the town, lion-hunters, etc., to call on me.

This was pleasant to me, for I loved society for itself, and as a relief from the presence of my husband, and he usually left the room when any such person called; but he was so jealous of every one, that he hovered around the door of the parlor, which he always insisted should be left open, and then he glowered in upon me, a specter at a feast; for intellectual converse was truly a feast to me.

One evening two gentlemen had called on me when Hervey was out. He returned, and found us conversing very cheerfully together. One was the new physician, Dr. Hall, and the other a literary friend who had come to introduce him. The moment my husband entered the house and heard our voices, the most insane jealousy took possession of him. He came to the parlor, and beckoned me to follow him. I feared him so much that I dared not disobey. I went with him to our chamber. Here he assailed me with coarse and terrible accusations, till I fell upon my knees before God, to ask a providential interference. "Don't kneel to ask my forgiveness," said he in a thundering voice. This implication instantly restored my equilibrium—and made me stony in my calmness. I rose from my knees and sat down in silence. I think he was awed somewhat by my singular manner. After a time I returned to the parlor. My friends were gone. I was not troubled at what they might think of my leaving them so unceremoniously. I was not consciously troubled at any thing. I seemed to myself never to have been so calm. I did not speak to any one. I had nothing to say. I did not think of shedding tears, for I did not suffer, or I had no consciousness of suffering. I left the house and walked several miles. I afterward learned that Hervey followed me. He was doubtless alarmed at my strange conduct. I walked a great way, and was only induced to retrace my steps and return home, by the thoughts of my child. I recollect coming home and going to the bed where she was asleep. I have an indistinct remembrance of driving Hervey from me that night. The afternoon of the next day I was conscious that I lay in bed, and that several people were about me. I had a stony feeling all over me, and particularly in my head. I knew that

my eyes were open, and yet I could not see. All my limbs were rigid like wood. I heard and understood what was said, and yet could give no sign. I heard those about me say that I was found in a pit in the morning, and that I had lain insensible during the day, and that Dr. Hall had been called in by my husband. I lay a long time in this stony state. I was in a grievous illness that I can not attempt to describe. A few days since I saw Dr. Hall, and asked him if he could give me any particulars of that illness, telling him for what purpose I wished them.

"I did not know you, then," said he, "and I made notes of your case, which are quite at your service. I think it likely you will find my criticisms on Mr. Hervey rather severe. But you are at liberty to put as many, or as few of my notes in your book as you please. They will be at best but an addition of bitter herbs to the repast you are preparing."

Chapter Fourteen.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. HALL'S NOTE-BOOK.

IT is often thought that physicians do not feel as deeply as others, because they are familiar with misery. Though this may be true of some, it is certainly a mistake with respect to many. Did the heart of Howard grow unfeeling year by year, as he zealously prosecuted his work of mercy?

I have seen suffering in many forms, and though I often wish that my heart were hardened, I painfully feel that it is not.

I stood by a sick bed, and soul-ful eyes were raised inquiringly to mine, yet with strange calmness in their gaze.

"Doctor," said a low, sweet voice, "how long can I stay?" I looked on the pale cheek on which burned a clear, red spot. I took her feverish hand in mine, and evasively answered her question by asking another.

"Do you cough?" said I.

"Not much. My simple mode of living prevents that?"

"Your simple mode of living may save you for a long time, if you have no accession of cough."

"But, doctor, this burning fever!"

I turned away in utter hopelessness, and then looked earnestly and most pityingly on my patient.

"Doctor," said she, "I have a confession to make. I have no faith in your profession, but my friends are clamorous to have me do something, and to keep them quiet I have sent for you. I am quite sure that you have just as much confidence in medicine as I have, for you have studied thoroughly, I am told. You know *you can at times* throw a load from the stomach that is irritating

the brain—you can purify a sick room, and enlighten with regard to hygienic laws, and keep all right about a poor sinner who is receiving the punishment for his own sins, or those of society. Your daily visit will be something to look forward to. I shall have an intelligent friend to whom I can speak once a day. I am too ill to be occupied, or I should not think so seriously of making an acquaintance. I have now told you honestly why I sent for you."

I am sure I felt very transparent while receiving this confession. But the charm of candor reconciled me to the plain-dealing of my new patient. I told her I should be happy to serve her in any way in my power.

Poor lady! thought I, you will not need service from any much longer.

Next day I called again. She was nervous and agitated. Her soul was all in her eyes. I offered her my hand. She looked wildly at me and refused to take it. I saw that she was suffering from congestion of the brain. I strove to draw her into conversation, that she might be relieved. I was unsuccessful. Her eyes were wild, set, and staring, and she did not speak—symptoms which often appear in cases denominated hysteria by the profession. After several ineffectual efforts to induce her to speak, I rose, as if to leave. This *ruse* proved successful, as I have seen it in many instances.

"Doctor," said she, hurriedly, "look in that closet; some one is concealed there."

Her earnestness made me decide to gratify her; I looked in the closet, but no one was there.

"Look in the next room, doctor."

I did so, but no one was near.

"Raise that ventilator over my bed with your cane."

I did so, and distinctly saw a man step from its side.

"My God!" said she, "I knew he was there. He will never let me rest but in the grave; and if I am damned, his idiotic stare will pursue me through eternity. But why do I speak thus? He means well—no one means better."

She raised her eyes to the ventilator. A convulsive shudder passed over her whole frame. She was in a fit. I rang for

assistance, and the same pair of legs I had seen at the ventilator stalked into the room. The man came kindly toward her, and applied some water to her face, and chafed her stiffened limbs. She opened her eyes. Horror seemed to freeze her every sense when she saw that man. Another fit instantly relieved her misery, dreadful as were her convulsions. I now felt myself in a very undesirable position. I saw that this man was the lady's husband. He seemed anxiously kind, and yet his kindness, even his stay in the room, was evidently killing his wife. I had become painfully skilled in some things connected with my profession, and I saw at once that this man was a jealous husband, and therefore that I must not ask him to leave the room.

I inquired for the nurse, and resigned the poor, insensible lady to her care, and left the house. I breathed freely when once I was in the open air. As I walked along, I found myself involuntarily speculating on that man's head. I have read nature's handwriting on both these beings, and I curse the law from the depths of my soul that bound them together. And yet I would not speak irreverently of the laws. Though we can hardly live with them, I suppose we could not live without them. But the man's head! It seemed to go before me, and stare in my face. There was a low, receding forehead, that told me the fellow could not reason if he would. His head was high and narrow, and his chin protruded. I knew he must be mulishly obstinate. Then he had very large caution, which made him fear all things. Conscientiousness as large, and very large amativeness. These were the phrenological marks on the man.

I saw at once the meaning of the lady's exclamation—"He means well—no one means better." Of course, his conscientiousness would lead him to wish to do right. In India, such a man's conscience might have led him to throw himself, or his wife, or child, under the wheels of Juggernaut. He would be likely to get a substitute worthy of himself here.

My feelings toward him were very contradictory. I was indignant, and I pitied him, even more than I pitied his wife. It was evident that if the pressure of present circumstances were removed, she had within herself abundant sources of happiness. *He could have* very few.

I knew that he could not possess her love. There was nothing in him that she could respect, except his conscientiousness, and that was more likely to lead him to torture his wife to death than to refrain from it.

Next day, I called again; I found my patient in a raging delirium. The nurse told me that it would be useless to offer her medicine. She broke all glasses, or spilled their contents. I fixed my eye upon Mrs. Hervey, and said, "Will you take a teaspoonful of what I am mixing, once an hour?"

"Certainly," said she. "The thirty millionth part of a grain of charcoal, or chalk, or cuttle-fish, can't hurt me."

"You will hear her go on shortly," said the nurse.

"She will keep her word," said I. "I dare peril my life for her truth." For an instant she looked toward me sanely and gratefully; but the look of sanity passed in a moment.

"Doctor," said she, "I have been explaining difficult passages of Scripture to my good nurse here, and I have given her some interesting theological questions to answer. This pious, intellectual exercise will do her good."

"Questions?" said I. "Of what kind?"

"Oh! I asked her how many shops she thought there were in the next world for vending brimstone, for she is a literalist, and how many clerks they employed for 'spairging about the brimstane cootie, to scaud puir wretches.' And, doctor, do you think she was so irreverent as to laugh? and I was glad to see her merry, and I told her that I hoped hereafter she would be cheerful when she thought of the bad place."

Thus the distracted lady ran on, now laughing, now weeping, and talking with the utmost volubility.

At times, something relating to the causes that had wrought her illness would escape her; but, for the most part, she seemed to be under the influence of a shuddering fear, lest she should blame the miserable man who was the blind cause of all.

"Doctor," said she, "do you know that jealousy often points to something true, when there is no outward transgression?" I do not love my husband, I can not—and yet I am true to the most infernal falsehood, the semblance of union between us. I follow no attraction of my heart—I bind myself to a man whose touch

is terror, freezing terror, to me. O God! that fearful promise to love and obey! Love I can not; but obey I can and will, to the blotting out my soul."

These were ravings that I wished not to hear. I did not doubt that the husband was listening, and what words for a husband's ears! I saw, too, that he loved this woman with an affection that might have somewhat redeemed him from his almost brutal organization, if she could have returned his love.

"Poor man!" said she, "he has much love in his heart, and the most agonizing aspirations at times after the right, and yet he moans and makes himself and me miserable for the expense of a six-penny letter, and wishes there were no mails, and goes into violent and vulgar excesses in his jealousy, that make me curse my life. Doctor, shall we write letters in the next world? I can't ask him for money to pay my postage if we do."

I have put down the most connected parts of what she said. She was often wild and terrible, and made shocking exclamations.

Day after day I watched her to see the disease waste itself. She took all the remedies that I ordered faithfully, as she had promised. I hoped that

> "Passion would rave itself to rest,
> And yet not kill."

My hope was destined to be realized, but not until after three weeks of painful watching, and reasoning with a mad woman, who at one time insisted that I should not stay a minute in her room, and at another that I should talk philosophy, as she called it, by the hour, about the aura that surrounded spirits. And she declared that when we came within this aura, we might know the character and qualities of the person, as we know pinks, roses, and rue, by their aroma. And then the creative powers of spirit were discussed, and how the soul built itself a body in a new being, called an infant. She asserted that the soul did not enter the house when built, but was itself the builder.

Such were the speculations of my wild patient, and many a sick person did I neglect during those three weeks that I was attending her, who was more than that length of time in getting ready to forgive me.

Mrs. Hervey strangely interested me. At one time I felt sure

that she was meditating self-destruction. Her friends thought her more rational; I knew her delirium to be of a more dangerous character than when she was wild and troublesome.

One day I called, and found her quiet and more rational, but a good deal reserved.

"Doctor," said she, "how much have I told you?"

"So much that you need not scruple to tell me more."

"Have I blamed him ever?"

"Never."

"He is not to be blamed. He does as well as he knows how to do." And her eyes overflowed with tears.

"He has no common sense," said I. "He is no man. A man could never treat a woman as he treats you."

"He thinks he shall save my soul if he makes me obey him. He says I am suspended over hell by a hair. He says—"

Her voice faltered, madness shot from her eyes, but in a moment she was calm again. "He says if I do not obey him, he will take my child from me, and blast my name."

"Did he say this to you?" said I, in a voice even calmer than her own.

"He did, but he thought it was right."

My blood boiled in my veins. Accursed! said I in my heart, and I almost ground my teeth to keep from uttering the maledictions aloud. Accursed be the law that gives one human being such power over another. Here was a gifted woman, possessed of powers to bless her child and the world, palsied soul and body by a well-meaning religious idiot. Literature and science to him were sin. A letter was something to be paid for. Poetry was the black art. He looked not into its sinful mysteries. His wife's poems were written on his paper, and he could not countenance such a waste. Such a man could command this woman in all things. He could make her resolve, he had made her resolve to take her own life, because she was unable to endure life's burden with him. At this moment I could have turned brigand, and hurled my utmost contempt in the face of law and order. I was getting a little crazed myself.

I have always had almost a woman's perception; I read Mrs. Hervey's purpose of self-destruction in her face, and answering

to her thought, I said, "You must live; you can do for the world what few can. Your child—"

"I can not live, doctor. My child must take its chance; thousands are as badly provided for as this one. Shall I think more of this child than of a world full? No, God must take care of his own miserable children."

"Dear madam," said I, seriously, "what kind of people are those of whom the apostle speaks, who are without natural affection?"

"No cant, doctor, I beg you. Who knows but that this very want of natural affection, spoken of in the Scriptures, is a selfish clinging to one's own, and allowing the rest of the world to go to destruction?"

It was evident that Mrs. Hervey was convinced, by her own reasoning, that suicide was her duty. A counter-conviction was difficult to produce. I gave her the medicine indicated by her symptoms, and left her very much saddened.

I was hindered from visiting her again by being called suddenly home on account of illness in my family. In a week I returned, and called at once on Mrs. Harvey. I found her pale and almost tottering, yet evidently nerved for a great effort. She was to leave at five o'clock, P. M., for a long journey. Her father had been taken ill at Graydon, and she was going to him, alone, with her child. My heart leaped for joy as I learned this last fact, though it was evident from the way her husband went on with the packing, that the disappointment so trying to an invalid, of being too late for the stage, was in store for her. She would have to wait till the next afternoon. Her husband would not allow her to pack even a dress that would be spoiled by crushing. She must wait, a looker-on, till she saw it crushed into a hole into a corner of the trunk, where it must be inevitably spoiled.

When the trunk was packed, the husband drew his wife away, whispered to her, put a purse in her hand, and left the room. I saw at once he wanted to leave his wife alone with me, in order that she might pay my bill. He thought I would take from her a smaller sum than if he settled with me—I almost thought aloud, "*consummate* meanness!"

Mrs. Hervey approached me, holding the purse in her hand as if it were poison, and blushing scarlet, she said, "Your bill, doctor."

"I only ask that I may be allowed to serve you again whenever and wherever you may need my service." Before she had time to thank me, I said, "You will not go till to-morrow, and I shall call on you again, and—"

She looked up at me with such a sorrow-stricken expression, that I almost regretted having alluded to her inevitable disappointment.

"Don't regret that you are detained, my dear madam—I want to see you and offer you some unprofessional advice."

Next day I called as I had promised.

"I am going to my father," said she, hopefully, "and in nursing him I shall rest, and Eva goes with me. I know I can not lose my father now—God will not take him, and so I am happy and hopeful in going to him—and I shall see my old home and friends."

"These things are only palliatives, Mrs. Hervey; you can never be happy till you use your rich powers untrammeled."

"I can never, do this," said she. "My school is broken up, I fear, never to be resumed. My husband thinks nothing should be done without revelation, and I am uninspired, and can do nothing right. He binds me every way."

"You must burst your bonds."

"I can not, I am too weak—I shall not attempt it."

"Then you deserve to die or suffer!—you are stronger than your tyrant, if you will but use your strength."

"You do not know my fear of doing wrong, or my weakness," said she, and she bowed her head and wept.

"Words are vain," said I—"you must live on, your hour will come."

"In death," said she, and we parted.

I am satisfied now, since I have reflected on this matter, that this woman will be emancipated. When once she sees what she ought to do, she will be as resolute to act, as she has been to suffer.

Chapter Fourteen.

SEPARATION.

I FOUND my father better, much better.

"Mary, my child," said he, "I feared I should not see you again, but, thank God, you are here."

Dr. Alden smiled on my father. "Who writes himself *A Theos* now?" said he.

"I have always had a God, but not your God," said my father "My God is Truth; I will spare you a definition of yours."

Slight as this confession was, I was very thankful for it. True it is, God had become much less a terror to me, and my religion more a blessing than formerly. Still, I had the feeling that my father was plucking down upon himself the wrath of Heaven for his unbelief. Any faith seemed better than none, and I asked that my father should believe, not so much to obtain a blessing, as to avoid a curse. I trembled still, when I heard him say, "I am an honest man, and honestly confess my lack of faith. Now, if your God is not satisfied with my poverty, as he is the father and owner of every good gift, I will thank him to enrich me with any quantity of gospel faith. It will cost him nothing, and I am ready to be a very humble recipient of his bounty."

I was not nearly as great a fool as I had been in years past, but still I feared a judgment on my father for these irreverent remarks, and I was very much afraid he would be taken from us.

"Mary," said he, "I suppose you expect I will get sick again directly, and die certainly for my irreverence, and lest this should happen, I want to go home. I have a great fancy for dying at home, begging Dr. Alden's pardon for excusing him from being

in at the death. Now, my girl, can you be willing to start for home to-morrow, and see no one in Graydon, except Dr. Alden and the good friends who have been helping your mother nurse me these ten days."

"Certainly, my dear father; can you doubt my willingness to go with you?"

"I would not ask you, my poor girl, for you look as though you had been sick a year yourself, but we shall need your help —your mother is very much worn."

I said nothing of my illness—I did not feel ill in the slightest degree—I had escaped from Hervey, and my father was better—I thought only of enjoying my present rest. We left Graydon in the morning. My father bore the journey well for half the distance, when he was seized with a severe relapse of his complaint. Here then we stopped in the beautiful town of C——. We remained two weeks, when my husband, quite unexpectedly to me, made his appearance. My father was rapidly mending. The town contained a large society of Quakers, and Hervey found himself much at home among them, and proposed to remain during the winter. His coming had paralyzed me. I thought I had recovered my strength, and I was certainly living a year in a day, when he arrived, but I sunk into a sort of lethargy as soon as I saw him for an hour.

My father had strength to pass through the severest of his illness in a few days, and gradually he grew better, and when he was able, the only protectors I had, left me. But this was not much. Protection comes from within, and not from without. No man nor woman can be protected from inherent weakness, or wickedness. Hervey had been all the time, since his arrival in C——, waiting for "a revelation from the Spirit," after the manner of "solid Friends," to know whether he should remain for the winter, and avail himself of my services for his support, and also be enabled to add something to his treasured hoard in the trunk, which he daily counted, for his comfort and spiritual edification. I remember adroitly stealing a sixpence one day from the heap of silver coin which I had earned (he was careful not to keep paper money), and he was obliged to count the whole over, again and again, and when he could not make out the

amount, on account of the missing sixpence, he at last reluctantly admitted that he had made a mistake in reckoning—a very remarkable admission, as he was always in the right, in his own eyes, notwithstanding the general confession that he was "a miserable sinner," "totally depraved," etc., etc.

He waited for a revelation, till I was aroused from the mental paralysis caused by his coming, and I asked to know when I might be allowed to go to work.

I wish to say a word here respecting this doctrine of Special Revelation. It seems to me a sort of superstitious testimony to the value of conscience, instinct, or individual life—the inner voice that decides what we may, and what we must do. I have as much love for this living individualism, this acting and growing from the purest love, and the best wisdom of my being, as I had while living with Quakers, professing the doctrine of obedience to the Spirit, and yet crushing the instinct or revelation in my soul, and striving to make myself by the pattern of the Elders, even though all real and true life was killed by their despotism. Whether we call the Divine decision in us, with regard to the manner of our being and doing, "revelation from the Spirit of God," or "angelic guardianship," or common sense, we must, in order to live truly and happily, be obedient to it; and if this, our best wisdom, is a morbid condition, a diseased want of all power to live and act in a manner to be useful and happy, as was truly the fact with Hervey, we must live in our punishment. The Law of God justifies itself by giving us health and happiness, when obeyed, and justifies itself by making us miserable, when we go wrong.

Alas! for Hervey—he had the double responsibilities of deciding for himself, and for me, when he could do neither. I waited for the Revelation, till I was many times weary of being the slave of a weak and driveling man, but weariness does not emancipate; even suffering agony does not at once emancipate; but all are conditions, steps in progress.

At last I was informed that we were not to remain in C——. We were to go to a city that I can not name, for reasons that will be sufficiently obvious to many before I close this chapter. Thither we went, and I commenced teaching large classes.

I had begged for the smallest portion of my earnings with many

tears. I had felt the chain of impossibility upon my spirit, because I had no money. Suffer as I might, I could not escape, for I had no means. Hundreds of miles must separate me from my parents, and I could not reach them without money. Here is the key to the dungeon of woman—man owns the property. I came to be possessed with the desire to have money sufficient to carry me home. I thought of it day and night, and at last a seeming accident favored my strong purpose. Hervey always stood at the door of my lecture-room, and received all money paid by my classes. On one occasion he was unaccountably late. He was *never* in season anywhere else. I took twenty dollars of persons who had not tickets for the course before he came, and as I had never done such an act before, he seemed to have no suspicion of me. But when I had the money, how was I to secrete it! I had no place that was sacred from him. I thought, and considered, and yet came to no conclusion. I at last determined to take it to a lady with whom I had recently become acquainted. She was a receiver of the doctrines of Swedenborg, or, to use the language of the sect, "The Truths of the New Church." As I was reading the works of the Swedish Seer with great interest, I was much attracted to this lady, who was beautiful and intellectual, though slightly eccentric. I thought I could trust her with my misery, as she must understand what true and false marriage was, from the writings of Swedenborg. It was difficult for me to make a confidant of any one in the matter. I had a great unwillingness to speak of my evil estate. I wanted to endure it in silence, till I grew strong enough for escape—but my purpose to have money to get away, if I ever gained strength in myself, was so strong that I at length went to Mrs. Brenton, my new friend. In a few words I told her the conditions of my life, and asked her to keep my money.

"My dear creature," said she, "I have been making up my mind for a week, to tell you a story that might be a twin to yours, only that my husband is worldly wise, and yours religiously a fool. I have some money hid for just the same purpose—you may put yours with it, and welcome; but I warn you that Mr. Brenton goes everywhere in my world, as Mr. Hervey does in yours. If he finds the treasure he will take it, and we shall be

able to sympathize over our mutual loss." She laughed lightly as she said this, and I said, "You can not be so wretched as I am, for you are merry."

"Did you ever hear of a certain class of people down South, who wish very much to go to Canada, and yet have merry dances and songs every night?" said she, laughing more lightly. "There is no Canada for us; I know of no place that I could escape to in this world, and I really can't see any use in my hidden store of money. I am at a loss about it. I may use it to buy a halter and a shroud, and I may buy a new party-dress, and be very pretty, and very merry, and make my husband proud of me, and my lady friends envious. As far as my true, deep life is concerned, I am like one in fire. I am robbed and spoiled. My reason sometimes totters—my life is foul with evils, from which I can see no escape, but by going into the Spiritual World. If I go a suicide, then I must wander, perhaps more unhappy than I am here. I am sometimes sorry that I ever read the Heavenly Doctrines. Oh, I am very wretched." The tears ran down her beautiful cheeks. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her forcibly, and she said, "Let us go to Mr. ——, our New Church minister; he may be able to advise us."

I said, "I must go alone if I see him, and I think I will see him. He must understand the falsehood in which I am compelled to live. He may be able to advise me."

"Well, I will have the benefit of your experience," said she, "and perhaps one prescription will do for both," and the merry light of a smile shone through her tears.

I left her, and went directly to the house of Mr. ——, the New Church minister. He was in his study with his wife. It was the hour of lunch, and the gentleman had before him a tray, with some slices of ham, some bread and butter, some pound-cake and brandy peaches, and a bottle of wine. As I had for years abstained from all animal food, and had even a Jewish and Braminical horror of pork, and as Swedenborg had been especially recommended to me, because for thirty years of his life he had lived as simply as Plato and Pythagoras, and had said that the eating of flesh was profane, I was not pleased with the minister's luncheon. I was still less pleased with his personal

appearance. He was a stout, red-faced man, stiffened with gout or rheumatism, and an unnatural fullness of all his limbs and joints. He looked as though he lived upon brandy and beef-steaks, and that his conceptions of angels must be very gross and unethereal. His wife was a thin, pale lady, with a very deathly complexion, false teeth that did not fit, and a meek and suffering manner. In all her seeming there was an air of lady-like refinement and Christian resignation. Every thing in and around her, from the husband and the room where she sat, to her ill-fitting teeth, bore the impress of another's will, and said, " I am not living, but waiting to die."

How was I to tell such a man, in the presence of such a woman, my sad errand ?

I determined to deal in generals, and I asked him if he could loan me Swedenborg's " Conjugial Love." I felt betrayed the moment I had spoken.

" There must be preparation and receptivity," said he, " when one reads this work ; are you ready to read it, do you think ?"

I replied that I thought I was prepared to receive the Truth, by great suffering in the Evil and the False.

" Many are seeking to justify themselves in evils and lusts, by New Church Truths," said he, taking a mouthful of ham, which he washed down with a glass of wine.

" You have no right to class me with these, because I ask you to loan me a book."

He rose in rather an irritated manner, though he could not achieve the standing position rapidly.

" I am honestly seeking the Truth. I am very wretched. I believe the Truth is to set me free from wretchedness, from the False and Evil."

He seemed to understand perfectly my thought and feeling, though I said so little.

He turned slowly and stiffly, and looking me full in the face, he said, " I shall not encourage you in your willfulness. I have no doubt you are one of many women who are in great evils. Did you not come here to complain of your husband ?"

" I did," said I, though I was very much ashamed that I had come to such a man for any purpose.

"Let me tell you, madam, you are bound to your husband—bound to live with him and obey him, unless he is guilty of adultery, or insane enough to endanger your life. No other conditions absolve you from your marriage vow. The New Church doctrines will not justify any in plunging into evils and disorder."

I rose to leave. I said, "This is your best wisdom?"

"It is, madam," said he, very sternly. His wife took my hand and gently and sadly pressed it, and said, "We are nearing the Spiritual World, where flowers bloom, and where there is true marriage." I came away with less reverence for the authority of a Christian minister, time honored and held sacred by the many, than I wished to feel. I love to reverence, and I would deal gently even with shams, if I could, that I might preserve the happiness of feeling that there is a higher life than my own abounding all around me.

But where was I to hide my little hoard—the price of freedom? I made an opening in the lining of my reticule, and put the bank notes between the lining and the outside of the bag. The next day I went out for a little time, and when I returned, Hervey stood by the table holding the reticule in one hand, and my money in the other. I had never had the least power of self-assertion in his presence before. I now went up to him, and took him by the arm, and said, "Give me that money—it is *mine*." He handed me the bills without a word. At the end of the week, when our board became due, he said, "Pay it—I shall not." I paid ten dollars, and at the end of the next week, when the bill came in, he said again, "Pay it—I shall not."

My money and my hope vanished together. On that day I was to give my last lesson to a class of appreciative pupils. A committee was appointed to wait on me with a present. It was a pretty purse containing $35 in gold. It was wholly unexpected, and came like manna from heaven, for I felt that I must go to my father's house or die. I could no longer support my life without rest. I wanted to go where I should see no Quakers for a season. Their forms and peculiar asceticisms had gradually ceased to be important, and some had grown irksome to me. I saw no great Christian self-denial in wearing a plain dress of the costliest material, or in spending an entire day to match a

particular shade of drab for one's bonnet-strings. I now wore a simple cottage straw hat, without ribbons, a plain collar, and my hair curved a little on my forehead to relieve the ugliness of a straight line. These slight marks of taste, and my persistence in literary pursuits, made me very unpopular among Quakers, and called down on me rebukes from Hervey, which were little short of maledictions.

I wearied of the religious meetings of the Society. Silence and monotony, without sympathy, tired and tormented me. I had known the silent melting of hearts when I was one of them. Often had the spheres of the loving, innocent, and simple-hearted among them enveloped me, sweet, subduing, and blessed as music, or perfume from heaven. But that day had passed. The innocent and simple-hearted had been poisoned with prejudice. I was becoming "unfriendly." This word means to a Quaker what "disorderly" means to a Swedenborgian; and wo to the member who loses caste among "Friends." They are cut off from the rest of the world; and if "put in Coventry" by their brethren or friends, as they style themselves, they are soon famished for want of sympathy. Spiritual starvation is a fact too stubborn for most mortals. The Quakers feel its power in producing conformity, though they may not know how these results are produced. I could not stay away from meeting. This course would have produced a war at once between Hervey and myself; and when I went, there were always some to look rebukingly at my bonnet and collar, and, as the children say, to "make great eyes at me."

When I told Hervey that I was going home, he at first would not believe me serious; and when he found that I really meant what I said, he remarked that people did not usually travel without money. I replied that I had money. This answer made him silent for a little time, and then he asked if my pupils had made me a present. It did not seem strange to him that they had, for at this time he wore a watch that a class had presented me just before my last illness.

He saw that I was determined, and he only said that if I returned home to rest and regain my strength, he would attend the New England yearly meeting of Friends. I saw that no diffi-

culty was likely to arise between us on account of this act of my own, almost the first I had ever ventured upon. I was glad; for the sword that hung over me by a hair, was his power to take my child from me.

When I left him to return to my parents, I fully intended never to live with him, or submit to his rule again, unless he forced me to do it, by taking Eva. I was willing to work for him as a bond slave, and faithfully give up my earnings, as I had ever done, but the punishment of living with him was like Cain's, greater than I could bear. I did not allow him a glimpse of my purpose. I was willing to be deceitful to gain time to rest. Until his accusation, uttered in presence of my parents, they had never suspected that aught was amiss with us, only that my husband was too inefficient to support his family, and that, consequently, the whole burden fell upon me. My father's health continued poor, and I wished to return home on his account as well as my own.

I returned to my parents with Eva. My husband satisfied his roving disposition by attending meetings and visiting about for some time. I can give no idea of the rest I enjoyed. At home my long-increasing strength reached the point of a resolve, and I determined no longer tacitly to live a lie, but to break the bond from which my whole being revolted.

I wrote to Hervey that I was convinced there could be no marriage where there was loathing instead of love. I explained to him my views of the unsanctified and unholy nature of our union, which was, in fact, no union, but a discord, the most harsh and horrid to me. I told him I would be his friend—that I wished to retain Eva as much as I wished to live; but rather than continue in our unhallowed life, I would resign my child and my good name, if he could find it in his heart to take them.

This letter convinced him that I was insane. He could not understand how the supple and obedient being he had so long made to obey his will with a word should become, all at once, so strangely unavailable. But when he came to see me, and hear me calmly tell him that I would never again consent to live with him, he began to see that I was in earnest. He threatened and he besought by turns. My father awed him; but when he was not present, he threatened me in the most ignominious manner.

He said he would advertise me, that I should contract no debts on his account. To those who knew that my exertions had been for years our only support, this would have been a laughable and pitiable advertisement. With characteristic economy, he told me he should only advertise in a sufficient number of papers to make the matter legal, on account of the expense. Miserable as the whole affair was, I laughed heartily at this proposal, and told him I would get the advertisement inserted in papers for which I wrote, without expense to him. But a war of words was not to be waged with a man to whom the law gave power to take my child and my earnings, and to force me to his home, if he could provide one.

I begged my father to make terms for me. He frightened Hervey by telling him that he would bring a suit against him for money that he had advanced for us at different times, if he did not leave me and my child in peace. This was the turning-point in my destiny. Hervey chose to leave me in possession of Eva, rather than pay money to my father.

My library had been left in the care of a gentleman who had taken the house where we resided. Many of my books were gifts from their authors; others I had bought by sacrificing absolute necessaries that Hervey had allowed me money to purchase. These books, he told me, were his property, and that I could not keep the most precious souvenir among them, unless I paid him its price. And what had I to offer in payment? I knew that they were legally his, and so was the money I had earned, and which he then had. I was more grieved to part with my library than with silver or gold. After he had left me, I sadly thought of my blessed books, which were just about as valuable to him as so much blank paper; indeed, he had told me he should sell them at auction. While I was pondering the subject, the gentleman in whose care they were left, having learned that I was likely to be robbed, sent the books to my father, carefully packed in boxes. This was most kind, and I have not yet ceased to be grateful to this friend.

My father was still suffering much from the consequences of his illness. His little property was invested in our comfortable home, and now that he was unable to attend to [illegible] active

business, he had little else than the roof which covered us to offer me. We had heard no tidings from Arthur for a long time.

The last time I saw Hervey was a dreadful discipline to me. I had been annoyed and tortured by his following me, and speaking to me in the street, in the post-office, and in bookstores, until I dared not go out. My father said to me, "Mary, don't plague yourself to death about that scoundrel. I will frighten him in his pocket, and he will run, and you shall have some peace." And then he whispered through his shut teeth, "The infernal villain!" I began an apology for Hervey to my father. I said what I had often said to myself, "He does as well as he knows." My father turned toward me with the fiercest look that I ever saw shoot from his perforating eyes; I see that look now—long since those eyes were closed in death—as plainly as I saw it then.

"Don't say that to me," said he. "Hervey is a wretch, or you are."

I closed my lips, and left my father to an opinion which was not to be changed. With all his philosophy, he never could see the necessity in a man's nature that makes him a rascal.

The day for the final adjustment of my position with regard to Hervey had come. I dreaded to see him. I was infinitely wretched at the thought of him. I lay upon the couch with Eva's arms twined around my neck, and her tearful face buried in my bosom. "I will never leave you, mother," she whispered, trembling through every nerve in her little body. I had much confidence in my father, and yet I dreaded Hervey more than any living creature. He came at last, and I felt myself blind and suffocating when he seated himself at no great distance from me, and bade Eva come to him.

I tried to disengage her hands from my neck. I did not wish to grieve or anger her father at our parting. But she could not be induced to leave me.

"Mother, mother," she sobbed, and clung to me as if her life depended on that clasp.

I was outwardly calm, and none would have thought, to look at me, that I had not "a seeing eye" and a determined heart. The last I most certainly had. At that moment I would have been

torn to pieces, drawn asunder by wild horses, sooner than have returned to that man. But I could only see darkly, and I felt as if choking all the time.

My father stated to Hervey distinctly that he was to leave me and my child with him, that he was not to claim my earnings, or persecute me with his presence. "If you do as I ask," said he, "I will give your wife and child a home, and you shall not be required to pay any money you owe me."

"But I shall by-and-by be compelled to pay for this home, so *kindly* given to my wife and child," said Hervey.

My father assured him that he would never ask any thing but his absence, and that he would surely compel him to pay his debt to him if he did not leave town within twenty-four hours for the place where he said he had provided a home for his family, and was determined to reside himself.

Hervey knew my father's determined disposition, and he promised to leave for his new home within the specified time.

"I think," said my father, "that it would be a symptom of manhood, if you should restore the watch you wear to my daughter, as it was a gift from her pupils."

Hervey refused to restore it, and hurried his departure to my infinite relief. For five hundred watches I would not have had him stay five minutes longer.

That evening a friend came in to say that he had left town. He saw him take the Eastern stage at five o'clock. The parting was over, and he was gone. Eva had and I had wept and trembled till the very air seemed full of terror and sadness. Now we were freed for a time at least. The next morning I rose early to walk to the post-office, the dread of encountering my husband being removed. I felt very heavy about my lungs and heart, and my head was a little giddy, but I thought walking would do me good. I had gone near half a mile, when there was a rushing into my throat, and strangling sensation. I coughed, and threw up a quantity of blood. I instantly retraced my steps, but the blood rushed so rapidly into the trachea, that it was with great difficulty that I threw it up fast enough to escape strangulation. I reached home apparently in a dying state. I lay down upon my bed expecting never to rise again. My poor Eva threw her-

self upon her knees, and with pallid face and streaming eyes prayed *to me* that I would live. She seemed to think that my life depended wholly on my will, and by all that she knew she must suffer if I was taken from her, she besought me to live.

I continued to raise blood in quantities varying from a half pint to a pint, for four days, when the hemorrhage gradually ceased During all the time I was only bathed and rubbed to equalize the the circulation, often drinking cold water. The family physician was very anxious that I should take the usual Allopathic remedies, but I kindly and firmly refused him. For a time it seemed to me impossible that I could live. My only care was my child. The rest of another world, of the grave, of any change from the life I had endured, would have been very desirable, but for the desolation in which I must leave her who had never found any living and satisfying sympathy but mine. She seemed to hold me in this world with a clasp of steel. I could not die and leave her to what she and I knew must be her fate, with her father and owner.

PART SECOND.

Chapter One.

THE LYCEUM.

THERE are providences which create us, which are, nevertheless, many of them, too painful for any willing retrospect. It seems that no honest effort for individual or general redemption can be in vain. A blessing must come to those who labor in loving earnestness for any in God's world. But the blessing often fails of being reflected back from those benefited, or for whom the good work was done or attempted. Whoever has looked much into his own heart or human history, individual or collective, must see that the greatest are little, the strongest are weak. Only the heroes of romance always conquer; only our ideal men and women always win in the conflicts of life. The most hopeful, trusting, and faithful of all God's creatures fail of hope, trust, and faith at times. They say, "Let this cup pass from me;" but the cup can not pass; it must be drunk to the dregs.

All things reflect each other. Not more surely is the fringe of willows reflected back from river, brook, or pool, than the life of man mirrors nature. Deadly fate-winds that blast utterly, tornadoes and storms, cooling breezes laden with perfumed dews, silver starlight, the pale, cool moon rays, all, and a thousand

more of nature's harmonies and discords, have their synonyms in the soul's mundane existence.

The sense of freedom, when I knew that Hervey was many miles away, when I lived day after day without his clutch on my spirit, was great joy. In a dungeon a man asks for freedom, not happiness In pain, we ask peace from its fangs, not other blessings. These may come, or not, as they may or must, but in pain, imprisonment, oppression, freedom from the evil seems to us the only happiness. Though I poured out my blood as water, and had been reduced into infantile weakness by the frightful hemorrhage, still my worn spirit steadily revived as the spring-time melted into summer, and my health became every day better and firmer. What if I were poor, and weak, and alone? What if I walked among the people a stained and disreputable person—a woman separated from her husband? What if the very air I breathed were thick with venomous scandal and lies? And it was so. But in the deep, dark ocean white pearls are found, and black clouds are edged with a brightness that attests the blue heaven beyond.

Angel women ministered to me in this time. The instincts of the true-hearted justified my act, though they had, perhaps, never in all their lives one glimpse of the essential queenship of woman, of her right to govern herself, and all that belongs to the domain of love. There were partisans for me and against me; prejudices were bitter on both sides, and little justice was done. By the many I was regarded as a woman who sought infamy, and found what I deserved. Hervey fostered this idea by vile insinuations of infidelity to him. Alas! there was no power in me to enable me to be faithful to myself, by being what he considered unfaithful to him, and no place in the world for such fidelity. If I had left a man who was loathsome to me, because I loved another, ever so noble or worthy of my love, no roof of friends would have sheltered me, no heart would have dared excuse me. I might protest against falsehood and abuse; I might assert my faith in spiritual union, as I did; and what I might do, that I did, not from calculation, but from instinct, the instinct of

growth and development. New England was full of neology at this time. What men were *not* to do, and what they were *not* to believe, you might hear proclaimed at every corner. Unconsciously they were obeying the Scripture—"Cease to do evil;" to "Learn to do well" was an after lesson, taught now by a few, who dare trust God and man—who believe in humanity.

Hervey's insinuations, suspicions, and mistrusts took form to himself. He doubtless believed that I was, according to his reading of the law, an adulteress, and he made every sphere as pestilential to me as he was able. The belief that I was his property, not only tainted all his acts, but also the feeling of the community. A slave who leaves his master is not only hunted by the man who owns him, but friends, neighbors, and citizens seek to protect the owner's right. The liberty of protest against a bill of sale, called a marriage certificate, was the beginning of a great germination of individual liberty for woman, and consequently for man. Men may tremble that this plant has sprung up in our midst, and they may pray that it may not grow, they may legislate that it shall not, but God's life is in it, and while they sleep or wake, and while they raise their heavy prayers to Him, who only hears to pity, and while they seek to crush its growth by laws that the heart will never own, the tree of individual liberty shoots ever upward.

But I must not forget my story in the crowd of thoughts and emotions; and here I must go back a little to a time previous to my separation from Hervey, and my last terrible illness from the bleeding from my lungs.

There had been a Lyceum formed in the town, and the Quaker influence had given woman a more equal share in its conduct than is common in these institutions. The practice of this Society in allowing women to preach, gives the semblance of more liberty to the sex. I say the semblance, for no true freedom can be assured to woman in any sect that makes marriage indissoluble.

There were lectures and debates in the Lyceum, and a few ladies read essays of their own, and more gave them to the president to read for them, to keep a little closer to the idea of feminine delicacy. The clergyman who was president of the Lyceum, was "a liberal" in religion, and patronized woman.

He was especially careful to be conservative and radical at the same time. He was sure that the "area of freedom" for woman could be enlarged without serious danger to the heels of hose, the elbows of boys' jackets, or his modicum of roast beef and plum-pudding. His wife had brought him a fortune of fifty thousand dollars, and a good cook always graced his kitchen. Why should he be afraid of spoiling public cooking? his own was safe, and he forgot to be cautious for others, in having no necessity to fear for himself; and then he liked ladies' society, and he was really a progressive man, and why should he not improve the best and most lovable half of the church to which he ministered! especially as there was really a demand for that sort of usefulness. He knew that it was not best to turn people away empty, when they asked even indistinctly for something new; and besides, there was beginning to be a call from the people for some amelioration in the condition of woman. He did not like vulgar movements, and he was disposed to take the initiative and improve the feminine mind, as one polishes silver with whiting, in a neat and genteel way, and not risk their making unskilled efforts of their own, according to a law made and provided for human growth, but which this learned gentleman somehow failed to understand.

And so the Rev. S. Silkenby formed a Lyceum, with a somewhat novel constitution and by-laws. Ladies were allowed liberty to vote, if there were not a quorum without them. They were also allowed to read essays of their own, or give them to the president to be read, while these same essays, written and read by gentlemen, would have been termed lectures.

The Lyceum was formed before any difficulty was known to exist between me and my husband. At the earnest request of Mr. Silkenby, I wrote a "composition" on the Sphere and Condition of Woman. I made the mistake of reading my own essay. Though this liberty was given me by the Constitution of our Lyceum, I saw plainly that Mr. S. had no notion that any woman would ever dare to avail herself of it. I also saw that I had, in his estimation, transcended the sphere of woman; in fine, I learned too late that I had well-nigh lost a friend by accepting a compliment as a real liberty. Besides, my essay was a chapter

from my own life, and a sure reflection of the lives of other women, not excepting the wife of the Rev. Samuel Silkenby.

The Lyceum was held in the church of the Rev. President, and on the evening that my paper was read, was crowded to suffocation. I stood in the pulpit, which was only made for one person, and its steps on either side were crowded with the best educated men in the town. There were three doctors, two lawyers, a poet and historian, a teacher, and half a dozen merchants, on those pulpit steps; and, wedged between stairs and door, in pews and alleys, were seen as many persons as could sit or stand. I looked over the large assembly, and thought of the mental darkness in which they groped; of the palsy of thought and affection in which they lived; and yet a desire for improvement, a prayer with many for elevation, was living, or struggling, below the mere wish for novelty, that had drawn them together. Many motives, the very least of which was any merit of mine, had collected that audience. The Lyceum, and its president, were popular. Its meetings took the place of a theater or concert, and furnished almost the only intellectual excitement of our quiet town. The circumstance that a woman was to occupy the pulpit—not to preach or lecture; oh, no, such a thought was not entertained—drew out the audience.

I stood in that pulpit as in a mist. I felt, rather than saw, the people before me. And full of my subject, impressed with a sense of its terrible importance, I spoke of the sphere of woman, that undefined, and seemingly undefinable, thing; that space which has no center, and can have no circumference, no divine limitation, fixed by the achievements or failures of a fair and free trial of all her powers; because no such trial had ever been allowed her. Ministers and laymen have attempted to define and limit her sphere, but as yet no individual woman has been left free to do this for herself. No woman asks, What *can* I do? but What *may* I do? And if the energy for doing becomes commensurate with the necessity for having things done, if woman leaves the towpath of custom, or, in vulgar parlance, goes out of her sphere, ministers and laymen stand ready to lash her back with the scorpion whip of public opinion. No one *now* needs go amiss of the common story of woman's wrongs and disabilities, but then and

there, I numbered her curses, almost for the first time, in the hearing of men and women in our "free country." Frances Wright had done the same a few years before; but she could hardly be said to speak to men and women, and her voice of noble utterance was drowned in the strong cries of "infidelity" and "license." I spoke of marriage as annihilation of woman, as often the grave of her heart and the destruction of her health and usefulness. As I stood above the people, the long vista of the future opened before me, lighted by the truth which flashed, in its fullness, for the first time, on my mind. A most holy calm spread through all my spirit, and an angel-life and an angel-utterance was poured through my being, and trembled on my lips, and then fell steadily, in burning words, upon the spirit of that audience, which seemed at that moment to be one being.

A beautiful child, golden haired, with eyes blue as heaven, but whose form was fragile as earth, passed before me, in matchless grace and glory, and yet weak and world-born. She held to her bosom a bright fiction—the legend of woman's charm, and love, and happiness; and she grew amid dewy flowers and rosy sunlight, till a woman's heart beat in her young bosom. As I spoke, my words flowed in musical numbers, and a poem fell from my lips; and my thought was, men will hear the truth, even now, if you set it to music, and fetter it with rhyme. And it was so. I saw that maiden, by fate or fraud, bereft of home, unskilled to dig, to beg ashamed, and then I saw her *sold* within those hallowed walls—to wedded wealth. She gave her youth, and falsely swore to love forever; and her life-long lie, her stony and dead heart, and babes cradled in sin, the sin of a loveless marriage, passed in a sad and awful procession before us. Those men, if their hearts had not been touched as with a live coal from Heaven's own altar, if the ideas had not been clothed in the beauty, and power, and poetry of an inner world, would have hurled me in wrath from my high place, and made me feel that truths like these must float, hated or unheeded, down the stream of time, and come to fruitage in eternity. But they were rapt away from the crime, the calculations, the discords of their sad and sinful earth-life, and for the moment they loved God, and *Truth, and* Virtue. Warm hands grasped mine at the close of

my lecture, and hearts of men were melted toward me in a loving enthusiasm of acceptance, that one day after were hardened, never again to be aught but stone. I knew it all. I foresaw my fate. I knew that the same multitudinous voice cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" and "Crucify him—crucify him!"

No one saw the way out of the wrongs I had so clearly shown, and the selfish instinct of preservation overbore all trust in the truth. Men do not believe in God, and, what is as bad, if not worse, they do not believe in themselves. But "woman's rights" became a fashion in this same region, some years after, and I sold the manuscript of this lecture, so far as it was written, to a man who gave it as his own, while its price gave bread to my child and myself.

There seems a dishonesty in thus selling the truth—but not long after the reading and improvisation at the Lyceum, I repudiated my relation to my husband, and became so unpopular, that the most liberal newspaper in the town, for which I had furnished unpaid tales and poems for a considerable time, refused to receive my contributions. The majority of the people hated and feared a poor, pale, shadowy woman, who was breathing prayers, and making efforts, for a true life for herself and all others, even under the very blight of death. Many, I think, were softened toward me, because they thought me dying. Mr. Silkenby came to see me, and his sympathy seemed, and I believe was, real. I was weak as an infant; and as I lay, pale as paper, yet with the light of unfailing faith and trust living in my eyes and illuminating my countenance, he seemed overcome. For an instant he laid his hand on mine, and said, "You look like the picture of Christ. There is a glory all around you. God grant that I may die in this faith, which will make you live, for you *will* live." There was life in his assurance—there was a blessing in the touch of his hand, momentary as it was. Oh! how I wished that his frozen, formal life had been melted for a little longer; but after the first few moments, he was the calm, careful, Christian minister, and not the loving, sympathizing, human brother. Alas! I bitterly felt, with all my faith and all my love, that I had no understanding brother or sister. I was alone with God and the angels. Men believe now in spiritual communications, by "rap-

pings" or otherwise. I want no better proof that angels minister to us in our lóneliness, in the entire restraint and denial of human sympathy, than the fact of my trusting happiness at that time. And now, in this day of universal bonds, when the thumb-screws, the rack, and fire-robe of an infernal moralism are fastened upon the soul, has not the prayer of our great agony gone up to our Father, with an importunity that can not be denied? Has not our want taken hold on angel-life, as a vacuum takes hold on water? "The Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence." Starving souls must be fed; and when the communion of life, which is love, is denied us everywhere, then must the angels walk again with man, and give him the love without which he must utterly perish, and which, in his insanity, he denies to his brethren and sisters in the body.

For a moment I had seen a real friend in Mr. Silkenby; but the cold, gray cloud of formalism closed over the sunny brightness, and he was no more. I soon began to gain strength. It was strange—I had bled three quarts in four days from my congested lungs, I was reduced to almost helpless weakness, and yet I lived. It was very strange that my life was spared through all. What a sweet and precious gift it seemed, when I looked upon Eva, my darling daughter! Great was our joy and thankfulness, but we rejoiced with trembling. Few had lived after so great loss of blood. It was very probable that I should sink, in a wasting decline, in consequence of such profuse hemorrhage. The physician who attended me was a stranger, for I would not consent to call Dr. Hall. The sight of him would have recalled past suffering, and would have agitated me more than I could have endured safely; but this was not my reason for refusing to seek his wise care and his most kindly sympathy. I was fully determined to give Hervey no excuse for his taunts and suspicions.

My physician was a disciple of Hahnemann, and a very sensible man; therefore he prescribed air, and exercise, and careful diet, and regimen without medicine, and left me at liberty to use as much of cold-water cure as my weak state would admit. Slowly and surely the life came again into my emaciated form; *my pulse again* beat with strength, and my spirits became cheer-

ful. Some thoughtful friends (not Quakers) sent me money, which gave me sustenance, and peace, and thankfulness at the same time. When once more I went into the open air with Eva, the bloom of the deepening spring was upon the earth. A fragrant balm, from an Eden of bliss, seemed to rest down upon me and overwhelm me. The breeze, that came laden with sweets from the apple blossoms, was instinct with holy life. The clouds floated above me, in motion and rest combined, like the soul, swayed by the divine life, which feels a heavenly calm within the wildest and stormiest conflict of this world-struggle. The flowers had each a beautiful soul, beaming through its lovely petals. Even the hard mother earth, with its woods, and rocks, and streams, seemed filled with a most beneficent life, that was bursting from every pore, and living in every blade of grass, and every seed and grain of corn, and all leaves and blossoms and fruits, to bless her children. Truly I was born again in this day, and God, the God of Love, was my Father. Oh, how truly I trusted him! How meekly and sweetly I said, *He knows best!* Trial, toil, and crosses had made my present rest a heaven. To pillow my Eva's head upon my bosom; to picture, in fancy, how I would teach her, and how her mind would unfold under my culture, was indeed a feast. At this feast the death's head appeared. I thought, what if Hervey should claim her! But we only clung closer to each other for the danger, and banished the unwelcome idea as soon as possible. I trusted much in my father's power to protect me, but he daily grew more infirm and ill. Still, I believed that he had yet many years to live.

Chapter Two.

A MODERN MINISTER.

THERE are many things which we may do, Mrs. Hervey, and many which we may not do, even though they may be just and right. Cold weather makes us vigorous, but we can't live out doors in our climate. The rich man's wealth might do the poor man good, save him from starving, perhaps, and it may be clearly his duty to pay better wages, and even to devise and furnish employment to women and children, but we can't compel him to do right. I might preach such truth to him from the pulpit, till he would refuse to hear any from me. Would that be good policy?"

Thus spoke the Rev. Samuel Silkenby, after reading a sermon which I had written for him on the rights of labor, and especially on the right of women to adequate remuneration.

"I have no doubt you are right—you always are, though sometimes very prophetic; that is, your right belongs to a millennial period, and not at all to the present, and you are not a patient waiter. You should remember that when Pat got pushed off the sidewalk for being in too great a hurry, he picked up his bruised bones, and said consolingly to himself, 'A patient waiter is never the loser.' Now I would not insist on any truth, not even that a man was going to destruction, till he stopped his ears and would not listen to me at all. It is not good policy."

"I thought," said I, "that honesty was the best policy for a Christian minister."

'Those old proverbs often mislead us," said he, blandly. 'Truth is a drug which men are not willing to take, unless it is

disguised and sweetened to their taste. I am more and more conscious that truth for the people should be embalmed in beauty."

"Men embalm the dead," said I, "and a living truth needs no protection."

Mr. Silkenby blushed slightly, and said, "Why do I not see you at church? I believe you go nowhere."

"Why have I not seen you here for four weeks?"

He blushed more deeply, and was beginning to speak of occupation.

"You need not be afraid of speaking too much truth to me," said I. "I am not one of your congregation. You do not find it good policy to call here."

Mr. Silkenby was really moved. I saw and felt it, though he gave slight sign of feeling any emotion.

"Society, with its ignorance and prejudice, is a bad tangle to find one's way through," said he. "You know my respect for you—put half as much truth in that sermon I have returned to you as there is now, and I will preach it. 'Provide things right in the sight of all men,' is a good text. I should like to say something on labor. Its dignity ought to be better understood. Now, I saw my own wood in winter, and work in the garden in summer;" and he glanced pleasantly and admiringly at his small white hand.

I saw he was willing to evade the question why he did not call on me, but I had a mind that he should not, and so I said again, "My father has missed your calls."

Again he became nervous, but bracing himself as if with a great effort he said, "I can not come. I am not strong enough. Yesterday, two ladies of my church expressed opinions of you that made me absolutely faint. I will have the merit of candor in this matter. There are ladies in my church who really believe that you are an infamous woman, because you have left a husband who is no more hateful to you than theirs are to them; and their words of you are most painful. I must bow to public opinion. I am the servant of my people."

A righteous indignation filled my heart, and coursed through all my blood as he spoke. I must have been dumb to have kept

silence. I fixed my eye full and clear upon him, and said, "If ever the miserable, legal harlots of your church come to have the least understanding of true purity, they will kneel before me in reverent thankfulness for what I am, and for what I have done for a true life."

"I believe in you," said he; and he gave me his trembling hand, saying, "one can not condemn one's own life. I can not cut myself off from usefulness, and I am not called to crucifixion for the truth. The world is growing wiser and better. I would advise you, but I fear no one can. If I never see you again, *trust me*."

"I can trust you," said I, "that you will always understand that I aim at the highest truth and goodness, whether you make any attempt to explain the law of my life to others or not. I can trust that you will be honest, when the majority of those whom you serve demand honesty."

"Why should we cast pearls, etc.?" said he, smiling sweetly.

"The children of this world," I replied, "are wiser than the children of light. I *feel* that there is sophistry in your reasoning. I may not have intelligence enough to demonstrate it. I think I have not, for two reasons perhaps. One is, you can not make the blind see, if you pour floods of light upon them. Again, I am a woman, and therefore not a logician—not a philosopher."

"I am sorry to see such an affectation of ignorance and mental inferiority in you, Mrs. Hervey."

"And I am sorry that you can not give me the credit of honesty, even as I have given you the discredit of dishonesty. It would take longer than the last moments of a call to tell you my creed concerning the differences in the mental constitution of the sexes. One thing I know: I have received principles into my mind and heart, but I have never discovered them. The words of a wise Christian philosopher are, 'Man is wisdom—woman is love;' nevertheless, man is not without affection, and woman is not without wisdom."

"I thought," said Mr. Silkenby, "that you would move heaven and earth to prove the equality of the sexes."

"They are about equal now," said I, "for the men are fools,

and women sufficiently unloving. But what do you mean by equality? If sameness is needful to equality, then it certainly does not exist. That a porcelain cup is as honorable as an iron pot, few will deny—not equal in strength, but beauty is a good that we need not exchange for the ability to bear blows. But I can not bid you good-day yet. You must see my father, and earn your disgrace for calling, by doing all the good you can."

"You are very severe," said he. "I am a slave it is true, but who is not?"

"There is a difference between the slave who tamely submits, and the one who struggles," said I.

"Yes, the difference that the one is treated kindly, and allowed a long chain, while the rebel is put in the stocks, and flogged, and otherwise punished."

"But if he earns freedom for many?"

"I am not to be called a martyr," said Mr. Silkenby, with the blandest smile, and the slightest possible shrug of his manly shoulders.

I saw the folly of attempting to move a man who has no motive power. He knew too much to be single-hearted. Necessity was *not* upon him—there was no woe for *him* if he preached not the truth. Indeed, he preached more, much more of a true gospel than most of his ministerial brethren. His great popularity was owing to this fact—he moved always as fast as the best majority demanded, and these rewarded him with praise and money, for speaking their thonght. Happy people! happy minister!

Fannie Lee! bright, pretty Fannie. How many flowers spring and fade along the path-way of life; how many threads, dark and brilliant, are woven in the pattern of one's existence, that are mere filling—they have nothing to do with the warp. The warp! which is the web of life, its threads, be they beautiful or ugly, run all the way through, and this material of life we do not make for ourselves. Fate furnishes it, and we may mend a thread that is broken, piece one that is wanting, or remove a "gnout" from the uneven yarn, but we can not make anew the basis of life. Are these threads silver or golden, such will they remain. The precious metal may grow dim, and be obscured to men, but it is never destroyed. If our life be copper, lead, or iron, we may

brush and brighten, but we can not change. Copper, lead, or iron we must be. So it is ordained.

Fannie Lee was a flower; what she should be in the future none could see. She sprang fresh and bright beside the dry and dusty pathway of common life, and none could pass her by without the tribute of a sweeter feeling to her presence.

She was my pupil for a time, and she dearly loved Eva and me. She brought me the first violets, and a monthly rose that she had raised from a slip, blossomed only for me; and once she wove a May basket of rushes, and filled it with darling flowers. There was a white moss rose hiding in the center, and heliotropes, and pansies, and modest lilies of the valley, and other fragrant and most delicate blossoms. In the first dawn of May morning she suspended this by a pink ribbon from the door handle of our little porch, that was a protection from cold in winter, and, overrun with jessamine, an ornament in summer. The sweet breath of the flowers met me as I unlatched the door, just as the first rays of the rising sun were gladdening the earth, and drinking the dew from the dear jessamine. I knew that Fannie had been there. I saw her handiwork in the plaited rushes, and her love in every flower. A paper lay on the top of the basket. It was probably placed there as soon as she was fairly out of sight of her treasured gift. It was scrawled by a rude hand, and had only these words—"*Gras Widowe.*"

Some boy, or man who did not know how to spell, but did know the law respecting a man's property in his wife, had penned this *delicate* rebuke, and placed it on Fannie's flowers. I threw the asp in the fire, and took the blooming basket to my father, and he welcomed it delicately as a girl, and the vulgar act did not hurt me, as it was hoped it would.

Fannie was just fourteen, petite, yet womanly. She was the niece of Mrs. Silkenby, and had come to her relatives for education. She was as pretty as a morning-glory, and wanted to climb about as freely. There was always a conflict between her young, natural impulses, and the rules of her delicate, formal, and fashionable aunt. Mrs. Silkenby was a pattern lady, born to inherit her father's fortune, and set a good example; to keep children in check, and young girls in their places. Every body said

she was such a proper wife for Mr. Silkenby, and they were such a handsome couple! Her taste in dress was irreproachable, and she set the fashions, much to the edification of merchants and milliners, being a sort of walking placard of "new and elegant assortments." Their presents of hats, brocades, and mantillas were profitable investments, and Mrs. Silkenby sustained the character of a cross between a milliner's block and a fine lady, with credit to herself and advantage to others.

Fanny had no more freedom than a bottle of Heidsick or sparkling Catawba. It was a question whether she would submit to be made a fine lady after the Silkenby pattern, or whether she would run away with any man, good or bad, who promised relief from her present thralldom, by substituting the bonds of marriage. For the present, Fannie was one of my bright threads. What her fortune was to be, I did not look in palm, cards, or cup to divine.

One day, when I was far recovered, she came gayly in, saying, "Sport, Mrs. Hervey. I have been dying to do some mischief, or get out doors, or something, and now we are to have a pic-nic, a Lyceum pic-nic! Every body who has ever lectured before the Lyceum is to be invited. And the Transcendentalists who came over from England with Mr. Mooney, are to be there. I am sure uncle planned it all, but aunt and Mrs. Leeds believe they did it. Only think! we shall be all day in the woods, and I will make wreaths for Eva, and a crown for you—and we will be so happy!"

"But I am not to be there, Fannie."

"Nonsense! were not you one of the lecturers? You must, and you will go with Eva and me for company. I am so much obliged to uncle. I am sure I should have been in some fatal mischief very shortly, if the promise of this play time had not come to my relief. I am so tired of being hushed and cautioned. 'Be quiet, Fannie, don't talk so much.' I'll have a home and a husband of my own, and do as I please one of these days."

The poison of restraint had begun to work in suggesting such escape at this early age.

"Don't talk of getting married, Fannie," said I, "you might jump into the sea to get out of a shower."

"I don't believe I would," said the laughing girl, "and besides, I would rather be in the fire than in the frying-pan, and have the worst of it at once."

"Foolish Fannie!"

"Well, you don't know a bit about it, Mrs. Hervey. I wonder I am not changed into a pound of lead. I believe aunt wants to make me an oyster, for fifty times a day she advises me to shut up. If it were not for uncle Samuel, I should have got as far as a clam by this time, and I would have been an oyster with moss, by next year."

"You are nearer a moss-rose now," said I, as the round, bright face, with its curls around it, came dabbing into mine for a kiss.

"Bless you, my second mamma," said she, and a tear shone in her eyes, and then she darted off about the pic-nic. "We are going to have music, only think—Kendall's band from Boston; and cold-water toasts, and speeches. But I must tell you what John North said yesterday. Mrs. North is to make the sponge cake, and I was there to see about it. John wanted Sarah to tell him all about the pic-nic, because she was going, and he was not. Sarah tried to make an indentation on his thick skull, till I grew sober wondering at her patience. 'What do you want to have a party out doors in the woods for?' said John. 'Where's the sense on't, when folks has houses at home?' Sarah said it was a beautiful place, and then there is a great deal of room out doors; Brook Woods will accommodate more people than our church, and we are to have toasts and speeches, though we are to have a temperance pic-nic. 'Toast and water,' grumbled John, 'I never liked it, and I don't see as a miller had better trust his wife where he don't go himself.' 'And then,' said Sarah, 'that famous Transcendentalist is to make a speech.' 'There now, Sarah,' said John, in real earnest, 'I'll bet you what you dare, that he's the same dentist that boarded here last year, and went off without paying for his board.' '*Transcendentalist*,' said Sarah. 'Well, what new-fangled sort of dentist is that? May-be he pretends to be that kind this year.' I ran off while Sarah was again explaining, so as to be civil once in my life, and not laugh in John's face. Poor Sarah, to be schoolmarm to such a dolt all her days."

"Perhaps she could not do as she pleased at home," said I, smilingly.

This was ten years ago. For eight years I lost sight of Fannie. Last year she called on me in New York. She was married to a man little superior to John North, and had two children. The ghost of a smile flitted over her thin face when she saw me—that was all. "I was passing through the city,' said she, "and I felt that I *must* see you." She introduced her husband nervously, and glanced toward her children with a most weary look as I took a little hand of each.

"I am fatigued and ill," said she, "but I felt that I *must* see you. She was mother, nurse, and servant, with no ability to be either.

Fannie was lost. The brightest spark was quenched forever. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Chapter Three.

THE PIC-NIC.

I WENT to the pic-nic, and Fannie and Eva were my escort. There is a charm in the green woods, and a freedom in the open air, that no walls can shut in. O that every body could live out doors! that our climate and our people were Christianized into the health, freedom, and beauty of the out-door world. The squirrels and birds monopolize goods that man, with all his boasted wisdom, has not the least chance of claiming for many thousand years. That our climate is ever to be ameliorated, seems a visionary hope or belief, but "snows are not what they used to be;" and whether Mrs. Partington can trundle out the ocean with her mop, or we can warm the poles with a better life and culture for the earth or not, with the children and squirrels, I must love the woods and fields.

You may as well bottle sunshine, as transfer to any hall or house the electric joy that is the especial property of out-door life. Hills and valleys, forests and brooks, and sunshine over all, have a life all their own, which those who stay at home or ride in close carriages never know. A canter on horseback, a ride on top of a stage-coach with the driver, enable us to drink in rapidly the subtile life of nature, and are a greater good to strong or weak than silver or gold.

The pic-nic was a mile out of the village, in a fine old wood. There was a large knoll covered with oaks and other forest trees, and on its summit an opening where the trees were more thinly scattered. There were just enough for the finest shade, and *there was an* acre or more of deep-green moss, that the foot sunk

in to the depth of several inches. There were moss-covered rocks and soft knolls, that made seats for the elder and graver portion of the assembly, and the little folks sat in groups upon the ground. It was a grand and beautiful hall that nature gave us, arched with the blue heavens and curtained with green leaves, hung on the ancient boughs of mighty oaks, and the graceful limbs of saplings in their first fair prime, and the sunlight came trembling and flickering through all with a wondrous and magic beauty. I sat on a mossy couch with the children, and looked round on this gathering of village aristocracy, mingled with some of humbler pretensions. Across one end of the more open space were ranged many of the lecturers, who had from time to time enlightened the Lyceum. Most of them I knew. Near Mr. Silkenby were two gentlemen who were strangers, and I judged they were Mr. Lang and Mr. Lynde, the Englishmen who had come to America, seeking a land of promise and individual freedom at the same time. The elder of the two was a tall, hard, Scotch-looking man, who might be a communist, as he had the credit of being, but of whom, I was sure, I could never ask my own, either as a right or as a charity. He was keenly taking a survey of the scene. He looked as though he was appraising the oaks for shipping, measuring the sap in the maple trees, and calculating the number of pounds of sugar it would make. Such a commercial countenance hardly fitted the idea of communism.

His fellow-traveller was a much younger-looking and smaller man. His face was fair and beautiful like a babe's; his complexion was the rose and lily shining through a skin that was a transparent medium of a hereditary scrofula. His broad brow spoke an ample intellect, his deep-blue eyes had a brilliant light, and his under lip was full and loving. There was a radiance over his forehead and face that I have never seen, before or since. His hair was of a rich golden hue, and fell in massive curls, and was longer than the fashion then worn. His collar was turned over *à la Byron*, and yet did not look affected, but exceedingly graceful. His dress was neat and elegant in the extreme. He just escaped the suspicion of being an exquisite. There was a quiet and graceful dignity, a sort of unconsciousness in all his movements, that stamped him unmistakably a gentleman—a man

descended from remote generations, and at every degree from the highest ranks of culture and refinement. So noble and beautiful was his countenance, that one forgot that he was only of medium size. He was conversing with Mrs. Silkenby, and gracefully reclining toward her, while that lady seemed, for the first time in her life, to be consciously receiving honor and gratification, instead of conferring them. The elder gentleman was talking with Mr. Silkenby. Groups of glad, young people were setting the table, that is, they were spreading long, white tablecloths on the soft moss, and putting all sorts of eatables, the best and the worst, upon them. There were stuffed hams boiled, roast chickens, sausages, and mince pies, and other horrors compounded of the corpses of animals, with a great quantity of cakes, fruits, and other delicacies. There were pails of lemonade, and great lumps of ice, and clear spring water—it was a temperance jubilee. Hands were blistered in bringing heavy baskets, and jokes were made about "carrying things too far." It was a time of general hilarity, but I felt alone. Some of my best friends were not there, and others were too busy to come to me, and Mrs. Silkenby and her church aristocracy never saw me, or appeared to see me, on any occasion. One of the dearest friends I had ever had, called on me directly after my separation from Hervey, and formally withdrew from me her friendship. Said she, "You do not love your husband, and therefore you separate from him."

"I give no other reason," said I. She knew all my oppressions, but I never gave these as reasons for repudiating a false relation. "I can not justify you," said she, "without condemning myself. I do not love my husband. My life is horrible to me, but I must live it; for I have vowed at the altar, and I can not break my vow, or continue the loving friend of one who can." I was relieved that I did not see her dear, averted face in that company.

I looked toward the stranger, who still continued in conversation with Mrs. Silkenby. I could not turn away my eyes; my gaze was fastened there. I sat concealed from the group where he was standing, while I saw plainly. Presently they looked around as if seeking some one, and then they changed places so

as to see me. My eyes fell, but I felt that they were talking of me. Fannie came soon after, with a request from her aunt Silkenby that I would come to that side. I felt that she would not come to me, and I could not go to her. I said, pleasantly, to Fannie, "Tell your aunt that I am too comfortable here." Shortly, Mr. Silkenby came over and said, pleasantly and yet imperatively, "You belong with the lecturers at the other end. You are one of those who supplied my pulpit, and must not now be left out of the programme of proceedings." I passed over with him, and the clutch of the spirits of such as his wife was loosened from my heart. I felt a sense of freedom and elevation—a consciousness that though I stood so nearly alone, there was an essential queenship in my nature that the worldly slaves of outward laws and forms could never know. I felt the dignity of womanhood, and stood by Mrs. Silkenby as if I could give her alms. We spoke with bland civility, and she introduced me to Mr. Lynde, who was still standing by her side. I did not see him, but I felt his deep-blue eyes looking into my inmost heart. He spoke of the beauty of the spot, and of the children. I presented Eva to him, and he stood holding her little hand for some time. After the first few minutes, Mrs. Silkenby managed, by quite a dextrous maneuver, to recall Mr. Lynde's attention, and to engage him to herself, just as a movement was made to commence dining. As the crowd pressed forward, I was left next Mr. Silkenby—a juxtaposition which, under any other circumstances, he would have greatly disrelished. Some one suggested the place where Mr. S. was to stand to ask a blessing: he glanced around and said, in a low voice, to me, "God can't bless such food as that, and I shall not ask him." No one else heard the remark, and he gracefully waived his privilege of saying grace, and politely requested Deacon Story to attend to the duty. The good man felt highly honored by this deference of the pastor, and the people were satisfied, so that they had leave to eat.

Mr. Lynde kept Eva by his side, and I was content to be placed by chance, for I was in a charmed world. It is said that music harmonizes solid material, from the wood of a guitar or violin, to the walls of a hall where orchestras continually perform. Many souls have a sphere as sensible and musical as an æolian

harp; others radiate high orchestral harmonies. I know that this doctrine of spheres seems a special folly to men, who, nevertheless, take and give the small-pox, the plague, and more vital evils. Half the people we meet radiate more or less a death-sphere. There is a soul of evil and death in every plague particle that exhales from this human body; there is a loving life flowing from the pure in heart; and there is healing in the touch of love and sympathy—a blessing in the laying on of hands, when divinely authorized. How many are forever chained to a sphere of death, such as I had just escaped! The truth of my great deliverance had never come to me plainly and palpably as now. As I came near the cloth, I was placed next Eva, without any effort of my own, Mrs. Silkenby keeping near Mr. Lynde, on the other side. Never before was I conscious of the full beneficence of Fate. I stood there as one beatified, with the world shut out from me, and yet seeing, adoring, and loving it, through a glorified medium. No one could come near to me but for good. Like metal cased in wax, that no acid can corrode, I looked toward Mrs. Silkenby, and remembered her biting scorn, her haughty pride, as if it were a hundred years removed.

Plates of food were now selected, and we were allowed to form groups on the moss, to eat and converse.

Mr. Silkenby said to me, as he passed me a plate with a slice of bread and butter, "For years, Mrs. Hervey, I believe you have eaten only beautiful food—grains, fruits, and milk." I felt that the spell of my spirit was upon him, and that he could not eat flesh. He added; "I must join you to-day, and not stain this banquet with blood, while the blue heaven is bending over us, so pure and bright." He looked reverently upward, and did not see the frown that darkened his wife's face. She turned to Mr Lynde to recommend some cold boiled ham. "I never contest the possession of this animal with its Scriptural owner," said he. "Since the day that the whole herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, I have been willing that none should arise to dispute its destiny." He turned to me and said, "For twelve years I too have eaten beautiful food."

A blessing sprung from my heart to my lips, but I could not speak it. I felt, however, no need of words. I knew that I was

revealed, seen clearly as through a transparent medium. All my life, I had asked only to be known. For its fragments of knowing, I had given my best blessing to clairvoyance; but now I stood in a presence where a divine light shone, and illumed the past and the future.

Mrs. Silkenby said, blandly, to Mr. Lynde, "I must discuss this question of diet with you. I am afraid you are fanatical. I have to take good care of Mr. Silkenby. He is prone to new things, and particularly to these new notions about diet."

"Mr. Lynde's mode of living seems to be no new thing with him," said Mr. S.

"I can never discuss the popular diet at dinner," said Mr. Lynde. "I must be allowed to choose a more beautiful subject, and he glanced with unmistakable nervousness toward the plate of his lady neighbor. It contained a wing of chicken and a slice of ham. The husband was eating an orange, and had also beside him a plate containing some slices of pineapple, sprinkled with sugar, and becoming sweetened to his taste. Bread as white as curd, butter cooled with ice, an apple, and some almonds for philophenas completed his meal. Mr. Lynde gave me an apple, which he called the mother fruit of the north, and Mr. Silkenby gave me a portion of the prepared pineapple, after having in vain tried to get his wife to take some.

"I am not one of the ethereal," said she.

"Mrs. Hervey eats bread and butter like common mortals," said Mr. Lynde, turning the point of a sneer aimed at me, and smiling on the lady with a real appreciation—for she had some fine points, which he saw at once.

"What is the use of so much singularity about one's food?" said she, "I wish you would give me a reason, Mr. Lynde. I have never got one from Mr. Silkenby."

"After we have dined, you will find me quite willing to give one."

Not until the meal was fully over, and the fragments gathered in baskets, would Mr. Lynde enter upon the promised discussion. Mrs. Silkenby kept near him. She was queen of the *fête*, and she watched the removal of the edibles with interest, Mr. Lynde smiling at her eagerness. The time was drawing

near for the formal business of the day, the speeches, to commence.

"A reason before a speech," said Mrs. Silkenby, hurriedly.

Mr. Lynde said, quietly and most sweetly, "It is not beautiful to slay and eat animals. Death may not be an evil to the ox, or the lamb, or any of our mute friends, the brutes, but it is an evil to us. We love to think of the earth as the garden of God. The idea of an Eden life can not include the thought of slaughter. In a paradise of fruits and flowers would any man dip his hands in blood? Would any mother bind her son apprentice to a butcher? Would any one make himself a mausoleum for the dead, and carry on his countenance boils and blotches, as epitaphs of diseased animals, slain and buried there? I can not find liberty in my spirit to eat flesh. To me, bread is the food of mental and muscular strength, and fruit is the food of love and beauty."

Mr. Silkenby hung on Mr. Lynde's words, with a gentle and loving appreciation, that made me quite forget that he was the husband of Mrs. Silkenby, and a world-worshiper. True, he was no vulgar worldling. His idols were all beautiful, but they were idols still—made of the earth—without a living soul.

There was but one thing jarred upon me, in the new harmony to which I found myself translated. There was a method, a mannerism, a formality in Mr. Lynde's mode of speaking, that at first seemed not natural. I could hardly call it affected, but he made even a narrower escape from an exquisite and fastidious formalism in language, than in his apparel. I afterward saw that the external polish was a true expression of a faultless taste. To all he was the same elegant, methodical man—as symmetrical as a perfect tree, and yet with no intolerance of the rudest expression, if it were honest. He spoke to Mrs. Silkenby of not contesting the Scriptural ownership of the swine. Through a lifetime he could never have conceived of putting his thought in the common words, "I could not quarrel with the devil for a hog." And yet he would have smiled quietly, if another had spoken in this blunt way.

Chapter Four.

SPEECHES.

MR. SILKENBY was the first speaker. He held a list of the names of those who were to speak, and read it, remarking that if any one desired the order changed, he had but to signify the wish. My name was last—Mr. Lynde was next before me. At another time, I might have been agitated and nervous at the long interval. Now I was quiet. I had found "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and more than this, I had found a vine-clad arbor, laden with clusters of richest fruit, and the prophecy of my heavenly Father's beneficence was as sure in my spirit, as the sunshine that he shed over us all. Warm light was pouring through my being—a living, loving flood.

Mr. Silkenby made an address eminently like himself. It was a laudation of his people, and their improvement, and their benevolence in improving others. It was plain from his language, though he was not aware of the fact, that he could not look upon education as growth—a work done in and by the being—but he regarded it as something done for him, a gift bestowed, a polish put on, and valuable according to the quality of the donor, the educator. He could never trust humanity to grow—he was sure it would be wild, rude, and out of all symmetry, unless well and ably managed by men of just notions, like himself. The people were to be fed with truth, as babies are fed with pap, by enlightened nurses. They were to have just enough, and not too much, lest they should be made sick, and reject it. Mr. Silkenby was one of the ablest dry nurses of the church he served; and so far the digestion of his people had been perfectly preserved, and

their appetite satisfied, with the exception of an occasional grumbler, who, greedy for growth, had left the nursery, and set up for himself, without pap-spoon or bottle.

There was a glow of gratification passed over the audience as the fire of their self-love was judiciously fanned, that was doubtless delightful to all concerned. The reverend gentleman gave way to another speaker, while his delighted auditors indulged in the luxurious regret that their edification had not continued a little longer.

They had some cause, for the next speaker gave a dissertation on monuments, preparatory to a proposition, that one should be erected to the memory of a man killed by the Indians many years ago, when our fathers were making a home at the expense of the red man. He did not succeed in awakening any great enthusiasm, though no one proposed any opposition memorial for the Indians who were killed at the same time and place.

The next speaker took for his text "The Fatal Glass," and he dilated on the evils of intemperance with a good deal of force, and prescribed total abstinence with entire confidence. He said the most giant evils among us rested on intemperance in the use of ardent spirits. As those ancient philosophers who told the people that the world stood on a turtle, and did *not* tell what the turtle stood on, so our lecturer said nothing of the causes of intemperance. Hereditary and diseased cravings, coming from parents who had cursed their offspring and the world at the same time with their own evils, incarnated in their children; the blight of affection and aspiration, and the utter dissatisfaction that every noble spirit feels at the empty answer of its askings, were not alluded to by our "temperance lecturer." I had observed him chewing tobacco with great zeal before he began his lecture; or, as Mr. Lynde expressed it, he had been defiling the green earth, and insulting the flowers, by the poison that his most intimate life-juice was wasted in washing away; and yet he was a temperance man, and had a high opinion of his own holiness.

Our next speaker gave us a Fourth of July oration about freedom, equality, and universal suffrage. These performances have been well characterized as "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." True, orators can grow noisy, perhaps eloquent, about

a freedom which is *allowed* by a majority, and an equality which makes no two equal, and never can do it, because it is nothing that can be done; and in talking of it, they only mean that there is injustice and want of freedom everywhere. A strange boast is a universal suffrage, that excludes more than half a population from its universal privileges. If an Irishman can learn how to exercise the elective franchise judiciously while digging ditches and carrying a hod, in five years, can it be supposed that an American woman could learn the lesson in fifty years, having the same enlightened teaching which qualifies her son for the enjoyment of the right at twenty-one years? Our lecturer did not attempt to answer questions like these.

A historical lecture followed; but as no tables of chronology were passed round, I must plead guilty to not having preserved a great many dates in my memory; and as the events are familiar to every body, I leave them out, with the months and years in which they occurred.

A poem was next recited; and then a mock Fourth of July oration convulsed every body with laughter, from its exceeding naturalness and absurdity.

Then Mr. Lang, the commercial-looking gentleman, made a speech, which seemed to be as free from all selfishness as filtered water is of sediment. It rang clear and beautiful as a silver bell, and I should have been convinced, if ever such a thing had happened to me as having my instincts convinced against their own bright, or dark witness. But this man was so much more benevolent than Howard, that he regarded the whole world as a prison, and all men as very ill used, and much to be pitied, prisoners.

Mr. Mooney, another bland, kindly communist, who rejoiced now in having Mr. Lang's help in converting refractory Americans to a creed containing much love and no money, followed him, and seemed to be merely his echo. Both spoke of communism as being the "natural condition of man," in the reign of love that was "nigh us, even at our doors." "In this millennial period," said the speaker, "men will not buy or sell. The reproach of a market-place will not exist on our planet. We know now that love never reckons. Does the lover grudge any thing to his be-

loved? Does the mother"—here he hesitated for an apt expression, and the clear voice of that incarnated subversion of commerce added—"run up a milk score against her baby?" The illustration was so unromantically English, and so exactly what the mild communist wanted, that every body laughed either at the fitness or the homeliness of the thing. After these two Mrs. Partingtons had beaten back the waves of bargain and sale for an hour, prophesying, meanwhile, of a world full of peace and beauty, they paused to enjoy the effect they had produced. Every body was pleased: the Christian, that the millennium was indorsed; the moneyed men, that markets were not to be disturbed in their day, and wit, beauty, and poetry, of which there was no lack in the addresses of these gentlemen, always find appreciation.

There now remained only Mr. Lynde and myself to speak; but eloquence had been made so common, that to arouse the people and give them rest at the same time was a very difficult achievement.

For myself, I had no wish to be heard, though the courtesy of putting my name on the list had been observed; for my new-found friend I felt a tremulous trust, which was born of my intellectual perception of the weariness, or, rather, surfeit of those present, and a holy calm which wrapped and oppressed me, like a perfume-laden atmosphere. The inward and outward blending overcame me, as if the flush of apple blossoms, and roses, lilies of the valley, mignonette, and a thousand other dear and delightful fragrances, had formed an odorous and semi-spiritual bliss, in which I rested and bathed, as in an ocean of changeless and eternal life.

Impelled by a force as sure as the white-crested wave, and graceful as a cloud, resting yet moving, and seemingly a living thing against the violet light, that slight, golden-haired, and calm-eyed man arose. I heard him speaking. I felt the intense hush of the silence that fell around him, and for a time, not I alone, but all in that presence seemed absorbing at every pore the most beautiful wisdom, the most musical good. He spoke of our planet as an infinitesimal outbirth of the Infinite; as being created from the Uncreate; beautiful, because the soul of beauty was informing, and from hour to hour, from year to year, and

through all time, harmonizing this bud and blossom of the Eternal, which men call the earth. As he spoke of Being, the unfathomable, the measureless, the incomprehensible, we felt welling up within us the waters of life from the ocean of Being, and burning quenchless in our hearts, a portion of the fire-spirit that is at once the sun and soul of the universe, the father and the mother God.

He gave us the inmost definition of Faith, even our oneness with divinity—and thus we came to a self-reverence, and all things were sacred, not alone what men had written in Bibles, but what the spirit had written in all nature—in water musical with motion, or bound in icy rest, or hovering over the earth in mists, and rains, and snows, or spanning the heavens with the beauty of all the colors of light, or falling with the awful roar of the cataract, or dying with the dew-drop to live in all verdure and flowers, or embraced by the fiery love of the sunbeam, exhaling toward the sky. And the earth, whose patient and faithful soul bore all change, all sin, and all beauty, as the spirit wrought and ordered, and failed to order for a better till men understood the need and use of harmony, and gave themselves to the law of life, as the tree grows and fulfills its law of use and beauty.

Then, suddenly as a bud sometimes leaps into blossom, when all is ready, he gave us the thought of that higher wisdom of man's which relates him most nearly to God, which is the law of progress, even downward as well as upward—the wisdom that enables man by culture and care to improve the tree, in fiber, bloom, and fruitage, not in passive, but in active and wise submission. He glanced at an outward knowledge, lost and wandering among facts, which, like the foliage of the forest, have only life from a vital center. He spoke of men who judge and decide that there is no Uncreate, because they can only cognize the created forms that they see around them—men, who are like blazing sparks, testifying against light, while dying into darkness or believing themselves to be suns, because such shine in the heavens; and he showed us that these, though they might fall like blossoms, too imperfect for fruitage now, would be again called when inquisition was made for life, and when they had gathered more of being, to become what they had dreamed they

would, or would not be. Thus of all that was given the Christ-Man, he should lose nothing, but that his kingdom should come on earth, as in the heaven of His perfect being.

When he ceased to speak, we were entranced, as by the wonder-working power of music, bringing upon us a spell, too awfully sweet to be broken.

What I have given is but the poor rendering of a mortal—a woman, whose deep and deathless love alone gives the right to essay this interpretation.

Men talk of angel utterances; no angel spoke through this man—none lower than a God inspired him. I could think of *myself* in those moments, cradled on the bosom of some white-robed, invisible one, who had struggled amid bonds, as I was struggling, and who had been born into the beauty and peace of angelic life, through the ministry of death. I could believe that a spirit, a thousand times more loving and lovely than my own, had spoken through me that day, in the few but powerful words I had uttered, at the close of those hours of blessing; but I have no such belief of my friend: that great-souled, calm-browed, and most gloriously beautiful being was an angel, and the very God spoke through him.

Till that evening I had never known the full interior and sacred significance of the words, "*consecrated ground.*" From that day, this our earth has been holy to me—not because angels have walked with Abraham; not because Christ died, and churches have been multiplied in our midst, and men have said prayers, but because of the love that lives through all life, which makes of men angels, and of angels lesser divinities; and which was that day born in my heart, in a divine fullness; a fire to melt chains, to burn impurities, and to baptize me an apostle and harbinger of the heaven of freedom that was then dawning faintly upon our eastern horizon.

Gently, most gently had the rain of heaven descended upon our spirits, and a smiling radiance rested on the countenance, if I may so speak, of our little company, like the brightening of a landscape after one of those showers which are half rain and half sunshine, and all goodness to the thirsty earth. Gentle and loving women grew gentler and more loving, and hard,

knarled men reflected the light, and peace that shone about them.

There was real beauty in Mrs. Silkenby's proud, handsome face as she hovered by Mr. Lynde, and when he graciously offered his arm, it was plain to see that she accepted it as a great favor. He still kept Eva's hand; Mr. Silkenby walked by me, seeming, when compared with Mr. Lynde, as a bright piece of bogus, just scoured to fresh silveriness with whiting, beside a lump of gold—and there was a real analogy between his nature and an alloy of pure and base metal—the elements of good and evil were as inextricably blended. Perhaps he was better for his place, than a better man; surely no better would have filled just such a place.

He was very happy this evening—he loved success, and the pic-nic had been decidedly successful. Still bathing in the beauty that had been shed around me, and which pervaded my life, I felt somewhat as if the sharp twang of the filing of a saw had suddenly grated on my ears, when Mr Silkenby said, quite low, and in a confidential manner, "Did not I do bravely this afternoon?" Did not I say the right thing, and leave off at the right time?" Thus appealed to I was obliged to answer. How impossible it was to tell this man the truth—he could not understand it. It was not for him; besides, if I had said, "You made a very politic and worldly speech," he would have answered me with gleeful gratulation, "*Didn't I?*" and then how could I explain to him the unworthiness of his nature when I did not understand it, and could not analyze it for myself. I only had an instinct that the truth of his nature was basely alloyed; that he was a man for the middle multitude; eloquent—truthful as far as truth was safe, popular, and in demand with the "upper ten" of his church and society, earnest and beautiful in his presentation of thought and sentiment, and altogether "the man of the age." I don't believe he ever risked his popularity in the slightest, except on my account, and in my case he put out all sorts of antennæ in all directions, and calculated carefully, and really ran no risk, though he might seem to. There was an acknowledged truth and power in my character that made the best accept me, and which impressed those who could not, or would not, justify me; and which ex-

pressed a concentrated bitterness out of many hearts, for my portion.

When Mr. Silkenby interrogated me, in this sense of supreme self-satisfaction, I was at first puzzled how to answer; presently I said, "The people seemed greatly gratified."

"To be sure they were; the people are my intimate acquaintances and friends. I know what will please them; I am the petted child of 'our church, and our people,' and my own master, and their master, too."

It would have been very useless, and very thankless, to tell this man that he was a slave, and especially if he were a master, and had a master's responsibilities, that by the most intimate of all laws, the law that each should govern himself, he was a slave. I did not say what was not to be said, but walked in silence till we came in sight of the parsonage, when Mrs. Silkenby said, graciously, "Mrs. Hervey, you will take tea with us this evening; Mr. Lynde consents to give us his company;" she did not add, "and wishes me to ask you;" but I knew this to be the fact, and I gently excused myself. "Then," said Mr. Lynde, as if he and I had settled it all before, "I will come soon after tea."

I said, "Thank you," with a meaning smile, and walked home, in "a great calm."

Chapter Five.

MYSTERIES AND PROPHECIES.

I SAT in the holy moonlight that fell upon the floor, struggling through the jessamine that clouded in the windows of the small parlor, which was silently set apart for me. It was a pleasant room, looking toward the south, and its greatest charm to me was the sunshine and moonlight softened by the clustering leaves and blossoms that formed a network over the windows.

No pictures hung against the walls, hoarding a treasured loveliness on which the soul might unconsciously feed; no little table was half hidden in a corner, draperied with white network and covered with choice books and souvenirs; no curtains, except the climbing plant, covered and ornamented the windows; no cushioned footstools, wrought with pretty animals, in Berlin wool; no couch, with an Oriental display of cushions; and no mirror, to multiply beauties, graced that room. My way of life had been marked with pain and struggle, torment and bloody footsteps, and my sympathies were with those who trod the same weary way. I lived in no art-world where there is peace enough for beauty to grow beneath the culture of cunning fingers and a loving spirit It was only a brief time since I had seen the clouds or the flowers, or realized that there was any thing fair and lovely, and to be desired, but the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," a soul resigned to be crushed, content to be damned. Let no one suppose that I despise the Christian grace of resignation. Let all be resigned to suffer as they must, and strengthened to act as they may, or can. There is a time for all things. The time for oppressions, atonements, and self-sacrifice is well-nigh past. The

same God who has made us strong to suffer and sacrifice, will make us mighty in rebellion and self-assertion. In all things, and through all things, "He worketh in us to will and to do."

As I sat with no light but the pale, pure light of the moon, I heard the quick fall of footsteps, and my heart-beats were almost more audible than the knock at the door. I raised the latch, and in a moment a bright presence hallowed my little room.

The square, hard sofa, the six chairs, and rocking chair, the little wooden footstool, and the small table, covered with a white linen damask, spun and woven by my mother, were all there was in the room. But I did not feel it; I did not know it. "Aladdin's lamp" was there, and I went quickly to get a candle or lamp to light the room, and was only too glad to have a little time to hush my heart's beating, by a moment away.

When I returned, my visitor stood with his face toward the window, looking intently at the trembling leaves of the jessamine, glancing and shimmering in their bright bath of moonlight.

"Very kind of you I suppose I should say, to bring a light and despoil all this beauty. Just now your candle belongs to a class of 'modern improvements' that I would be willing to miss from the web of beneficences that fate is weaving for us. Could we not sit, like old friends, in the sanctity of these pale, cool rays?"

I smiled, and said, "Yes; but now I have brought a light, it would be awkward to carry it away."

I grudged to lose the glimpse I had of him as I came through the small entry, before the candle-light shone upon him. He stood radiant as the rose and pearl of a sea-shell, the blessed moon raining her silver sheen on his waving golden hair, his broad forehead shining with an unearthly luster, his beaming eyes looking up, as if in most calm, and wise, and loving worship. I paused for the least moment, and I seemed almost to see his "bright wings growing," and folding him as he stood, the messenger of Heaven to a soul faithfully seeking, amid darkness and cold, for the blessing of warmth and the glory of light.

I waited for the sweet and reverent awe to pass from my spirit and after a little time I said, "I hope you have had a pleasant evening?"

"All evenings are pleasant in the depths of Being, when we

feel our oneness with the inflowing Infinite. There are deeps that the storm does not disturb. There is a peace which the rack reaches not."

"But we live in the body," said I.

"We do, and we do not. There is a Yes and a No to all questions. There is an inner life, that if we have power to will, the outward can never trouble. We may be tossed, as with a tempest, on the surface of the ocean of life, or we may sink into the region of eternal calm, and hear unmoved the dash and the roar, that can not invade the depths where we repose."

"Do you so rest?" said I, looking at his calm, bright face, and the still, star-like brilliancy of his eyes.

"I have a prescience that my life will reveal this to you," said he, in a low, quiet tone; and he fixed his eyes upon me with a comprehending and controlling gaze, that is the instrument of power. I felt that he willed me a blessing from his best life. Presently he said, "Do you believe in mesmerism?"

"Yes, and No," said I, smiling.

"Which utters itself now?" said he, looking into my being with the spell of a sweet and serene strength. Calmly and silently I seemed to settle into the inmost of my life, till I rested as on the downy bosom of bliss. The external world appeared separated from me, as by an impenetrable wall, and yet I was conscious of all things about me. My eyes were closed, but I saw the room, the furniture, my friend, with his deep-blue eyes looking into mine, just as when he first fixed his gaze upon me. I felt my eyes. They were fast closed, yet I saw him draw out his handkerchief, and I smelt the perfume of violets, and I said, "What is that odor?" that I might be sure I was not dreaming.

"It is the perfume of violets, my favorite flower," said he.

There was a small cluster of violets stamped on the corner of his white silk handkerchief. I saw them clearly, and I said, "What are the flowers on your handkerchief?"

"Clusters of violets," said he, smiling. "I see you are seeking tests;" and he spread out the handkerchief, and said, "Read me the name stamped in the edge, and the word under it." I read his name, and the word *Jah* beneath it. "A conceit of one of my pupils," said he, "who gave me some handkerchiefs, each

with my name, and a different word or device. Are you sure of your sight now?" I said, "Yes." He then interposed a book between my eyes and the name and flowers, and I read with equal ease, and distinguished each leaf, and vein, and tiny stem of the delicate blossoms, as if I had looked through a magnifying-glass.

"You are a good child to look at the present," said he; "will you not see what is to be? The oak is not more surely hid in the acorn, than the Future is held in the germ of the Present. Can you not unfold this germ, and deduce, by the law revealed in your mind and heart, the fruitful Future?"

He paused, and a deathless wisdom seemed to light up my spirit, a divine unfolding, or rather unrolling of the web of life succeeded. What I saw I may not speak. Time, the revealer, has verified much, and for the rest I wait, and work in faith.

Gently the spell passed away, and I found myself sitting in the bland breath of the summer breeze, rubbing my eyes and pinching my cheek, to assure myself that I was myself, and not another.

Mr. Lynde smiled, and glanced at the candle, which had sunk into the socket, and was smoking sadly.

"It is too late to seek an inn," said he; "have you a prophet's chamber?"

I said, "We have a room for friends."

"Then ask your parents if they will risk entertaining a stranger, with small chance of his being an angel."

"You are no stranger to us," said I. "We have heard much of you from friends." Just at that moment my mother came to the door, with a bustling care that Mr. Lynde should stay the night, and be made comfortable. The events of the evening had been so strangely vivid and unearthly, that my mother's presence was like the comfortable gray twilight after a blaze of heat lightning.

"What a nice visitor!" thought I, at breakfast next morning; for I had only to put two little loaves of brown bread (biscuits we call them in New England), two tumblers of milk, and some apples on the table for our morning meal. If I had been obliged to make coffee and warm cakes, and fry sausages, or ham, and

make toast, and boil eggs, I should have declined the privilege or honor of breakfasting with "a distinguished stranger," and my mother would have had the pleasure of preparing the breakfast, and the edification of the discussion of that, and any other subject that might have been brought up at the same time.

As it was, a pure diet, and the sanitary virtues of water, were the topics on which Mr. Lynde gave me much desirable information. For twelve years he had excluded animal food from his bill of fare, being, at the commencement of his abstinence, given up to die of a scrofulous disease. A distinguished physician told him that his only chance for life, in any degree of health and comfort, was in living on a grain and fruit diet. Subsequently he became a patient and pupil of Priessnitz, and added the good of Water-Cure to his pure and simple diet. He had evidently been held to the earth by these means, though living very near the heavens.

For years I had been a sort of natural devotee to water. Very long before people talked of Water-Cure, I had saved myself in frightful hemorrhages, and had strengthened my feeble life to bear excessive labor and excessive sorrow, by constant cold bathing and by sleeping swathed in towels rung out of cold water.

"I assure you, Mr. Lynde," said I, "I am quite ready for the truth you bring me. It stirs one's enthusiasm, and deepens faith to hear these modern miracles by Priessnitz, and I have wrought enough on myself and others to be ready to believe that greater things have been done. I wish much to learn how to do more. You have come to me in the right time."

"It is a wonderful study," he answered, "to observe how people with the same goods and truths gravitate toward each other. Prayer is the mighty attraction of the soul for happiness, which can only come through goodness, and the wisdom to be good; and as large bodies attract smaller in the material universe, so all spirits are attracted to those more perfect than themselves, or, in other words, they pray for more of perfection. Our Father thus wills that we should pray to all higher life, that we should love all loveliness."

"But," said I, "would you not encourage idolatry by these assertions?" I suppose I may have felt, just then, a growing need

for a dispensation or indulgence in the direction of idol worship.

"A genuine attraction or prayer can never be idolatry. A morbid love, that robs all to give to one, is the worship of an idol, and God witnesseth against it in the law of growth and of death. The mother, who gives all things selfishly, and not wisely, to her child, must outgrow her narrow love, or its object suffers and dies. Thus the law against idolatry is enforced."

"Do not Mr. Mooney's children have penalties to pay for idolatry?" said I.

"There is little true wisdom anywhere," said he, "and especially as regards personal habits of life; but Mr. Mooney has a very earnest love."

"What do you think of his projected community?" said I. "Are you pledged to it?"

"Of the community I can only say, I think Mr. Mooney's attraction is to a better life. I am pledged to be myself, not a parasite of any man or party. I came to America to make experiences. I am not prescient of their character. I am forewarned of illness by the symptoms that have preceded several painful periods of suffering at home."

While he was speaking, there came a knock at the door, and Fannie Lee bounded in.

"I am so glad the gentleman is not gone," said she, half out of breath, and emptying her little basket of rose leaves, a bit of the blue shell of some bird's egg, and a most elegant note for me, and a three-cornered billet for Mr. Lynde. A symposium was to be held that evening, by Messrs. Mooney and Lang, at Mr. Silkenby's, and all the literary, and transcendental, and radical aristocracy of the place were invited, and by a card containing the names of the two gentlemen more elegantly devised and executed than any thing of the kind I have ever seen.

I passed the card to Mr. Lynde.

"It is beautiful," said he, with a shade of sadness; "but flowers should never bloom before their time, and at a fatal expense to the parent plant."

I had no idea then of his meaning, but I learned it afterward. I pondered the matter quite earnestly. It was evident that I was

wanted at the party, for Mr. and Mrs. Silkenby had sent an urgent message by Fannie, besides the regular card of invitation. "Would I go—ought I to go?" I looked up at Mr. Lynde, and and he answered to my thoughts. "Yes, you will go. It will be a good to you and to others. It is your riches in the eyes of this people that we are attracted to you. They do not understand your being, but you can bless them nevertheless. If a man takes a guinea because of my word that it is good, when he has not the wit to know the fact, I may feel pity or contempt for him, but the guinea is as much a good to him as if he had taken it without my indorsement. Now, my appreciation of you, or Mr. Mooney, or Mr. Lang, does not alter your value in the slightest degree, as you and I are well aware. Many persons here have formed an opinion of you very profane and dishonorable to them, and they show their own want of value for themselves, and their disrespect of their own opinions, by accepting mine, and Mr. Mooney's, and Mr. Lang's, instead of those they steadily asserted and defended a few days since.

"Mrs. Silkenby informed me that you were a bold woman. I said that bravery was a rare virtue in woman. She said that you would slide down hill with the boys in winter. I said I wished to make the acquaintance of a lady who could throw herself, with generous confidence, into the innocent sports of childhood. She said your reputation was bad. I said, 'Madam, you are too noble to echo the impure judgment of the low and sensual portion of the community. Mrs. Hervey is a lady of intellect, taste, and culture. She seeks a true life amid many difficulties. I am to spend this evening with her, and I hope to meet her at the soiree which is to be given by my friends Mooney and Lang, at your house.'

"Mrs. Silkenby told me that she was never censorious, that her husband had steadily been your friend, and she wished to see more of you, and hoped that Mooney and Lang would propose you as one of the guests at the symposium. 'Of course,' I replied, 'they will do so, as we came to this place mostly to see Mrs. Hervey, having been much interested in her writings, and in accounts we had had of her.' So you see your way is open."

"I don't know whether to thank you or not," I said. "I am

nervous in company, and I shrink from people who are prejudiced against me."

"The simple-hearted are your friends; and as the minds of persons become introverted, and they know their own life and its requirements, they will come into real relations with you. The love of your present circle of friends will be deepened, and new ones will be added to you. Be quiet, and let your deep life govern and guide in all action."

Soothingly, as the hazy calm of Indian summer, or as the lullaby for a happy babe, his musical words fell on my spirit's ear. It was not a man or a friend who asked me to be myself, to be quiet and happy. It was the True Life in him, By whatever name we call this best and holiest life in man—whether, with Socrates, we name it "demon," or whether, as the much-wronged Shelley, we say, "Spirit of Nature," or, as the Quakers, "the Spirit," or, as the Transcendentalists, "Being"—we but express the same eternal Life of God that animates us, and that forever and forever urges the soul of man to perfect itself.

I had the feeling that the omnipotent Love lived in my spirit, to sustain, to control, to direct, and that what God willed, none could hinder. Clamor as men may, the earth keeps on in her orbit; the seasons change, men are born and die; the clamor of to-day is hushed in a coffin to-morrow; but truth is eternal, and a true life sheds an undying fragrance through the ages.

Mr. Lynde bade me good-morning, with my hand clasped in his, as if he recognized me as a sister-spirit; and, like others, I valued myself more and more for his indorsement. I could not help paying this sort of reverential tribute, even to myself, for his sake.

Chapter Six.

"THE SYMPOSIUM."

IN the center of Mr. Silkenby's elegant front parlor, with a blaze of light falling upon his mild, moonlight countenance, sat Mr. Mooney, his slightly silvered hair falling low on his coat collar, his blue eyes beaming benignity, his bland smile assuring every body that he was a veritable harbinger of the millennium. His worshipers were ranged around him, luxuriating in his presence; for few men ever inspired a more loving reverence. His words were mystical, but always had a wise meaning when understood, and those who were initiated into their secret and sweet significance, felt a perpetual self-gratulation that they were wiser and better than others, because they understood the modern Orpheus. His sayings could never be vulgarized; and with those who call the people "*the rabble*," this was no slight recommendation.

When I entered, I went up to him, as all did, as if he were the lady of the house. He greeted me graciously, and gave me a seat near him, which was rather an oppressive distinction, but his sphere was that of a kind and reverent man, and I sat quietly and happily, as soon as I put away the uncomfortable feeling that every body was looking at me.

The meeting was peculiar. It was a party of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, most of whom were considered "thinkers." Many of them were styled "reformers," and every body knows something of these world-menders, who have made a division of labor (or hobbies, as some say); and one has chosen "abolition," which means denunciation of negro slavery; another "peace," which means the abolition of war; another "non-resistance,"

which means that no physical force or violence is to be used, even to save a poor wretch from a life-long remorse, or yourself from any injury or profanation.

Mr. Mooney soon began to speak, and he dwelt upon the future with a fullness of faith and a vividness of imagination that made it present to him and to us. When he spoke of the flowers that were to blossom where slaughter pens are now, the prophetic fragrance evidently enveloped him, and the purple clusters of the vine, the apple that was to grow rich and red as wine, the luscious and golden pear, and all plums and berries that were to bless the land, and make it one vast garden, feeding a family of brethren, all this was a very present good to Mr. Mooney, and he made it appear to us as a landscape spread out before us.

This beautiful faith was known to us all, and we were prepared to hear him discourse eloquently, with such an inspiration, but I believe all were more charmed than they had anticipated.

He mingled hard, theoretical facts most judiciously with his fancy pictures of loving results. We heard that no one was to own the land, only the usufruct of it; that no law, and no government but self-government, was to be recognized; that no violence was to be used toward man or beast; hence, that no criminal could be punished by violence, no flesh could be eaten, and no woolen garments could be worn. Mr. Mooney was clad in linen, and had no dread of the coming winter. He believed in the amelioration of climate. The warm love of angels was descending into men's hearts, and thence upon the earth, and ere long the bland air of Eden would envelop this whole planet. The richest orange groves would grow in Greenland, flowers should bloom through all the year, where erst "eternal frosts" had held their deathful reign.

The ocean, too, was to be filled with some material, I did not fully understand what, and was to become dry ground. The germ of all these changes was to be found in a community projected by Messrs. Lang and Mooney. Land was to be procured, and an Eden life to be begun, the Eden climate was first to come in men's hearts and lives, and then upon the earth.

I believe I have given the principal points in Mr. Mooney's address, which occupied nearly an hour, and was filled with a

vague beauty, an eloquent and mystic indistinctness, that it is impossible to describe. Some profane Yankee, who was present by mistake, said *he thought he was going to heaven in a swing.*

Mr. Mooney was benevolent, and he luxuriated in all his sentiments. He rested on Providence, and never had to supply a want. His ultimate providence, however, was an excellent wife, who clothed and fed him as a baby, and reverenced him as a divinity.

Various difficulties were presented at the close of his speech. He had said that we were not to kill animals, or to make them work for us. How, then, was his land to be tilled? "Spade culture," was the answer. The soft white hands of the speaker, and the weak, slight muscles of the scholar, caused a general smile.

How would he get a title to his land if he denied human government, and the right of any to own the soil?

His wife did not agree with him, and she could take a deed of a farm, in trust for a community.

In a corner of the room, shaded by the folds of a curtain, sat Mr. Lang. His hard, ungenial face flashed with a vivid light, as difficulties thickened, and at the first opening he rose. Never a clearer or more silvery tone rang on the ear of mortals than his. He spoke of a true life with an intellectual clearness that was astonishing. So beautiful were his definitions that one forgot the value of his own individuality, and said, "Let me live this man's beautiful life."

He described the working of the love principle, and extolled its blessedness, till all seemed not only to have a common heart, but a common pocket. His speech was what some one has aptly called "the wholesale swindling of rhetoric."

He ceased when he had produced the effect he wished.

Mr. Lynde rose as he sat down. I give a meager outline of his expression. "No honest utterance," said he, "is false; but all times and seasons have their own truth. The covering for summer is not the garment for winter. Not one of the assertions to which we have this night listened is other than a prophecy, sure of fulfillment in the future.

"But our love can not create at once. All things grow by

their own individual life and law. Can our love give men fruit for sustenance, instead of flesh, till it is carried through wise culture into the purple cluster, the golden pear, or the ripe, red apple? Can any apostle of love melt the stony hearts of land monopolists, or can he nerve the arm of the weak, or enlighten the brain of the unskilled, so that the earth will be of use to them, if left to their care and cultivation?

"I know that the love spoken of this evening in the hearing of thoughtful men and women, is steadily melting its way through frozen hearts and frozen climes, and achieving all that we hope, and infinitely more. Still, O friends, I am impelled to say that cold, hard theories about living are not life—cold, hard intellectualities about universal love, are not love. O, it is most true that had love its universal birth in men, it were a wise expedient to practice its precepts without any check, but where shall I find confidence respondent to my faith? Where an open generosity equivalent to my warmth?

"If there is no government but self-government, am I to be governed by the *Idea* of another, if it is not mine? Do we make men in our image, or does God make them in his? Beware, O friends, of attempting to live the life of another."

He said more, but to the same end, and I was not clear to what he referred; but as the debate continued, and the imposition of Messrs. Mooney and Lang's IDEA became more apparent, I was more thankful for Mr. Lynde's self-assertion. I did not then know that Mr. Lang had almost violently assaulted his companion, heaping bitter denunciations upon him a short time previous, at Mr. Mooney's, because he was so recreant to the love principle as to take some cream upon his mush. Mr. Mooney, too, had mildly reminded the sinner, that if violence had not been used, and the calf's life taken, there was still robbery, as the milk was the property of the calf. A wag obscurely hinted, that Mr. Mooney had vindicated his right to the milk in thus resigning it, or at any rate that it was an open question which was most entitled to it.

"The discussion of the principles" occupied the remainder of the evening. Mr. Silkenby was much impressed, and remarked that it was manifestly the duty of the ministry to take up the love

principle in their sermons; "and the amelioration of climate," chimed in the fellow who was going to heaven in a swing, in a low tone, but quite audible to me and several others.

As we broke up "the symposium," and were bidding good-night lovingly, I observed Mr. Lynde speaking earnestly to Mr. Lang, and I overheard the words, "It was in trust for the good of *all*. What right have you more than others?"

"The right of great need," said Mr. Lynde.

"Be assured," said Mr. Lang, "that you have more a need of right, than a right of need."

There was an iron will in every feature of that face, upon which the only seal ever set was the guinea or the penny stamp. Mr. Lynde turned from him with a mild "Good-night, sir," and giving me his arm, we walked to my father's, as if it were his home as much as mine.

Chapter Seven.

COMMUNISM AND CURTAIN.

FOR a few days Mr. Lynde wrote almost constantly, and I only saw him at our simple meals, which we took by ourselves, my parents having long accorded me the privilege of absenting myself from their table, which was furnished in the usual manner, with flesh, fish, and fowl, and was a more grievous offense to me than I chose to express to them.

One day I learned of Fannie Lee that Mr. Lang was in town, and the next evening he called on Mr. Lynde. They had a long conversation, and afterward I talked for some time with both. I observed that Mr. Lynde was flushed and slightly trembling, but he maintained his part in the conversation with his usual calm wisdom and beauty.

Mr. Lang asserted that Communism was the only end and aim of the true man.

"All," he said, "should have the love to take from one common wealth of corn and clothing, as they would take air or water."

"But," said I, "would not that necessitate a common pattern for clothes, and a sameness in food?"

"Very likely," replied he; "we breathe the same air, and drink the same water."

"But we differ even in these goods in the quantity we take," said I.

"I apprehend," said he, smiling, "that I should wear a larger garment than you; but you see that all jealousy can be avoided by making all men's and women's garments of a simple and uniform pattern, and proper material."

"I do not see this," said I, "if any taste for dress is cultivated. It seems to me like crushing people into a mold that the strongest will makes for them. For instance, your taste must differ essentially from that of Mr. Lynde, in food and clothing."

"I should think so," said he with a sneer, which said as plain as his own hard face and ugly garments, "I consider Mr. Lynde a very small fop—or dandy."

"Well, then," said I, "are you to set the fashion for the table and garments, or is he?"

"The *Right* is to rule, madam, not the individual."

"Who is to interpret the right? Am I to judge for you and the community; or are you, or others to be my judges?"

"I say again, we are to work to a true idea," said Mr. Lang.

"And I say," said Mr. Lynde, "that in that sentence lies your impossibility. The sentence, '*We* are to work,' contains the chit and the very germ of despotism. You take it for granted that two or more men can live the same life. No two ever did or ever could. No two spires of grass, no two leaves, are exactly similar. Each must grow according to its own life-law. So must you and I I have wants of appetite, of taste, of Being, generally, that are not yours. If I am true to the spirit, the informing life, I shall live very differently from you, and your idea, your Right. Neither of these are, or can be mine. It is your taste to have your hair cut very close. It takes little time to arrange it to your satisfaction. It is my wish to wear my hair rather long, to take some pains in curling it with a wet brush, for though its waves and rings are entirely natural, its appearance is improved by art. According to your idea, in doing this, I have committed as sure a degeneracy as the Spartans, when they dyed the nets of their hair purple."

"I agree with you in your idea of your degeneracy, or vanity, or folly," said Mr. Lang.

"Not *my* idea, but *yours*," said Mr. Lynde, regardless of the sophistry. "Again, you would eat bread and beans without salt, and apples without sugar, and make all your habits in clothing, furniture, and all things, as ascetic as your food, while I would compassionate the apples, to which the sun had not imparted enough of loving sweetness, and I would charitably supply the

want with cooking and sugar. You would live a hard, and meager, and simple life; I would reject the deathy complications of the world as it is, but I would still live an art-life."

"Perhaps rather an artful one," said Mr. Lang, with the same sneer again.

"The questions to which I am to answer," said Mr. Lynde, disregarding all but the argument, "are, Will I live my own life in my own freedom, or will I be subjected to you, or others? Will I enslave others in my turn? My choice lies between freedom and bonds. You can not command me to wear a certain form of garment, or eat a particular kind of food, and be obeyed, even though both be of the best. You may instruct me as to benefits, as to all goods and truths, and if I am convinced by you, then my dispositions will change, from the acquisition of new wisdom."

"Are not men to be commanded to do well, and hindered from doing harm to themselves?" said Mr. Lang.

"Each man must answer for himself. I never answer for masses, any more than I legislate for them. *I* answer you, that you can not command or even hinder me, if I be wrong. I have no need of direction from you, therefore I accept none. If I live truly from the indwelling love and wisdom, my life takes hold on, and relates itself to, other Being of like quality. You know that water forces itself through the pores of the finest gold, when compressed. Do you think that the living sentiment, truth, and love of a man are not as powerful as the mere material representation of truth in water? Friend Lang, neither gold nor its want can fetter the spirit."

Mr. Lang writhed under these words, as if there was a sense in them that did not appear to me. He took his leave kindly and pleasantly, and Mr. Lynde and I sat in silence for some time. At last, I said:

I think Mr. Lang a very hard and tyrannical man."

Mr. Lynde seemed musing happily on some subject, and after a little while he said:

"Few know Charles Lang's many goodnesses. He has not learned that imperfection must and can become perfect only in a life-liberty. He has not learned that to govern and care for others

is to enslave ourselves—that tyrants and caretakers are always slaves and destroyers, for what we bind, we destroy. The arm must be used to be useful, and used by the life that's within it, and not by what is without. I must leave you for some days, and visit Mr. Mooney, and converse further with Mr. Lang. I will return and dwell with you, till the cloud that is over me has passed. Can I do so?" said he, raising his mild, blue eyes, and looking, as it seemed to me, into the depths of my spirit.

I answered, "My parents will be glad to have you an inmate of their home. You must trust me for care, if you need it."

He came and stood by me, and laid his hand upon my head, and then he took my hand kindly in his. "More than my sister," said he, "I will trust you."

A flood of delicious feeling was poured through every nerve and vein and artery as he held my hand between both his, but a thought of terror darkened and destroyed the warm light that shone in my spirit, on the instant that it pervaded me. I looked toward the window; there were two, opening on the street, and the house was very near the side path for persons walking. There were no curtains, but the waving, shimmering boughs of the jessamine. An instinct, I believe, drew me to the window, and there, within an inch of the pane of glass, was a human face, the keen eyes peering into the dimly-lighted room.

I threw up the sash instantly, and a lame idiot, who roamed about the village, limped away.

I was greatly relieved, for he had neither sense nor malice, and would never think of what he had perhaps seen, any more than the great, shaggy, black dog who ran after him everywhere, giving him fitting company and protection.

But I was warned. It might be a precious life to me to sit by my friend, with my hand clasped in his, or his hand upon my head, but it would be death to my reviving usefulness if it was known, and the divinest truth would not be accepted from him, if he were suspected of varying from the popular standard of marriage morality.

I did not trust myself to speak on the subject to Mr. Lynde. I merely explained the unfortunate condition of the idiot, and retired immediately.

People think that it requires a great deal of courage to fight a battle or a duel. The fact is, it may require a great deal more not to do it. I believe there are a great many little acts in every-day life where a more profound and pervading courage is needed than carries men to battle, or to single combat. I wished to hang some simple white muslin curtains between my life and the vulgar outdoors of a people who believed that each had the right to require my obedience to their standard of morality, as much as the Austrian or Papal governments believe in its right to compel obedience to its requisitions. Every man, every woman in the town, where my lot was now cast, was, by virtue of this creed, a spy, an informer, and, as far as his or her influence went, an executioner.

I deliberated upon the curtains. Every neighbor would see them. The more kindly and friendly portion of the people would say, "That little parlor was very bare and ugly, and Mrs. Hervey wanted to make this little addition to give it a more neat, and comfortable, and English look to the new inmate." Others would make a criminal of me, and hang mean surmises and vulgar scandals upon those white folds of muslin. O the intense shame to humanity, of a social state, where there is espionage and tyranny *everywhere* over the most sacred relations of life!

I must be set apart a Pariah, whom only the highest or lowest dare accept. I must be dead to the life of sympathy, and the joy of love. I must move among all men as sepultured alive, because a man *owned* me by law.

I could not put a curtain between myself and the world without scorching scandal, and the fact that we received a gentleman as a boarder in our family was an evidence of evil in me, to ultra-moralists, that was irrefragable. I could conform to no such code of morals. I knew, at last, that the heavens were opened to mortals through love. I had always been a lover, but I worshiped beings "afar from the sphere of my sorrow." And then I had warred against my life, in striving to crush and kill my loves. I had thought that all love was sinful that was not according to law, that had not the stamp of property, the "ear-mark" of ownership upon it. If a man were pleasant to me, it had been a reason for shunning him. If the touch of his hand or

the sound of his voice sent a thrill through his heart, it was a sufficient reason why I should not touch the one nor listen to the other. I lived for a long time under a solemn vow to allow no pleasant friend of the opposite sex to hold my hand. And in this horrible asceticism, this suffocation of my life's life, I had lived, or, "had a name to live," and had thrown all my energies into efforts for the good of others.

Those curtains! It was not yet known that Mr. Lynde was to sojourn with us. He was now absent, and in the interval before his return the curtains might get acclimated. He had not told me the probable period of his absence. Besides, I had begun to be somewhat conscious that, as a human being, I had "a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." There was only the dawning of this truth in my mind, but after a good deal of consideration, the weighty matter of the curtains was settled, and I sat in my room at night with no idiot eyes glaring in upon me.

There I sat again, in the cool moonlight that had shed its bright blessings on the earth these many thousand years. How many have plodded through their weary day of life, and have never thought of the pale ray, but that it served them passing well at times! How beautiful the earth has been through myriads of evening hours, bathed in that dim light that conceals the rough, ugly, and unpleasant, and reveals all of charm, and loveliness, that the heart would create in its own planet-home!

How strangely different was life on this night, from a few short weeks ago, when I had been held to life by the frailest thread, when I had poured out my blood till my very heart seemed collapsed in my bosom, and an inscrutable fate had still kept me on the earth. Then I prayed to live, only because of my deep and all-pervading love for my child—a love that was a burning passion, like all love that ever had liberty to expand in my heart—a passion that has been, and will be, a soul of power in all that is given me to do.

In the stillness of that light, pouring over me from the window that was not toward the street, I sat, and thought that the earth had yet another love for me besides my Eva. How sweet

and living is the repose of love! It was as if angels fanned me with soft wings, on the sultry summer's day, in an hour of quiet rest, and yet I felt again the strength to *do* and *dare*; so true it is that "an eternity of power is in the feeblest pulse of a heavenly love."

Chapter Eight.

THE HEAVEN AND THE HELL.

AS the low, sweet murmur and thrill of melody that trembles along the chords of an organ, and rises and swells, and bursts into triumphant harmony, the heaven of music that it makes, buried meanwhile in the still, deep bosom of some grand, old church, while the hoarse brawl of the mob snarls and howls upon the ear from without, in the pause and hush of those soothing and ennobling strains, so was my life. Thoughts that sickest sinners only think, words that polluted slaves alone could speak, were seethed and muttered for my destruction, while I was hidden as beneath an angel's wings. My spirit, so long tossed as with a tempest, and not comforted, was now at rest. The love of the Divine Humanity had breathed through all my life the words of power, "Peace, be still," and I obeyed, as melts the wax in flame.

The week of Mr Lynde's absence passed as a happy dream of a few moments. I did not seem to myself to think of him; and yet, when I was conscious of the fact, I knew that his love possessed my being, that every globule of my blood, every fiber and filament of body and spirit were instinct with new, and delicious, and divine life. Joy in the present, hope for the future, the patience and charity of wisdom, and reverence for a possible humanity, were born in me then, and through all the days that I have since lived, this fruit of love has been growing and maturing.

On the evening of the seventh day of separation, I began to feel that I was alone. The golden cup, filled with the wine of

life, I had drained. I felt that the last drop was gone, and a deep, pervading thirst had come. I sat trembling, and hardly breathing, my heart beat so fast. I was sure he was coming, for his sphere preceded him, as the fragrance of strawberries meets us when we approach the bed or field where they grow.

Suddenly I heard his rapid footfall, and then the latch was softly raised, and without other warning he was by my side. I forgot every thing on earth but him, and found myself leaning against his heart, and "his breath warm on my cheek." A moment more and a dagger flashed through my spirit. I yet half believed the world's lie, that I was *owned*. I had protested against an unloving union; I had refused to be a legal harlot; but ceasing to do evil gives no instant power to do well. My intellectual sight was clear enough of the self-ownership of woman; but, in my feelings, I was still in bonds to a false morality, a "virtue" that spreads over the civilized world the pall of death. I had broken outward bonds, but the iron had entered into my spirit.

I drew myself away from that great, true, and loving heart, and went alone, and in darkness, to pray God to forgive me for one of the truest, purest, and holiest acts of my life. I trembled, as if being drawn to the brink of Niagara.

Thank God for the gift of immortality. I found in my spirit an abyss of power that I could not fathom—a life of love that nothing could kill; for it was divine. Strange mysteries we are, doing and daring, fearing and forbearing! I went back to my friend, drawn by an attraction as irresistible as the desire to breathe. He smiled kindly, and said, "Come, sit by me." I went and knelt by his side, and laid my face into his soft palms, and wept many tears.

"You dare not allow me to kiss the tears from your eyes, you blessed little serf!" said he, "and so I must kiss them from my hands." He kissed his tear-wet hand several times, smiling archly at me all the while. "I thought your wisdom had freed your being more fully," said he. "Well, we must wait: but you must sit beside me—not kneel; you little know your own power when so humbly kneeling there."

I still wept. "I am a bond slave," I cried, "a Pariah—a poor

discordant being, warring against all that is precious to me, and trying to destroy it. I can not tell you how much contempt I have for myself."

"You have the disease of humility," said Mr. Lynde, smiling. "What if I tell you that you are right in contemning yourself? We never feel that poverty of being, ordinarily called humility, without cause. A just estimate of ourselves, and our relative importance in the scale of being, has no relation to the meanness of a life that has wasted, or shut out the God from our spirits. Remorse always points to a Fact of being. Men sin, and are sorrowful, with no knowledge of the real nature of their evils. Darling," said he, solemnly, "morality is a wide-spread disease. You will understand it some time. Everywhere men do what they hate, from a sense of duty—while 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'"

I had brought a little footstool, and sat at his feet, and laid my head in his lap; his hand rested upon my hair. I would willing ly have died then, but for my child, to escape the doubt and dis cord, and prospective remorse in myself, and the danger of the crucifixion of hate and scorn that outraged morality dooms the loving heart to endure. But life was for me, and work, and inspiration, in spite of bonds and bars. A soul surging with passion must beat away barriers!—a love burning with the white heat of intense flame must melt all chains. And thus it was. The way of the spirit, the "God with us," in setting free the soul, is to each a diverse thing. All shall know freedom, though their path to it be long, dark, and dreary, if they are but faithful to the law given within. Let all thoughts, and words, and acts be but a true growth from the vital germ, from God's life in the spirit, and earth-chains fall, as the dead leaf is cast off, by the bursting of the living bud at the base of the stem.

"A new day has dawned upon the earth, my precious one," said Mr, Lynde—"the day of Individual Freedom. The men of this country rebelled, and stood shoulder to shoulder, to resist oppression, till in the crowd no one had room to be himself, he was so supported and dwarfed by his fellows, at the same time. Your next national duty will be disintegration.

"You have now to learn that 'no man can redeem his

brother.' Here are you, striving to live the life of a mob that you despise, instead of having each act of your life informed and sanctified by the love that embosoms in itself all truth, all joy, and all life."

His words sunk into my soul like lead in water. I knew their truth, and I could prophesy of the time when I should be free in deed, as in thought. But the prophesy must wait for its fulfillment. The bud must be fully grown before it can burst into blossom.

Long that night I listened to the honeyed wisdom that fell from his loving lips. Deep into my spirit those dear eyes, long since closed on earth, and opened in heaven, seem gazing now, to see how the seed then sown in a life, whose constant prayer was for an all-pervading holiness, linking man to heaven and earth, and redeeming individual and collective life to the uttermost atom, has come to fruitage.

I have been faithful to that love and that truth, O Angel Friend! Of all that thou hast given me, I have lost nothing, but have multiplied my gifts. I will be worthy to rest again on thy heart, in the heavens, as I was at last worthy on the earth. What do I not owe to thee, who set me free from a body of sin and death! who broke the chains whose every link was forged in Hades; who gave me the fullness of thy wise love and thy loving wisdom! who wert my earthly Redeemer!

Blessed be life on the earth; though it bear prisons and crosses, fire-racks and soul-screws, and dungeons for body and mind; for angels like him at times walk among men; flowers spring in their footsteps; sunlight and spirit-light are warmer and brighter; the brooks murmur a sweeter music; the dew-drop reflects a purer heaven, and the whole earth is more fragrant that they have lived. Blessed be life on the earth!

A change began among the people. Almost nightly, the most living and truly reverent gathered at Mr. Silkenby's or Dr. Athol's, to converse on subjects they had hitherto felt small interest in. There had been much infidel discussion in the town, and plenty of Protestantism against the church, for the church had stood in the way of temperance, and abolition, and other reforms, which an honest heart asks instinctively. A party had

been formed against the popular theology, and ended by denying, so earnest were they to repudiate the false. These were now gathered to a life-radiating center, a Heaven-appointed minister, in Mr. Lynde, and night after night these neologists discussed, or listened to discussions of a mortal and immortal individuality. They had rejected a God whom they had been taught had made a hell to burn eternally his own dear children, and had slain his Only Son to save a few of them from the hell he had made. They found themselves loving a beneficent Father, and never more to be the orphaned victims of an "Almighty Fiend." They had rejected the Sabbath as an imposed day of rest and compulsory worship, and had wrought at trades, and driven teams, for a testimony, like the ancient Quakers. They found themselves accepting the rest of one day in seven as a wise necessity.

They had rejected the Bible and all priestly sacredness; because what thoughtful and kind being could accept a book made to justify all crimes on the earth, and the crowning crime in God, of having made the sum total of all sin and sorrow here, and an eternity of hell torments for the very sins he had himself ordained?

The smallest amount of wisdom and goodness needed to deny such monstrosities had come into the minds and hearts of a good many modern Protestants, and to these Mr. Lynde had an especial mission. They listened to the "mild, yet high apostle," and found themselves believing in a beautiful wisdom, enshrined in that very Bible, and which was not to be enforced by any created authority, being its own evidence, and having its authority in the eternal fitness of things. They no more rejected Sunday as a sacred day, but all time became holy to them, and the world was filled with sacred things. It was a wonderful era to this people.

"The best thing to be done for every being," said Mr. Lynde, "is to bring him to the best love in his own life, the best wisdom in his own faith."

Day after day, night after night, he uttered the wisdom of inspiration, and no one but me saw any trace of suffering in his appearance or his word. A malignant and fatal disease, inherited from his father, was yearly gathering force. Its present mani-

festation was a scrofulous tumor, gathering under the right scapula. So intense was his agony, that he had often not an hour's sleep in the twenty-four, and a perspiration that literally poured from his skin in the night, wet through his mattress, and pillows, and all the clothing about him. For six weary weeks he endured nightly this great suffering, and all those nights I lay dressed upon a couch in the little parlor adjoining his bed-room, listening to every breath, and almost hearing his heart-beats. I gave him water to drink, often several times an hour, to quench the thirst caused by the profuse sweating. An hour's consecutive slumber was a luxury neither of us knew through those six weeks.

When he had been two weeks with us, he gave me some money, sufficient to pay for that time, and said, "That is all I have in my possession. My property is in the hands of Charles Lang, in trust for a community. I have besought him to give it me, or a portion of it, but he refuses. He is not satisfied that I should dwell with you; he wishes me to submit to what he calls a wise medication. He says he will give me some of this money that I intrusted to him, if I will go to a place he indicates, and submit to the care and treatment which he considers proper in my case. He regards my money as no longer mine, but a sacred trust reposed in him, for my good and that of others.

"If I resign my manhood, and go into the market-place with a rope about my neck, to be sold, he will make the purchase, and pay me with my own money. Or, rather, he will pay for my manacles and scourges, in the form of poisons named medicines, which will fetter and destroy my life. He will take me from the pure fountain of your love, from the tender ministry of your care, and he dares to think that I shall accept of such a death for life. He does not know me. He thinks the necessity of a surgical operation will crush me into obedience. But nature will assist me in time, when I have suffered enough."

I said, "You must not suffer."

He looked at me, with tears bursting from his eyes. "My poor darling, it will be a terror to you, and for your sake I would escape it; but it can not be. Evils like mine have a most sorrowful expiation. But Providence will provide. Be quiet, little heart,"

said he, laying his hand upon my bosom. "We shall see when we must, how beautiful is life to the Faith-full. Remember, you must not anticipate. I do not suffer severely yet, and when the agony is come, you can greatly relieve me with water. Meanwhile, I shall fast much, and pray always the prayer of grateful Being."

I trembled then, with a death-like fear; but the daily increasing realization of his suffering was worse, far worse than my apprehensions. It seems to me impossible to describe the full faith, the childlike confidence, and the resigned and entirely uncomplaining endurance of the sufferer. He rested on the bosom of the Father, as the tired wayfarer rests on a bed of down or of flowers. "The cup that my Father gives me, shall I not drink it?" was the question that his life answered, by an unceasing affirmative.

It is beautiful to see, in the lives of such beings, how their faith takes hold on heaven and earth. Men give to such trusting confidence, even as God gives, because they *must*. He had been a child of Providence, sustained by a mysterious bounty always. He had no more fear of his income failing, than if it had come from the Bank of England, in a certified annual payment.

Chapter Nine.

TRIALS OF TRUST.

I WAS not able to earn money by any work, that one, weakened and outlawed as I was, could perform. My father continued ill; our small means grew less. A shelter from the world was clearly all my parents had to give. We could not assist Mr. Lynde further than to give him a home, and divide our scanty living with him. The cost of so difficult and dangerous an operation as he required, performed, as it must be, by the best surgeon in New England, was so great, that we could do nothing in the matter.

I would have sold myself to pain, I would have coined my heart's blood for this so much needed money. After a time, I thought of writing to a distinguished man, who had given a cordial hearing to the new ideas of Messrs. Mooney, Lang, and Lynde, when lecturing in Boston, and the vicinity. This I did, telling the story of Mr. Lang's atrocious treatment of his friend. I think the tale struck him as entirely incredible, but as Mr. Lynde's illness was a well-authenticated fact, he sent me the money for the operation. A fresh-springing blessing has been in my heart toward that kind man, from that hour to this. I would give him an eternity of happiness, for that deed of mercy, if I could.

The morning came for the surgeon to be with the sufferer. He had doubts of surviving the extirpation of the tumor; but he was dressed as carefully as usual, his hair brushed into the same rich curls, and his face beaming with the same quiet joy. For two hours he wrote, giving his friends in England an account of his

condition, and advising them in regard to many things. At 11 o'clock, A. M., the surgeon was to come. At 10, his letters were sealed, and every thing was in order for life or death. He then asked me to come to him, and putting his arms about me, and resting his head against my heart, he said, "Have you power to hold me in this way, while the surgeon does his work?"

I said, "Yes," firmly.

"If I die, darling?"

"More surely than if you live, and were not suffering," said I.

"That is all, my love," said he, smiling.

I sat down by him, and held his hands, which were very cold; otherwise, I saw no sign of emotion.

The surgeon came at the minute appointed, with two assistants, and Dr. Athol, my father's physician, came also. They went into the bed-room, and made an examination, and then came into the parlor, leaving Mr. Lynde to make some arrangements. I felt obliged to ask the probable result of the operation. The surgeon said, "It may save him for a little; however, his fate is sure. It is death at no distant day. But a few weeks longer of such a life must be precious to friends."

"Where will you operate?" said I.

"Here, madam."

"Can I be present?"

"If you have nerves for it," said the surgeon. "We will prepare the patient, and then call you."

I went out, feeling greater calmness than I hoped, and soon one of the assistants came for me.

Mr. Lynde had requested to be left entirely free. He was sitting on a common chair. The shoulder was bare for the knife. He looked pleasantly toward me, and beckoned me to his side. He put his arms about me, and rested his face on my bosom, and the work begun. He fainted at the first cutting; but I held him firmly, and the whole was finished before his breath and consciousness returned. In twenty minutes he was lying quietly in bed, with a prospect that his life might be considerably prolonged.

As soon as he was able, he wrote a letter to Mr. Mooney, laying before him the facts relative to his property, intrusted to Mr.

Lang. From this letter, a copy of which I kept, in my anxiety to preserve every memorial of my angel-friend, I learn, that not only had Mr. Lang a considerable sum of money belonging to Mr. Lynde, but a valuable library, which was to be the nucleus of their community library. It might be a question for casuists, whether Mr. Lynde had a right to reclaim any of this property; but was he to be left to die of hunger or disease in a strange land, by a friend, a fellow-countrymen, who thus held his money and goods in trust? This seems a question very easy for all persons, with the commonest humanity, to decide.

And yet a "Love Missionary," one so "disinterested," that he asserted the doctrine of "no property," because all should live in love, and take from one commonwealth, and who allowed "no government," because men should live to a "higher law;" a man who scattered broadcast the oracles of Love, by the public press and private voice, till more than the foolish and credulous listened admiringly, could, and did give his heart to the clutch of this fiend, and refused utterly to aid his friend.

His conduct in this matter has never been explained, and seems inconsistent with other parts of his character. Mr. Mooney made no response to Mr. Lynde's letter; but they went on with their preparations for a community, taking a hard, cold farm, in the interior of New England, which they were intending to cultivate with the spade, and where they were to pass the severe winter in linen clothing. They could not enslave the animals, and they could not hire labor, and various other conscientious scruples obtained in their community, which consisted of Mr. Mooney, his wife and children, and Mr. Lang, and his only child, a sweet boy of some ten or twelve years of age.

They soon found that want of skill and strength unfitted them for labor. They hired a man and woman. The man would not work without milk, if he gave up the use of flesh. A compromise was effected. The man was allowed milk, but was considered contaminated, and was obliged to sleep in the barn with the cow. The woman took a fancy to the company of the inmates of the barn, and as an unlawful community was hereby established, which these "apostles of the Newness" did not consider within the scope of the higher law, this, and a chapter of

other deeds and accidents, sufficient to furnish forth another Blithedale Romance, at length broke in pieces the brotherhood of love. Mr. Mooney, under the superintending care of his admirable Providence (viz., Mrs. Mooney), returned to the beggarly elements of the world, and they have continued to do good and communicate truth ever since. Mr. Lang, in his asceticism, joined the Shakers.

Whether he lost to them his own property, as Mr. Lynde had lost his to him, I do not now remember if I ever knew. But he lost his son—the only being he ever seemed to me to love. He remained some years with this people; the son became greatly attached to them, and when his father determined to go again into the world of commerce, the boy resolutely refused to leave his friends.

The desolate father went out alone. I had felt more bitter toward him than to any mortal; but I saw him after these years, laden, as they must have been, with loneliness and sorrow, had passed over him, and so strangely desolate was his seeming, that I only pitied him, with all my heart.

Some truthful utterance of principles, and many clear and cutting criticisms come ever and anon across the Atlantic from this man. Whether he has yet learned that no one can be free while controlling another's will or act, I have no knowledge.

He preached much truth in my hearing, and by him and many others, as well as by my own life, I have been taught the lesson, that the seeing eye is not always the doing hand; the clearest intellectual light can not often be obeyed by the unharmonized passions. Some of us do better than we know, but more of us know better than we do. Still the love in our being is continually made wise. As the blood circulates through every vein and fiber of the human body, so the life comes to us continually through angel and human societies to which we are related. So far from spiritual communication being an untruth, it is the great fact of our existence. In the Grand Man, we live in societies, and these are in two worlds. Were there not constant influx from the spirit-world and spirit-life in the essence of Being, which contains within itself thoughts, sentiments, facts, and truths, we should die as the body dies without the circulation

of the blood. As disastrous results come from influx hindered, as from bonds upon the body. A thousand spiritual Herveys have arisen in our midst to assert and demonstrate this fact of spiritual circulation—children and fools, if you will. No matter; babes and sucklings, long ere this, have perfected praise.

The alphabet of knowledge is being learned. Holy is the teaching now, for the elements of wholeness have in this latter day been evolved. All the musical instruments must first be made before there can be an orchestra; and divine harmonies come after all discords.

Chapter Ten.

THE PARTING.

SIX months, at times of keenest anguish, and again of endurable suffering; six months of living love, which heaven may parallel, but not excel; six months of teaching in the deepest wisdom earth has known, and then friends came from England, with hearts full of love and hands filled with gold, to take again the costliest jewel in the crown that sparkles on the spirit's brow of Britain's Isle.

Those months—that *day* of life—I see it all, a bright green spot, all gemmed with flowers, while backward through my earlier years stretch out the arid sands. Soft sunlight hovers o'er that Isle of Rest, while murky clouds shut in the desert world behind.

And we must part; two hearts, all one, must beat, a globe between them. How idle such a word; more foolish such a thought! The love that makes our lives the same, no parting knows.

I came with Mr. Lynde and his friends to New York. His friends remained to see the country. He was too weak to travel, and he immediately engaged his passage home. The ship was to sail a week after his friends left him to see Niagara. I remained with him, dressing his dying side daily, and living a year of joy in a day, and earning abundant scandal and reproach during that week.

The hour of parting came. I stood upon that deck, and held the hand that I should hold no more in time. My being melted with his kiss, whose next should be in glory given, beyond a world where crosses cluster plentiful as hearts, and God in love hangs nailed and bleeding, crucified and killed, where'er we turn.

Men know not the Christ, and can not know till they have come through fearful cost, and all the sorrow that this love alone can cure.

Beautiful with light, all bright and radiant from the throne, that vision of the holy, of the pure in heart and wise in thought, was taken from my sight.

No tear was in my eye, and in my heart no sigh. I lived for love. The world was yet to hold me for its work, while he should go above, and from the inner and divine spheres pour light and love in all my years, through heart and mind, that I may teach and bless all souls, that love's sweet force alone controls.

* * * * * * * *

Before I resume the thread of my story, I will give here all that remains for me to say of the earthly life of my friend, anticipating as to time, that I may put all my facts concerning him in consecutive order.

For many months after his departure I heard nothing from him; then came a letter, thanking me for my faith and love, for in our silence he was fully assured that both were living in my heart. His life was slowly ebbing to its close. He detailed his symptoms carefully, that I might certainly know that death was very near him.

A few days before his decease he wrote again, wisely, cheerfully, lovingly, and told me it was the *last*. I have never sorrowed for his loss, for I have never known it. He has seemed to be more intimately with me since his death than before.

I have his picture, his letters, and a tress of his rich, golden hair, and I never blame Roman Catholics for their love of relics. It seems to me a most legitimate love, and if it amount to worship, let all be thankful when they have love enough to worship any thing. Would any define my relationship to this beautiful spirit? Let them do so if it please them. I have nothing to settle about it. God gave me the love, to him I leave it, and to men I leave the misery of anathematizing such love if they can and dare commit so heinous and unnatural a crime. I only say, I fear these Revelations were not written for blasphemers, but for those who reverence their own lives, and devoutly believe in the divinity of love.

PART THIRD.

Chapter One.

WINTER TO THE SPIRIT.

THERE is Spring time, Summer, Autumn, and Winter to the spirit. The bare, cold season of outward frosts was come again to me. Deep and warm in my heart was hidden the love that I now thought must have its next Spring time in the heavens.

But my friends multiplied, and there grew more of an understanding appreciation of my thought among them. My heart suffered more from the withdrawal of the outward presence of the Beautiful One, than my spirit. In my inmost life there was a holy quiet—an unshaken and continual trust; but as the autumn gathered its chills, my lungs again became congested, and my only safety seemed in seeking a warmer climate. My friends were anxious that I should go south, but I feared as much to be exposed to enervating warmth as to great cold.

It was finally decided that I should go to Baltimore, as I had kind friends there. I dreaded to go, and yet I dared not stay. My life was all things to my child, and if I could prolong it by separation, how strong was my duty to go! But O the sadness of leaving one who seemed not only *mine*, but *me!*

My father was very cheerful at the prospect before me. A mild winter among friends, without care, he was sure would re-

store me. I remained at home as late in the season as was possible for the cold, which my physician particularly wished me to avoid. I was received by my friends at Baltimore just as my heart wished, and my kind friend, Mrs. Jones, immediately formed a scheme to make me useful and happy. She made up a class of her own daughters, with several of their young friends, who wished general, colloquial instruction, an hour in the day. This employment interested, without in the least fatiguing, me. It lifted me above the thought of dependence, and enabled me to send some money to my mother. If Eva had been with me, I should have been almost perfectly happy. But circumstances imperatively forbade me to think of taking her from my home.

I wrote long letters to her, and her sweet childish answers were a source of indescribable joy to me. I had many blessings. Every week letters from home; my employment, watching the lovely unfoldings of the virgin minds who received my culture and instruction. There were many true and noble persons who gathered around my gifted friend, Mrs. Jones, who gave me also their friendship.

Mrs. Jones was a woman of true enthusiasm. Whatever she loved, she loved so heartily, so devotedly, that the object was elevated by her affection. The sphere that surrounded her was a living sphere, and I was animated into a new life by her very presence. I have often thought I would never ask her to speak to me if I could only live in the light of her eyes and the beaming joy of her heart, which transfigured her before us, and radiated from her whole being. Lively as a gay, springing girl, she was still gentle and pitiful to every form of suffering, as an angel. Her daughters were contrasts to herself—two quiet, affectionate creatures, who lived to love and learn. It was strange that such a mercurial mother could have such daughters. Perhaps the father's temperament predominated in them. Mr. Jones had been some years dead, and his wife cherished his memory devoutly. Still, to her most intimate friends she seldom spoke of him. She never indulged in what is called society, but everywhere she drew persons of great heart and great talents around her. They came to her by an irresistible attraction, and she was gay and happy, notwithstanding she had evidently most sacred

and loved memories of the past haunting her in her happiest hours. Her gentle daughters were like a low, sweet melody, stealing over my spirit, while the mother was a glorious prima donna and a full band. A thrill of exquisite pleasure invests my whole being when I think of that woman, and the hallowed hours that I spent with her in her beautiful home. That home was the shrine of elegance in all things. The choicest gems of art adorned it, but they were chance gifts from her friends, who created them under the influence of her inspiration. Yet in this paradise I was sad and depressed at times. *My* home was not here—my Eva was not with me.

One day I had felt an unusual sadness—a sort of undefined dread had stolen over me, which my utmost endeavors had failed to dissipate. I sat in the chamber with the feeling that no earthly interest disconnected with my child or my home could arouse me, or in any measure remove my gloom.

Sweet Maggie Jones stole in at my door, with a great deal more animation than usual, on her pensive, restful features.

"Mamma wants you, dear Mrs. Hervey. Half a dozen things have happened to please her, and besides, Mr. Surry is in the parlor. How quiet and elegant he looks! I do believe he is the handsomest man in the world. He is going to take mamma's portrait, and won't he make her young and handsome? I tell her every body will think it is mine, and so she need not get mine taken at all. And besides, I had a great deal rather have a miniature, and that I shall have, now Miss —— has returned."

"Miss who?" said I, not at all understanding the name, which Maggie had nearly or entirely sunk.

Maggie blushed in a very surprising manner, and answered, quickly, "Oh, I must not tell you who is to paint my miniature, but you will know to-day. Pray go down at once, or mamma will think I am keeping you."

I did not like to go to the parlor to see even Mr. Surry, though I knew him for one of the pleasantest men in the world. But his was more of the formal and externally pleasant and elegant life than I loved new. He was more a conventional than a heartful man, and I felt my position most painfully as a woman separated from her husband, unless in the presence of Mrs. Jones, and

kindred spirits to her. However, I went down, and strange as it may seem, I was not displeased, when, after the most cordial greeting, Mr. Surry inquired after the health of my husband and family. "It is a trial to be absent from home and friends," said he, "but I doubt not your loss will have a more than corresponding gain in your renovated health."

Mrs. Jones interrupted this pleasant conversation, by showing Mr. Surry a miniature.

"Oh," said he, with a cheerful start, "I have seen that a hundred times."

"Look again," said she.

He did look again, and scrutinizingly.

"No, it is a copy from my old favorite, Malburn's peasant girl, and *such* a copy." He took it in his hand most lovingly. A diamond would not have given him so much pleasure, and yet he had not too much heart or enthusiasm to be always repressed into the decorous limits of fashionable and conventional life. He never thought, with a sailor friend of mine, that "the conventional world had no more heart than a white shark." He was always on good terms with the fashionable and formal, and he reserved his enthusiasm for his art. Here was his home, his world. He flattered his friends, especially his female friends, with his pencil. This was safe adoration and idealization, and no one could complain that he was too general a lover.

He held the miniature, and looked at it with the deep and rapt affection which Bryant has been charged with exhibiting toward mountains and lakes.

"Whose work *can* this be?" said he, with an earnestness quite unusual to him.

"It was done, with no attempt at doing a great thing, by a young friend of mine. May I have the pleasure to introduce her to you?" said Mrs. Jones.

"Certainly," said Surry, calming out of his enthusiasm into the quiet, thorough-bred gentleman.

Mrs. Jones left the room, and presently returned with a lady, whom she introduced to us, but whose name I did not hear.

I shall try to describe her, though I could do no justice to her, except with her own pencil. She was tall and regal in her style

of beauty. She moved like a queen. Her forehead was high and broad, and of a pearly whiteness. Her eyes were deep blue, dreamy, and lying in a repose that reminded one of a sylvan lake that no breeze ruffled, but which calmly drank in the world of beauty around it. Her cheek was flushed with the very palest shade of pink. Her mouth was full and loving. Her neck was arched with a dignity that all must feel, and her exquisite throat was molded with a divine grace. Her hair was a deep auburn, and on the back of her head it was disposed in a massive twist. In front it hung in thick curls, shading her face and neck.

There was almost a startling contrast between the pearly whiteness of her complexion and her black velvet dress. She wore no ruffle or ornament, except a heavy gold chain around her neck, and a bracelet of exquisite workmanship, in which was set a cameo head of Canova. I can not describe the admiration and interest with which I regarded her. I always loved, yea, almost worshiped, beauty in woman. I had often seen loveliness and grace of the most enchanting character, but never such commanding, queen-like beauty as this woman possessed. I was awed, attracted, and charmed at once. I forgot every thing else except her; I even forgot my sadness.

She conversed little, but was the most interested listener. She looked up to Mrs. Jones with an evidently child-like affection, and dwelt on every word she uttered as if it had been a gem.

She seemed to me to have but one human quality or weakness—all else about her was divine. When asked to sing and play, she made the usual excuses of pretty women. This was provoking; for it broke in upon my dream of perfection. But when it was all over, and she was seated at the piano, I freely forgave her, and resumed my interrupted adoration. She sung "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," and our very heartbeats seemed hushed; and then she sung, "Come, rest in this Bosom." Glorious Tom Moore never appeared so wonderful in the magic of his heartfelt words as then. A weird life of strange enchantment stole over my senses, and wrapped me away from the earth, and I hardly knew how or when Mr. Surry took his leave, but I realized after a time that he was gone that Mrs. Jones

had left us, and that those deep, dreamy eyes were beaming kindly, most kindly on me.

"Mrs. Hervey," said the lady, "did you hear my name when Mrs. Jones introduced me to you?"

I replied in the negative, and she came toward me, and laid her hand upon my shoulder.

"I am Eva Wilmot," said she.

I started from my seat, and felt myself clasped in her arms. My head lay on that peerless bosom, and tears were falling on my face, and many kisses.

"Have I found you at last?" said she, and she sat beside me and held my hand, and said, "Where is Arthur?"

I replied that it was a long time since we had heard from him, but that I had an earnest faith that we should see him in the Spring.

"How well I remember him and his fairy stories."

He has not forgotten you," said I, and I then told her of the words in his letter respecting her.

"That was so kind of him," said she, abstractedly; and then she seemed to let him pass from her mind, with the shades of the past, and turned to me as a living reality. "I am so glad you are here, Mary," said she. "May I call you Mary?"

"Certainly, Eva," said I, smiling.

"That is so good of you," said she; "I have been Miss Wilmot till I am almost frozen, though the people here are loving and kind. I can not see why Mrs. Jones should call me Miss. I want somebody to love *dreadfully*," said she, with a gay laugh that rung like a child's. "You are *so* welcome," said she; and she held both my hands in hers, and looked into my eyes as though she were transfusing her spirit into my sadly chilled life.

"How do you like Surry?" said she.

"Very much, always, but I could never leave the Mr. off his name."

"Nor I, if I were not an artist," said she; "that makes me a little familiar. I am very worshipful toward him, Mary, but with all his beautiful gifts, his heart was never large enough to burst one bond. He has been all his lifetime imprisoned in conventionalities. A safe life, but not the happiest. Such people can never

know our pain," said she, regarding me earnestly, "but they know as little of our pleasures. You need not look surprised, Mary; I say *our*, though I have never offended against any of the rules made and provided for the government of us frail mortals, as you have," and she smiled bewitchingly; "but I always hated rules, and mean never to be enslaved; and if they bind me where I don't wan't to stay, I shall break away in haste. Now you know you have my sympathy, and possibly you may have the comfort of a kindred example in coming time."

"I hope not," I said, with a shudder. "It is a terrible thing to be compromised. To buffet the stormy ocean in a good ship is a peril; but when cast among the breakers, with no reed to cling to, then, if we can not rest upon our Father's bosom, and feel his love and truth support us, we are not only lost as with a tempest, and not comforted, but we are lost, *lost*, LOST.

"Oh! Eva, I have one great fear—when will it be swallowed up in trust? I do not fear that I shall starve for want of the bread that perishes; but I have awfully feared that I should die for want of sympathy, that bread of life without which it seems impossible for me to support existence here. I fear much that I live on the life of those I love."

"Who does not?" said Eva. "If my arm were severed from my body, it must die, and so must we, if wholly separated from our friends. But, Mary, we need not fear; we will love each other, and may-be Arthur will come back—and Mrs. Jones will love us," said she, as that lady came into the room.

"Have you got acquainted?" said the kind lady, coming to us, and taking a hand of each.

"So well, that I was plotting to break the peace, and engaging Mary for my friend in case I succeeded," said Eva, laughing.

"I must interrupt such wise deliberations for a little while," said Mrs. Jones, putting a letter into my hand. I saw that it was from home, and my heart beat rapidly as Eva said:

"Now, go to your room directly, and devour your letter. Mrs. Jones and I have a dozen things to talk of, and by-and-by we will allow you to come back, and may-be you will hear news of my old beau, Master Arthur."

My letter was a most agreeable surprise. It was from my

mother, and contained one from Arthur, who was at home, with a P.S. from Eva, declaring that she had fallen in love with Uncle Arthur, and he was the handsomest *black* man she ever saw, "only," she added, "he is not black at all, only brown; and he is tall, and stout, and bright-looking, and as handsome as he can be, mother dear. I am very proud of him; and I go all about showing him our village; and I like to have the people look at us, and talk about Mr. Lyndon, and wonder whether he is rich, or is married, or is going to be. Mother dear, why do people always ask first, whether a man is rich, and next, whether he is married? I shall send uncle to Baltimore after you next week. Oh, how closely I watch the sun, to see it rise higher, for when it gets high and red, it will be warm, and my darling mother will come! I am learning my Latin and my music very fast, they say. I learn *amo*, *amas* very readily you may be sure.

"I have so many things to tell you—oh, you can't think how many! Poor, dear grandpa is poorly to-day, and don't like me to laugh aloud, and so I have written a great deal; but I have not, and never can write how much I love you, my own darling mother. I have been laughing at uncle about my postscript being two sides of this great sheet, and his letter only one, and he says that I am better acquainted with you than he is. Bless you, my dearest, darling mother, you will come home soon—very soon."

My mother's letter spoke of my father's health as much the same, though she thought him somewhat exhausted after the excitement of Arthur's arrival. Arthur was coming to see me next week. Now, here was much good news, and none that was decidedly bad. Why then had I been oppressed by such sad forebodings? Why indeed did I still continue to be thus oppressed? Even the prospect of seeing Arthur did not lift the cloud from my spirit. I thought I was very foolish, and I immediately sought to shake off the influence by preparing a little surprise for Eva. My mother had spoken of receiving a letter from Arthur the very day of his arrival, in which he said he should be at home this Spring. This I determined to tell Eva, and write to Arthur to come, and take board where she was boarding, and get acquainted with her, before she should know he was Arthur. This little

plan occupied me for a few minutes, in arranging the details, and I returned to the parlor, very cheerful, with my news from home and my brother.

The next day I went to Eva's studio, and every day all my leisure time was spent there.

One morning Miss Wilmot met me, with a very beaming countenance, and said, "Holiday for a week, Mary. I am sure you need rest, and I shall have you with me all the time; and, Mary, yesterday one of the finest gentlemen I ever saw called to see me about taking his miniature, and he has taken board with us. He staid a long while in my room, examining my pictures, and talking in the pleasantest manner. He is to have his first sitting to-day, and I am so glad you are here, for I want you to see him. He gave me his name, but I did not quite understand it. It was odd he did not give me his card. Oh, he is so lovely and gentle in his ways, and very handsome and manly in his person."

"Are you in love, Eva?" said I, laughing at the impression Arthur had made.

She pouted her beautiful lips, and said, "Can't I think aloud to *you*, Mary?"

"My dear," said I deprecatingly, and just at that moment a servant came up, saying, "Mr. Lydenham to see Miss Wilmot."

"That's the name, or something like it. I never knew a servant to get a name right. I should think he might send up his card."

Arthur entered, and Eva stammered through an introduction. She was embarrassed, which was very strange for her. She placed her sitter, and bent over her work, seeming to have no thought for any thing else. She had a right to look at the fine features before her. But she was the artist now, and not the woman. When Arthur was gone, she spoke with enthusiasm of his beauty. She was delighted with his conversation. She was quite sure he knew every thing and had been everywhere. The next day she was serious, and said little, and her enthusiasm, if not dissipated, was repressed. The third day I was not present at the sitting. The fourth, I went to her room just after my brother had left. My joke was becoming too earnest for me. I wanted to make an end of it. I found Eva in tears.

"What has happened, my dear?" said I.

"A great deal, Mary, dear. I am very miserable. Tell me, *do* you know Mr. Lydenham. I don't believe it," said she, dashing away her tears indignantly, "I knew they were lying. Oh, Mary, that man is my fate! My heart-strings seem parting asunder when he leaves me. I wish you did know him, for I must not love him without knowing him, and yet I know he is thoroughly noble. I would give my life in pledge for him. But the Miss Davisons said that he was seen walking with you late last evening, in the square, and that you were talking and laughing about me, and about cheating me, and they said you hung on his arm in the most familiar manner, and more, they have learned your position with respect to your husband, and they say I must leave the house if I associate with you;" and her tears fell in showers, and her angry resolution to leave was expressed in no gentle tones.

I threw my arms around her neck and mingled my tears with hers. "I have done very wrong, my poor darling. The man you have called Lydenham is my brother, Arthur Lyndon. I wonder you have not heard his name in all this time. We were walking in the square, and we did speak of you, and of deceiving you about my brother; but who could be so mean as to listen? It was all very foolish, Eva, and I came now to tell you all about it."

She let her beautiful head fall upon my bosom, and wept long in silent, loving thankfulness.

"Can you forgive me?" said I.

"Forgive you!" said she, lifting her face, on which shone the gladdest and proudest smile ever seen. "Forgive you! I always wanted to love Arthur. I thought I did till I saw him, and then I concluded that I loved somebody else. What a pity those dear old maids will be cheated of all their scandal;" and she laughed gayly.

I was very sad that I had planned this deception for Eva, and had given occasion for the scandal in which the two old maids were most likely luxuriating. I wondered that I had so little joy in this new love that made Arthur and Eva so happy. I felt a cloud of sorrow drawing near, and enveloping me. For a week

I should not hear from home, and the time seemed very long. The week passed, and no letter came. Another week, and a letter with a black seal from my mother was put in my hand. Our father was gone. He was buried two days before the letter was written. My mother begged that we would not return home. My health she said must not be risked when my presence could do no good, and Arthur, she supposed, was now on his way to New Orleans, where she knew he had imperative business. This was the first that I had heard of it.

Arthur was greatly shocked at the news of our father's death It awoke him from a dream, a sweet dream of hope and love. He wished to return home, but he had delayed too long already his intended departure for the South.

We sat together after reading my mother's letter. "Our noble father is gone, Mary," said he, "and I have hardly known him. How bitter the separations and privations of poverty are! How it breaks ties, separates loving hearts, estranges us from our kindred! I almost feel that I have no parents. Even you, Mary, are more my friend than my sister. I should not have loved you because of our relationship. I really have no kindred. I must go to work and acquire some. I mourn my father as if he had died in my infancy. I think what we might have been to each other. His life has gone out in his struggles for his family. Oh, my poor father!" and Arthur bowed his head in his hands and wept.

Chapter Two.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

I FELT a fearful shuddering sorrow at the loss of my father. He had shielded me hitherto from Hervey. I had not learned to trust that Arthur could protect me, and the event proved that he could not. I did not grieve for my father's death as I should have done in time past. I had faith that his doubts were now dissipated; that his true and noble soul was expanding in a heaven where to love wisdom is to be wise; where freedom is not only the right, but the possession of the soul; where cankering care and destroying sin and struggle are unknown. Pure loves, pure thoughts, pure white flowers are there; for all that the mind can image must exist, else whence the image? I never thought of my father as in the grave. I never thought of visiting the place where his clay rested. I thought of him always, and I think of him now, as living, loving, progressing in wisdom and goodness. I never could mourn for him, much as I missed him. His life on earth had seemed to be an almost unavailing, though measurably an honest and true protest against surrounding wrongs. Still we know little of spirit-culture and spirit-growth. The storms and blasts of this world may strengthen us for another. It must be so, for God is all-wise and all-powerful; consequently, all must be ordered in the wisest and best manner for man. I did not mourn then for my father, my worshiped friend and protector, but I mourned for myself. The black cloud shut me in. I felt as if walking in darkness, deep in the bowels of the earth. Then I grieved for my mother. She must be henceforth alone. No one could be to her the companion

and friend that her husband had been. She had strength and kindness, and would give her life to others, but the great void now created, never, *never*, could be filled.

I felt as if I were acquainted with the spiritual world when my father was gone there. When heaven is peopled with our friends, it does not seem a strange country. We look to meeting them as a compensation for parting, and we make for ourselves a theory of their present and our future state. Our "Faith" becomes "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," out of which we create the images of real things, that we can not see with earthly eyes. And thus it is the evidence of things not seen.

In dreams, my father came to me often. I was thus much in his company, and oh, how sweet and pleasant was the night! It was sad to me to think of going home. I thought I could hardly bear to see his place vacant. Little did I then imagine that a sorrow hung over me that would make me go through my father's vacant rooms in an agony that swallowed all thought of him in its dark and overwhelming vortex. How much the human heart can bear, and yet not break!

I had short time to commune with Arthur. He had his work to do, and he had just been awakened to the necessity of doing it. "Sister, dear," said he, "I but saw my father to lose him, and now I have just come to love you, I do not say as a brother should love a sister—I think I know very little about brotherly love—but I have just come to have a true and reverential friendship for you, for what you are, and a sympathy for what you have suffered, and I must leave you, perhaps, never to see you. I feel as though the earth was crumbling under my feet." He paused; his voice trembled; he raised my hand to his lips, and I felt hot tears fall upon it. "I love Eva, too," he said, "as I little thought ever to love *again;* for I, too, have had my 'path of fire to brain and heart.' It is the old story, Mary. I need not tell it. I loved, and another won my place in a heart where I thought, like a vain fool, that I was enshrined for ever. It cost me a seven years' labor to cast that demon passion out of my soul. I thought my heart was dead, and I determined to make love to Beauty and Bank-stock hereafter; but at this late day I find a live heart throbbing sadly in

my bosom, at the thought that I must leave, even for an hour, a woman who has melted my whole being into one fervent lava. I am sorry to leave you, Mary, but I must be honest with you; bless you," said he, looking very tenderly at me, "but you are only my sister. Eva is myself. I go to-morrow; but first I must give those infernal women a lesson. You must come with me," said he, rising impatiently.

I had determined never to enter their house again. They had not scrupled to wound me as only woman can be wounded, and I dreaded the sight of them. Arthur drew my arm through his, after I had hastily prepared to go with him, and we soon sat with Eva in her room, in that house I so much dreaded. "Have you told those old cats that I am Arthur Lyndon, brother of Mary Hervey?"

"Not I," said Eva, laughing; "you said you were going to have an explanation with them, and I have waited for it."

"Eureka," said Arthur, "a woman who can keep, what is not a secret. Will you ask them up?" Eva rang, and sent a message to the ladies, who presently appeared, looking daggers at me. "Ladies," said Arthur, "I am to leave in the morning, and I have an explanation to make to you, which I beg leave to offer now. This lady," said he, taking my hand, "is my sister, the only one I have. She is very dear to me, and I take much pleasure in avowing to you our relationship. This young lady," said he, taking Eva's hand, "is one of my earliest friends. I knew her when a baby, and was her friend and teacher as she grew old enough to learn. She is my affianced bride. I take much pleasure in telling you this also. I leave her in your care, having no doubt you will be kind to her till my return, which will be speedy. I shall come soon to claim her, and present her to the world as my wife, and the sister of Mrs. Hervey."

Arthur said all this in the blandest possible manner. The poor women could not take offense, for he had offered no rebuke. They stammered out their congratulations, and hurried out of the room, to our great joy. We had a sadly happy evening, and the next morning Arthur left us, expecting to return so as to be my escort home, as soon as the weather softened, so as to make it at all safe for me to go.

Chapter Three.

MORE OF EVA WILMOT.

"THEY are punished," said Eva, next day, when I sat with her, for I was now quite willing to go to her. "Do you think, they asked me this morning to invite you here to stay till Arthur's return? They are as gracious as possible; and really, Mary, I think I must keep you. I have so much to tell you. Why, there is my whole life that you must live over with me. O, Mary, how much there is in life! I sometimes think that no one's life could lack a deep and thrilling interest, if it could all be told. But how much is locked in every human bosom! Sin and sorrow, and weakness, and love, and strength, and holy joy—all in one little human heart. We can not tell our story; no one can. The Confessor has not come into whose ear and heart we can pour our all I have sometimes thought that when we can wholly give all of life to a friend, that the world will no longer need saving. Every other good will be here, or nigh at hand.

"I do not say, Mary, that I shall reveal every weakness of my nature, every envy of my heart, every wrong that I have done, or wished to do; but, in common parlance, I want to tell you my life. You saw me in my childhood's home. O that home was lovely, hard-featured as was the world around me. My heart lives in it again. You and Arthur loved me then. You remember my noble, loving father. I was young when he left us. When I told you of his death, Mary, I did not tell you how much I loved him, how much I mourn him now. And yet I knew it was best that he should leave us. How strange life's vicissitudes are! When you left Greenwood, my father was very rich, and

we must have been considered one of the happiest families in the world. With ease and abundance, every wish gratified, if money could purchase the gratification, my father wise and kind, my mother beautiful and amiable, my brother and myself very fine, good children (especially me)" she said, in parenthesis, smiling and glancing archly at me; "there we lived on the best farm there was in Greenwood. But, Mary, you can not know the life love leads in inactivity. True, my father made a beautiful world of that ugly farm. He built greenhouses, and filled them with choice things; he cultivated fruits; he strove to fill his time well, but my mother he petted and spoiled. She is a good woman, Mary, a loving and gentle woman; but somehow she did not begin with any active duties when she became a wife. It is strange, because most of our New England women wear away with work in the beginning of life, and are quite faded in its prime. My father had seen and felt this great evil in the hurried American life, and so he was determined to save my mother from it, and hence he lovingly discouraged all her efforts to make herself useful, and she felt ill, and tormented herself forever about the health of two of the healthiest children in the world, and in imagining that some evil would befall my father, if he were an hour out of her sight. As I grew old, I learned to tease her out of some of her fears for me, but my brother could not do it. He was fond of fishing, and of snaring birds and squirrels, and of running away for every thing and for nothing. Poor mamma was indescribably wretched about him half the time. I think she was never really at peace, unless he was in bed and asleep for the night. Then he wanted to learn to swim, and did learn in spite of her horror. What an incredible number of lies he told her! He was a large boy before he learned the mystery of arranging his collar and handkerchief as my mother did it, and so he was betrayed when he had been swimming, till I took pity on him and my mother, and made all right, unless he was too careless and forgetful to seek me, which often happened—often enough to give poor mother a day or a night of hysterics, and suspend all my father's rational employments, and convert him into a nurse *pro tem.* I was not as great a favorite with my mother as my brother, and so I did not trouble her much, but I fear I 'cost more than

I shall ever come to.' My mother's illness, and weakness, and nervousness increased constantly. She was unable to sit up, often for days, and when she called herself pretty well, she lay much of the day on a couch or bed. She wept at a mere nothing. A knock at the door would startle her almost into a spasm, and whole days and nights my father was obliged to devote to soothing and comforting her. She was terrified with evil forebodings. She was always sure that some dreadful thing was about to happen, and whatever came that was uncomfortable, was a fulfillment of her morbid prophecies. My mother's nerves made us all wretched. My father *endured* life with all the most perfect faculties for *enjoying* it. He dearly loved my mother. He was always calm and pleasant, and like a glassy lake, reflecting every thing above and around it, so he reflected all my mother's humors. If she were a little better, a little more cheerful, he was the happiest of men. I remember, when I was very young, that she sometimes had charming spirits; but her depression always increased afterward, so that if I were happy an evening with her, I was sure that we should all be miserable the next day, and perhaps the next week. My father never complained. I do not believe he ever thought of complaining. My mother seemed to live in a perpetual remorse for the pain she gave her husband and children, and yet she had no power to make us happy. She grew worse after your father went away. He had the gift of making every body cheerful. O how thin and wretched she looked through all my childhood! and every year she grew thinner and sharper in her features, and her complexion became more clouded and sickly. The last year of my father's life he was very anxious on account of his whaling ships not returning as they were expected. He was just as kind and good to us all, but we could all see that he was much depressed, and his depression increased every month. As he grew bad, my mother grew better, and she seemed a little cheerful the last week of my father's life. He was killed, Mary. I did not tell you that—I would not"—and she bowed her head and wept passionately, as if her father had died yesterday, instead of fifteen years ago. "I can not tell you any thing of our grief. He was in the prime and flush of manhood. He was our all—husband, father, friend,

society. He filled the place of all these to us. I am sure my mother felt as I did, that my father had been cheated of his life, that his rightful happiness had been withheld, and that he had spent miserable weeks and months that he might have been spared. He was killed by a fall from his horse, and the shock we all felt was terrible beyond description. Within one year we knew that all his large property was lost, except the farm on which he lived.

"The strangest thing in my life, Mary, was the change that came over my mother after my father's death. She grieved for her loss, I know, as few ever grieved, but she appeared as though she had an atonement to make. She arose from her bed the merest shadow of a woman. She attended to business. She arranged and ordered every thing, I believe, in the wisest manner. Often, when sinking with weakness, she would rise from her sick couch, and consult with persons who came on business, or attend to the operations of the farm, with a will that was wonderful. I have held her clay-cold hands, and listened to the audible beatings of her poor, palpitating heart, after these exertions, when she seemed nearer death than life; but she never uttered a complaint. Her lips were sealed, I doubt not, by a firm resolve never more to complain. From month to month she grew better, stronger, calmer, happier, and people said she had never been ill, only fidgety and hysterical. I knew that she had been really ill; but how much suffering she might have been spared if she had been active with my father during his life, I can not say. One thing I am assured of—her labor was the condition of her life, and her happiness. She is now nearly fifty years of age. She is fair and fat as a baby. She does not look old or careworn. She is very beautiful; and though still cherishing my father's memory as the dearest thing in life, she is a busy, bustling, and by no means sentimental or unhappy woman.

"Mary, are you thinking, 'How could you leave your mother, and come so far from home, to such new and strange associations?' My mother is a farmer, and I could not get my own consent to be one. Her whole wealth, and much of her happiness, are drawn from that farm. She reads the Bible and hymn-book, and the *New Hampshire Patriot*, and the *Farmer's Almanac*; sel-

dom any thing else. She keeps six cows, a yoke of oxen, and two horses. She can harness a horse as quickly as her man Jacob, and tie up the cows as well. She is a good woman, and always fills her seat at church on Sunday, and does well in charities of all sorts. I love her dearly, but I can not live alone, with nothing to do that I love. My brother has just come through his studies, and is settled here with horse and sulky as the fourth physician in Greenwood, and I have no doubt he will soon be the first. His diploma was the crowning blessing of my mother's life. It was hard for her to part with me, but I kept school a good deal, and gradually she became accustomed to my absence. When Mr. Phillips and his family left Greenwood to settle in Baltimore, I saw a chance to come, and so I came, and got lessons of Saunders, and here I am.

"I have been happy and successful," continued Eva, "maugre meddling boarding-house keepers, old maids, ugy sitters, and disagreeable admirers. I have told you nothing of my life now, Mary. You can know no more of me from this story than you can of a walnut by the shell. I have had my inner life, but time would fail to tell it. I have cherished my childhood's dream, and strange enough it is coming true. I have longed for love with a hunger that devoured my life and spoiled my work from very famine, and now my soul is filled and satisfied. How often I thought, after my mother's busy life begun, and she pressed me into sad and heart-sickening service, of the little girl that went off with the fairies. I wished often that I had a fairy boat to carry me to my father. But I escaped at last. True, I exchanged my mother's busy tyranny for the envy and persecution that a young and passably attractive woman always gets in a boarding-house, where she is sure to be more fortunate in winning attention than old maids with scraggy necks, and red noses, and sharp tongues. I have wished myself married a thousand times, that I might escape the Misses Davison, but I bethought me that my protector might be a worse tyrant than they, and imagine that he had a right in my room, and that he was free to pry into all my affairs. I did not like protection at such risk, and so I have lived alone, till I began to think about being an old maid, and taking to tea, and scandal, and a lap-dog. But a good

Providence has dissipated these prospects, and I am very happy and thankful. What do you think of my life, Mary?"

"I think your slight sketch of it is very interesting."

"That is very kind of you. Now I believe I shall some time tell you my heart-history, with all my wild hopes and loves, all my willful ambition, and fitful and fretful efforts to be great, to be what woman has not been; all my false humility in professing not to essay the higher walks of art, because they are the acknowledged sphere of man; all my contempt for this same lord of ours, that has shut us out from every thing great, and then taunted us with want of attainment."

"Did you ever talk in this way to any one else?" said I.

"Not to men, you may be sure. If I could give the lie to their depreciations by great deeds, I would do it. Words are worse than useless. So I am always quiet and humble before the lords of creation; and if I can not outreason them, I take refuge in a reserve doctrine, that woman was not created to reason, but that this is the especial province of man. Some of the very benevolent and philanthropic of the species try to convince me that I am wrong, but they chuckle over the compliment all the time, and the better I reason the greater compliment they consider it. Ours is a dull world, Mary, and I am afraid I shall never be brilliant enough to redeem it from the curse of its stupidity. But I am happy now, and the world is not my trouble any more. What a wonderful thing is happiness! How incomprehensibly it comes and broods over the life and fills and thrills through all our being! And then, again, how small a drop of discord can dash our brimming cup of joy with bitterness! How we are tortured by the opinions of persons whom we thoroughly despise! A public, rude in culture at best, an infant in taste and understanding, is yet the judge and jury to award fame to the artist. Think of me, Mary, as an ambitious artist, culling the sweetest flowers of my life for that donkey, the public, who loves thistles a thousand times better. Oh, how I have been tempted by misery and loneliness and want of appreciation to throw away my pencil forever, and now I am almost persuaded by love and happiness to do the same thing."

"The author and artist have an identical experience, dearest Eva," said I, "and we make the same mistake. We look to the

masses for appreciation. They never accept or act intelligently and independently. They are swayed and impelled by master minds. Their thoughts and their deeds are not theirs. Sooner or later, public opinion is formed on the mold of exalted private opinion. We do not work directly for the multitude, and so we need not despair. I say *we*, Eva, for I am an author, though I have as yet no public, and have satisfied myself less than you have. We shall both express the love that is in our hearts, because we *must*. Necessity is upon us, and a woe is ours if we do not our work for the world. The expression is different, but the same law governs both. We must render truly what is given us, and we may be sure that asking spirits are prepared by Providence to receive from us, and give us their sympathy in return. Thus always the mystic vitality flows on—the spiritual circulation—the life-currents of the soul of the race."

Eva mused earnestly. "How many mysteries there are in our every-day existence! Why do a whole people shake hands? Why do friends and lovers kiss? I would like to know the laws and meaning of magnetism. And that reminds me that I promised Mrs. Jones to go and see a clairvoyant lad who surprises people with very strange revelations. We may as well go now, for I am too happy to work;" and then she looked at my sad countenance, and she remembered what I was willing she should forget, that I was mourning for my father, though not without hope and happiness. "Oh, Mary, how joy and sorrow are mingled for us in times and changes! Shall we ever live a life where happiness is assured? Are all worlds as mutable as this? When will all our questions be answered?"

"Truth and good are eternal, Eva, and there is rest for the spirit even here. Whoso has power to trust, has peace in the center of the soul."

We went to see the magnetized boy. He was twelve years old, and very dull and stupid, apparently. He had been picked up in the street, and knew nothing of the purpose of those who had him under their experiments.

When we entered the room, a *tableau vivant* was presented that I can never forget. An aged man, who greatly resembled the portraits of Washington, with long silvery hair and a most

benignant expression of countenance, sat on a sofa beside the lad, who seemed to be in a very sound sleep. The old man silently motioned me to a chair near him. I took the offered seat, and an unaccountable solemnity oppressed me.

"Do you wish to communicate?" said the venerable amateur in mesmerism.

I answered "Yes," though I had not previously intended to take any part in what might pass.

He laid my hand upon that of the boy, and then made passes from one to the other. Presently he said to the boy—

"Will you talk with this lady?"

He answered readily, "Yes; she is pleasant to me."

I then said, "Will you go with me on a journey?"

"Yes."

I then mentally passed from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and stopped before the house of a friend of mine, of peculiar construction. I asked, "Where are we?"

"In Philadelphia;" and then he began to say that we were standing before a house which he accurately described.

I then mentally passed into the house, and looked steadily at a sculptured form in a room, and said, "Where are we now?"

"Standing before a marble figure, and a dog is crouched at the feet of the marble person."

This was true. I then turned to the pictures on the wall, and, in thought, stood gazing at the portrait of my friend, the mistress of the mansion, a remarkably beautiful young woman.

"What am I looking at?" said I.

"At the picture of a woman, young and handsome. I do not know whether she is married."

"I turned instantly my mind's eye upon the picture of the lady's husband, and said, "What do I see now?"

"The picture of a gentleman."

In this manner I passed from object to object, till I had reviewed every article of importance in the room, and my mental vision was rendered, in every instance, as correctly as I could have done it.

I said, after a time, "Let us go on."

"No," said he; "you will stay here three days."

"No," said he; "you will stay here three days."

"Not an hour," said I. "Let us go."

"Go, then," said he, muttering; "but you will not."

I then passed by the usual routes in my fancied journey till I reached my father's home. Here the child described the exterior of the house, and a new fence put around the yard after I left home, exactly as they were.

On entering the house, he said:

"Here is a merry little girl." And then he became grave and troubled, and presently he said, "She is crying very hard. An ugly man is carrying her away. She cries, and tries to get away, but he puts his hand over her mouth, and a bad man helps him, and they put her in a wagon, and now she is gone."

I was much troubled. I could not keep myself from believing in the truth of what he said. I was distracted at the thought that ran wildly through my brain. I groaned aloud, and my tears fell fast. The boy went on.

"He will carry her away and hide her, but you will find her. She will live with you, and you will be happy."

I heard, but did not heed this prophecy. I was possessed with one wish—to know whether my darling child was really stolen by Hervey, and carried away from my mother. Every sentence of her longing, loving letter was burning in my mind and heart. I hurried away, with hardly a civil leave-taking. In three hours I had every thing ready, and had taken leave of my friends, and was sobbing a last adieu on Eva's bosom.

"Oh, it will soon be over, dearest friend," said she. "You will find our little Eva, perhaps, at home and undisturbed. Certainly you will find her. She is yours. God will not suffer any one to separate you from her. Arthur will soon return. We shall all be happy together."

Alas! I could not be comforted. Oh, that weight of horror on my heart! I parted with Miss Wilmot and came on to Philadelphia, in company with some friends of Mrs. Jones. The first friend who met me there confirmed in every particular the statement of the clairvoyant. I was thrown into such a state of agony by the certainty, that my friends feared for my reason, and

detained me *three days* in Philadelphia, till they could send me with a safe escort to my home.

I find it a sad and almost impossible duty to trace the dark lines of my life through this period. How *can* I tell of my return to my desolate home? I wandered through every room of my father's house, and where I should have wept for him a few weeks previous, I now only thought of my lost child. I had but one sorrow, and it possessed me as a fiend, drinking up the fountain of peace, and gnawing as a famine forever at my vitals. I had but one wish, one hope, one agonizing prayer—oh, God, give me my child! Night and day, asleep and awake, this prayer I poured forth continually. My friends feared for my life. They expected, momentarily, that hemorrhage from my lungs would end all for me. I had no fear. I could not die without my child, the other half of my heart, whom my heavenly Father had given me as the one drop of blessing in my full cup of bitterness. Was she not *mine?* Had I not borne her in loathing and spirit-loneliness and in material pangs, that were a true and unutterably sorrowful synonym of my soul's anguish? Oh, ye who believe that marriage is only a legal fact or fiction, that it has no foundation in the harmonies of love, who believe that woman is bound to a master by the ceremony of marriage, and must bear his babes, however she may hate the bond, the man, or the maternity, look away from my pages. I have nothing for you. I had broken this most unholy law, that made me a thing, with no right of property, and no right to my child, though my unaided exertions had always sustained her, and her father also. I had broken this law, and the penalty was upon me. The father had taken his child, *as he had a legal right to do.*

Weeks elapsed before I learned where Eva was, and then, when I was preparing to go to the vicinity, in order, if possible, to see her, I was overwhelmed by a letter from Arthur, saying that the vessel which brought his property from South America was wrecked, and that he was well-nigh penniless. He sent me a small sum, to which Miss Wilmot added something, and I had still a few dollars, the remnant of a gift from Arthur on the day he left for New Orleans.

I trusted in Providence, and went to seek my lost one. She

had been carried by her father over the first railroad ever built in New England. Her grief and tears attracted the attention of a kind young woman, who took the opportuuity, when the father was absent, to speak to the child. Eva told her story, and begged of the stranger to write to her grandmother, that we might know the place where she was to be taken. The letter of this young woman was the only clue I had to guide me in my search. I had learned by it that Eva was to be carried to Hervey's brother, in the town of D——, to remain for a time. Her ultimate destination she had not discovered.

Chapter Four.

TWO LAWYERS.

A FRIEND had given me a letter of introduction to a lawyer in D——. I reached this place in an agony of anxiety, my heart beating wildly with hope as I approached the town, where I supposed my daughter was imprisoned. To a child ten years old, escape seemed impossible, and yet I knew that she would never willingly remain with her father. I sent my letter to Mr. Langdon, the lawyer, and he called on me immediately. He was a man of great heart, and his sympathy was at once engaged in my behalf. And here let me say that my sorrows introduced me to many of the legal profession, and that, with few exceptions, I have found them most kind and honorable men. This man, whose real name I have, of course, concealed, has since risen to high eminence, and has made his country and the world revere his steadfast adherence to right; but never, I am sure, has he deserved a deeper reverence than when, without hope of fee or reward, he gave encouragement and help to a stranger who came to him with no recommendation but her utter misery.

I can never forget the pitying expression of his eyes when he saw my sorrow.

"O my child! my child!" I cried, "*can* mothers be robbed of their own children in our free land?"

"My dear madam," said he, "many are robbed as you are, and yet are left without hope. You know that your child will return to you after a time. She can not always remain in bonds. A few years, and she will be a woman, guiding her own conduct, and governed by her own will. Look at your Southern sisters,

who are only "guilty of a skin not colored like our own." They can be despoiled of their children, with no hope of redress, if they live a century. Life can never restore *their* lost darlings, be it ever so long. Be calm, then, for *you* have hope."

I felt this philanthropic rebuke in my inmost heart. It was better to me than many sermons on resignation.

"I will try to be calm, but can you help me? Will you help me? I can offer you no reward, present or prospective."

"I think I know where your child is placed, and that I can bring her to you in a few hours."

I was wild with joy for a moment, but a few minutes' reflection made me calmly sad again. I was never hopeful. I have been trusting all my life, but never hoped for great or happy results. The consequence has been that I have often been most pleasantly disappointed. On this occasion, it was well that I was not hopefully elevated, for my kind friend had failed in his errand of mercy. He went to the school-house where Eva was, but it was in the center of a little Quaker village, and the father and others were on the watch, and the advent of the lawyer's chaise was a great event. He had called Eva to the door of the school-house, and had her hand in his, and was just about to help her into his carriage, when her father pounced upon him, and the poor child was borne screaming away. It was a great joy to me when he returned, to know that he had really seen my loved one, and that her hand had rested in his—and when he kindly shook hands with me, and pityingly told me that he would think over the Statutes of the State, and see if he could render me any legal aid, he did not know that my greatest comfort was that I had touched the sympathetic hand that had held my Eva's only a few hours before.

Various efforts were made by my kind friends; legal and illegal devices succeeded each other; but all failed. I went into a retired village near, where Mr. Langdon occasionally wrote me of his progress. It has been truly said that 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' O those anguished days, those bitter, restless nights! My suffering, like Cain's, seemed greater than I could bear. But I thought of a way to beguile some of the weary hours. I wrote a work of fiction, which contains, as is gene-

rally the case with such books, more facts than many a history.

The weary struggle wore on. Time passed, but brought no achievement, no relief. I was advised to return home, that the vigilance of my husband and his friends might be relaxed. I did so, but a new grief met me here. My mother despaired of keeping our home without help from Arthur. He had concluded to remain at New Orleans for the present, and my mother had consented to become matron of a public institution, that held out honor and pecuniary emolument as inducements. I can not describe the feeling of homelessness, of utter loss, that entered like an iron into my spirit when our dear home passed into the hands of strangers I can only say that I know how much the human heart can bear, and yet not break. I went to the house of a friend to remain till I received intelligence of my child. Here I waited and wrote, and met disappointments from day to day. Each mail I hoped to hear good tidings, and as often as it came there was no news, or what was equally unsatisfactory.

At length I received a line from a stranger, asking me to be at D—— on a day fixed in that week. I went to the hotel designated, and sent a note to the address of the person who had written to me, and awaited an answer. I did not wait long. Within half an hour a gentleman called, who made a singular impression upon me, sad and sensitive as I then was. He told me that he was Mr. Langdon's partner in business at the time he undertook to recover my child: that his friend and partner was called to a higher sphere of duty, and to a distant residence, and that the business of the firm had passed into his hands. I looked at Mr. Wilkins with an intense desire to read my fate in the lineaments of his face and form. But he was no open book. He seemed to me more like a shut razor, or a sheathed dagger, than any thing I could think of. I thought I would not for the world have such a man engaged against me. I asked him questions. He had no time for speculative answers, but he said, in a voice which had more of business haste than sympathy in its tones, "You must go to my house. My wife is the proper person to take care of you." I was weeping bitterly, but he seemed to be used to tears, or not to notice them. My impression was, that I

had at last found a model lawyer who had merged his humanity into his profession. I prepared myself mechanically, and went with him to his house. He gave me a seat in a pretty, tasteful parlor, and went to call his wife. I trembled very much, and dreaded to see the lady. Presently she entered. Pure air to one suffocating, or cold water to one dying of thirst, could hardly be more welcome than was this sweet wife and mother to my eyes and my heart. She was not beautiful, in the common sense of that word, but she had a loveliness that was beyond and above all mere beauty. The gentle kindness of her heart shone in her eyes, and radiated from every feature. Her voice was like the cooing of doves, or like a sweet strain of remembered music that haunts you from its exquisite beauty. She came and sat by me, and spoke gentle, loving words, and said, "John will get your child for you, Mrs. Hervey. I know he will. He always accomplishes what he undertakes."

"Don't promise too much in my name, Fannie," said Mr. Wilkins; but how altered was the tone of his voice when he spoke to his wife! It was almost musical in its deep affection. I turned involuntarily to look at him. For a moment he seemed another—not the man who was wont to cut his way through all opposing circumstances.

"You must be at home with us, dear Mrs. Hervey," said the lady. I had been so calm, so much at home for the moment that I fully felt her presence, that I was oppressed with wonder. A true woman has a divine charm, and is a miracle-worker through all time.

The first real hope that I should recover my child began to dawn upon me now. There was assurance in all that Mr. Wilkins did, but he wasted no words. His personal appearance inspired confidence. He was of the medium size, of dark complexion, piercing eyes, and with intense energy in every line of his face and every movement of his figure. The expression of his countenance never revealed a purpose. You might have taken him for "a sharp threshing instrument, having teeth," and for nothing else, but for his mouth. His lips were full of affection, but amid the hard lines written all over his face, you would hardly observe this till he spoke to his wife, or smiled on his little daughter, a sweet prattler of two years.

In this home, a happy faith that I should again be united to my child, came by degrees into my heart. Mr. Wilkins was a student of every body's habits. He was an eminent naturalist, as far as men were concerned. He soon found a way into the Quaker village where Eva was kept. He did not go himself, but he was essentially there, by means of some young persons who had friends and acquaintances among the Quakers. I can not forget, any more than I can describe, my joy when one day Mr. Wilkins gave me a paper which contained the blessed handwriting of my child. It was the blank leaf of a book. She had written with a pencil in an out-house, holding the paper against the rough board wall of the building. It breathed but one hope, one prayer—to be restored to me. She did not speak of her father, or the people with whom she was staying, but my indefatigable friend had learned that Hervey treated her with great indulgence. He had bought her gay clothing, he had given her a watch, and had endeavored to win her love with the most pleasing promises. These things offended "solid Friends." They considered his conduct as indicating great want of principle in a parent.

With what famishful longing I devoured every detail of the life that my Eva was living, and how I rejoiced to know that her will remained indomitable! They might confine, but they could not crush her. I learned that she lived with a young Quaker widow, who had only one child—a gentle, sweet woman, who doubtless believed that she was saving a soul from perdition in keeping my child from me. With this bereaved and beautiful young mother Eva might have been very happy under other circumstances. The kind heart that beat with continued caution, lest one born in the fold of the faithful should be decoyed to destruction might have been a happy pillow for the lonely and sorrowing little one, if the child had not felt that she was in prison. An angel jailer is still a jailer.

Chapter Five.

THE RESCUE.

I HAVE no wish to torture my reader with the suspense in which I was held. A month seemed a year to me. Mean and mercenary persons offered help, proposed to carry letters to Eva, and to bring me information from her. From these people only disappointment came. They served to disgust me with my fellow-creatures. They were a sort of underlying fact, to prove the doctrine of total depravity. Still I found many noble helpers where one of these intruded.

Mr. Wilkins was watchful in every direction. The great difficulty had been to find a way to the child. I had waited, and planned, and listened to the devices of others, till a feeling of desperation entered my heart. I would go to the Quaker village. I said to Mr. Wilkins:

"I must make an effort to find my child where she is hidden. They will not expect me in their midst; I may see Eva, and if once my arms are around her, neither men nor devils shall separate us."

"Try it." said the lawyer, in his sharp, quiet way.

"But I can not go alone."

"You are not afraid of these peace-loving Friends, surely, Mrs Hervey."

I thought, "Of what am I afraid?"

There are wounds that never gape or bleed to human eyes. There may be opposition and violence that can suffocate and kill, and yet no word may be spoken, no hand raised apparently. Often

had I gone to Quaker meetings, when in the stillness of absolute rest and perfect quiet eyes like spears had pierced me. A wall of adamant had been built up against me, and I could hardly have been more crushed had the ceiling been made to descend upon me. I was an alien with them. They had no human sympathies in common with such. If a better and more catholic spirit was growing among them, it was disallowed, put down by "solid Friends." Feeling all this, as no one can feel it who has not been severed from a sect, and obliged to seek the magnetic life-current elsewhere, I went to the Quaker village. A kind friend offered to go with me. The arrival of strangers was noticed, and word passed quickly that "the *wicked woman* had come;" and when I reached the house where Eva was kept, it was fastened, and its inmates gone.

There was only one family who were not Quakers in the village. I hoped to be able to move them to compassion. I well knew that it was in vain to appeal to those who regarded me as a devil, or at best a fallen angel. They had a conscience in keeping me from getting sight of my child, and how true it is that the best and the worst of men are such for conscience' sake! I called on this family, and besought the woman of the house, herself a mother, to give a note and a little gift to my child. She promised. She could not resist my tears, but she never kept her word. I learned afterward that the "leading Quaker" in the village had a mortgage of her husband's farm, and thus they were enslaved, and she dared not obey the kind impulse that led her to say that she would give my message to my daughter. The people of the village, almost as one, regarded me as a woman of ill fame, or a poor wretch of a novel-writer, without character or reputation, and fit only to be an outcast from all mercy, here and hereafter, as I was from their faith and fold.

I believe their holy horror had only one amelioration. I wore a Quaker shawl, of rich and beautiful fabric. I heard afterward that the women spoke in hushed admiration of this elegant shawl. A red shawl would have caused as universal an anathema as cow-eating among the Brahmins, or the flax-dressers of their Quaker ancestors at the doors of churches on Sunday, or the preaching of Quaker women among our Puritan progenitors.

I was forced to leave the place with no satisfaction but the faint hope that Eva would receive my letter and present.

No state seems so terrible as suspense. We endure great pain and great sorrow with a strength and courage equal to our day. If my child had been dead, I should have become resigned; but it was hope deferred that made my heart sick. It was the gnawing of the hunger of continued privation, with the thought that to-morrow all might be joy and fullness, that wore out my life. If I tried to work, I had to hold my attention with the whole force of my will, and even then I often failed to do any thing, or to do what I attempted as I wished. If I did not work, the demon of unrest possessed my spirit, and I never for a moment felt my misery relieved. It was really in labor that I found rest, and this of the most disturbed and unsatisfactory character.

A denial of the affections makes every body sick, the world over. Whoso marries for a home, or a position, or a whim, or a pseudo sentiment, got up as we cause a false circulation of the blood, by alcoholic and narcotic poisons, is doomed forever to live without love, or shock our moral world by dissolving marriage—a step that brings such sorrow as mine, a deprivation of the very life of the mother's life—for oh! how intimate and mysterious, and wonderfully powerful is a mother's love! Who that has known the blessing of this extension of her own being can ever resign it without indescribable suffering?

Suddenly Mr. Wilkins determined to relinquish all stratagem.

"They expect to see any body but me," said he. "I will make them a visit, and try the effect of a bold stroke, in the middle of their plotting."

"But you will not go alone," said his wife, who had little faith in the peaceful professions of her husband's opponents.

"I shall take witnesses. There is Paine and Giles,"—but he was done speaking. We knew no more of his plans till evening. All day my heart had fluttered fitfully, as if I were frightened. Mr. Wilkins was gone. I wished he had said nothing, or said more. About two o'clock in the afternoon he came in.

"Mrs. Hervey," said he, shortly, "put on your shawl and bonnet. Is your trunk ready?"

I said Yes with an emotion that I did not understand.

"Fannie, kiss her. Good-bye."

"John, have you got Mrs. Hervey's child?"

"Paine and Giles have her ten miles on the Vermont road, up at Darke Pond."

I clasped Mrs. Wilkins to my heart, and was hurried into a close carriage, and we drove off rapidly without a word. When we were fairly out of the village, this economist of language remarked:

"Of course you want to know how it all came about." In a few words, and with great happiness, he told me what I afterward learned much more fully from my Eva.

I had given him a letter to my daughter that morning. He had taken two of the stoutest men in the town with him. One of them he placed with a carriage about half a mile from the house where Eva was kept, a steep and, as it was considered, inaccessible hill laying between the house and the road where the carriage was to remain. His plan was to go into the dwelling by the back door. Mr. Paine was to give Eva my letter. She would desire to be taken to me. They would then take her over the hill to the carriage. He knew the women would not attempt to scale the hill, and while they were gone to alarm the men, he calculated that they should have gained sufficient time to make good their escape.

It happened that my daughter had that afternoon got leave to pick strawberries in the field back of the house. A lad, son of the widow with whom she lived, was set to watch and guard her. Mr. Wilkins saw the children at a little distance, and sent forward Mr. Paine with the letter, remaining himself hidden by a wall. Mr. Paine said, "Are you Eva Hervey?" and receiving an affirmative answer, he gave her my letter. The moment she saw the well-known handwriting, she exclaimed,

"Can I go to my mother?"

"Certainly; take hold of my hand, and come quickly."

The boy ran to the house to give the alarm, and thus lost sight of their way of exit from the field. By the time he had fairly frightened the women, the party were half way up the hill, and when Hervey was ready, with his horse and chaise, to pursue the fugitive, she was in the carriage the other side of the hill,

and her father had only learned that Mr. Paine had taken her away.

He drove to Mr. Paine's house, and demanded information. Mrs. Paine had a lesson from her husband or the lawyer, which she repeated. At first, she said she was not allowed to tell any thing, that her husband had forbidden her giving the slightest clue to his movements. She had been directed to consume Hervey's time, and then to mislead him. The first end gained, she was apparently persuaded to tell the truth, and said that Mr. Wilkins had taken the child by railroad to Boston.

Paine and Giles had gone on the Vermont road with Eva, and Mr. Wilkins had returned for me, and at ten o'clock our two parties met at a little cottage hidden behind two great elm trees. When our carriage drove up, a tall man, standing near one of the trees, said, "*The bird is flown.*" The slight form of my lost darling emerged from behind the tree, and the stout man almost threw her into my arms. Her mingled laughter and weeping, and her good-byes to her companions, the kind-hearted men, made the sweetest music that ever rung in a mother's ears.

The night closed heavily—but we drove on till we only saw by flashes of lightning, and were deafened by the thunder, which rolled continuously.

At another time, I think the storm would have seemed frightful to us all, though I do not know as any thing *could* have frightened Mr. Wilkins. He was not given to the melting mood at any time, and now he was flushed with the excitement of success. Finally, I think he would have paid very little attention to the weather, if he had not found driving difficult.

Eva and I were clasped in each other's arms, oblivious to all else but the fact that we were allowed to be together.

About two hours before daylight we stopped. When the morning broke, we again went on; "the clouds rolled off, and left our heaven blue." There was a beauty in that morning that few ever see in any dawn during a lifetime. Diamonds shone on every leaf and flower. A holy shower seemed to have fallen and hallowed every particle of the hard earth—to have made more beautiful all the loveliness of her living verdure. The pink azalias, in their blushing and most graceful beauty, lined the road-

side, and sent up their delicate perfume. The woods, as we passed, were full of the music of birds, and incense to Heaven seemed rising everywhere.

That morning was indeed marked with a white stone in the pathway of life. Onward we went, feeling more and more safe as the hours flew past, and a greater distance intervened between the fugitive and the master. We did not stop but for necessary refreshment till we reached the quiet little village of New Fane. In the depths of those green solitudes we were hidden for a time. A sharp-witted and kind-hearted lawyer received us into his family, and told the inquisitive neighbors that we were cousins of his, from somewhere in the great world.

Many of those who served us at different times seemed to think direct deception needful. I did not believe in this necessity, but I can not help wishing that all deceivers had as benevolent motives as my unscrupulous friends. Mrs. Wilkins once said to me, with the utmost *naiveté*, when I spoke to her concerning some dissimulation she was using for my sake, "John will have to answer for all the lies I tell for you and Eva, Mrs. Hervey—and I am sure he will be quite willing to do it."

How beautiful was Nature in this green mountain home which we had found. Never before had I looked so joyfully on the face of the earth. My darling rested on my bosom. My agony was passed. Thirty years seemed crowded into the time that we had been separated, and yet it was only three months. I was weak, as from long fasting. I felt as though I could lie down and sleep forever. Those long nights that were consumed by fever, in which no sleep came, or only a frightful slumbering, were remembered like a protracted and horrible dream.

But though I thus rested, and seemed in a heaven of happiness, many years had been taken from my life in those few months. My sight, for the first time, became dim, so that I could neither read nor sew. My abundant hair fell off daily in great masses, till only enough remained for the scantiest covering for my head. Never had I fully realized the beauty of my hair till it was gone. It grew again after some months moderately and pretty, but never in its exuberant beauty, and my sight was again partially given back. In those three months treasures of life were lost that

could not be restored. But I thought not of these in my new-found bliss. I gave myself up to the luxury of my love. I heard Eva read the little stories which she had written as pastime during my absence, and which she had saved, because they were left with my mother when she was carried away. If the Quakers had seen these, they would doubtless have thought that the black drops in the mother's heart had hopelessly infected the child.

But these days of joy sped fast with fearful rapidity. In the little village where we had found a resting and a hiding-place, we had no assurance of remaining undisturbed. If Hervey could trace us, he could take Eva; the law allowed him to do this, and like the fugitive from *Southern* slavery, our only hope was in concealment. This hope I could not long cherish. I had but few dollars remaining, and I must earn bread for myself and my child. To do this I must teach, and this involved a degree of publicity that would effectually defeat any plan of concealment. I must leave the quiet home I had found, and go to a larger town, where I could form classes and teach.

The loving presence of my child inspired me with hope and trust, and we left the kind family where we had found two weeks of heavenly rest, and went where bread was to be won.

Hervey did not come to trouble us. He found other means of satisfying his *paternal affection*.

Chapter Six.

THE LAW.

IT is hard, Squire Wilkins, that's a fact. That make-believe Quaker *haint* got a heart—nothing but a *gizzard*. But I shan't be sorry in a hurry for helping the poor lady get her girl again. It was as good as a live sermon at a camp-meeting to see them that night when I flung the little, slender thing into her mother's arms. And now the scamp says he will take my farm away from me for abducting his child. I take it, his wounded feelings will be nicely patched with my little place for a plaster. Now, Lawyer Wilkins, *can* such a thing be done, here in this country? Can I be ruined, and my seven children sent to the poor-house, if I can't keep 'em by day's work, because I took that little girl's hand, and led her to her mother, when she wanted to go?"

"It is not easy to divine what may be done next week, or next month, or what prejudice may make a jury say. Of one thing I am certain, Paine: I stand between you and harm. If your place is forfeited, it is my loss. Are you content?"

"Not if you lose any thing, Squire Wilkins. For it is against natur' that a man should be impoverished for leading a child to her mother when she had rather go than eat a pound of candy. And it is just as unnatural for a man's broken heart to be healed with money. If this pious Quaker believes his wife to be the worst woman in the world, and just the one to ruin his child, he may well be sorry. But what good is my farm to do him? Will it make his wife better, or make her bring up the child better, that he contrives to starve my children? If you indemnify

me, then Mrs. Hervey must pay you. If she is wicked for money, as her husband asserts, then she must increase in wickedness to get this money that he claims as a salve for his wounded affections. *Blood money!* I should call it; and though I mayn't be good enough for a Quaker, I would as soon sell a slave, and eat and drink the price, as take this money from Mrs. Hervey, if I believed him. And if he believes himself, it's my private opinion that he is an infernal scoundrel to take her money. Every time I think of his threat to take away my little all, I am more and more glad that I gave the girl back to her mother."

"You should hear his wife talk," said Mrs. Wilkins. "She says that he has bad advisers, and that he is willful, and does not know what he is doing. She *pities* him." The lawyer looked very much as if he did not, and as if he would have no objection to being a pair of shears, while Hervey might be something to be *cut up, cut out, and trimmed.*

"Well, Squire, what do *you* think of the business, and what do you intend to do?"

"I think Hervey a weak rascal, with stronger scamps to help him. As to what I shall *do*—we shall see;" and the conference was at an end, for Paine trusted the lawyer, and knew that he never wasted words, though he might, in this instance, waste his money.

Hervey had indeed conceived the idea of striking a blow at me through this innocent man. He brought an action against Mr. Paine for abducting Eva, and boasted that he would take his little home, and ruin him for his act of kindness to a bereaved and almost insane mother. Lawyers gave it as their opinion that the helper of the white fugitive was liable to heavy damages.

The meshes of the law closed around me. I had heard that legal enactments were for the protection of human freedom. I now felt that they were made for its annihilation.

I had now to consider my position, and count its difficulties I could not shut my eyes, and go on. There was some doubt whether I would be allowed to earn my bread. A woman separated from her husband is disreputable, whatever may be her true character, especially in staid New England. Ten years ago her

case was much worse than at present, though her bed is not made of thornless roses now. I was treated with scorn by some, with studied neglect by others, and a patronage more insulting than either by a few who needed my services in teaching. Some persons had the good sense to ignore my position, and treat me as a serviceable machine, while others were partisan friends, taking up my cause with a zeal as little according to knowledge, as that of those who declared that such a woman ought not to be countenanced—that her husband was a very pious, *handsome* man, and very much devoted to his wife, and that she, without any reason, refused to live with him—as if it were possible for a woman to dare and bare all reproach with no motive or reason. I remember a conversation I had, about this time, with the Rev. Horace Milton, a sort of small abridgment of Mr. Silkenby, and "a radical clergyman," in the town of B——, where I first essayed to teach after I had rescued Eva.

"Tell me, Mrs. Hervey, why did you leave your husband? You will not say that he is a bad man. You say he does as well as he *can*—as well as he knows. Could not you manage him? I have always thought that a *good* woman could manage any man. You were not obliged to tell him all your thoughts and feelings. It seems to me, *you* could make a good husband of any man."

"I do not think, Mr. Milton, that you or Mr. Hervey know what goodness is, at least according to my standard. But is a man's goodness a reason why I should live with him as a wife? I do not admit that marriage is a civil contract. It is to me the holiest union in Love of which two beings are capable. It is because I hold this doctrine of true union, and wish to record my protest against a merely legal marriage where there is no affection, that I assign no other reason for leaving Mr. Hervey but this. We are not married. We never were. Entire incompatibility of taste, feeling, and opinion proves that there is nothing but a legal fiction to bind us together. I can not live in the impurity of such a marriage, though all the world entertain cruel suspicions, and heap scandal upon me. I am called to serve God, and not the world."

"*But if* your doctrine is true, my dear madam, you break up

half our marriages. Our children will go about fatherless, and men will plunge into all evil."

"It is not my fault, Mr. Milton, that the world is not prepared for purity in its marriages. I can only say I am prepared, at whatever cost, to break an unholy relation. I have no advice to offer to others excepting this—Do the greatest good in your power. If a connection produces more good than evil, remain in it. If the contrary, escape from it. 'Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.'

"I have given my reason for repudiating my marriage. I have no reason to malign the father of my child. I have no need to tell the bitter truth of my sufferings while I remained with him. He slanders me continually, because he can not do otherwise. He believes me vile. He can not conceive of the purity of Love. Legal marriage, be it ever so hateful a bondage, is to him the only virtue. He can no more understand me than the women of your church who gossip about me—who let loose the blood-hounds of Scandal on my track."

"Mrs. Hervey, the people can not understand you. I am not sure that I understand you. Your ideas of Virtue seem to me dangerous for the masses—perhaps not for you."

"I can not feel that I am in danger when every fiber of my being testifies that purity is a heavenly necessity to every true woman's nature. She can not profane her life for money, for position, for custom, or for a public opinion that will create the *soul* of an *auto da fe* for her—that will nail her to a cross, or burn her, not with brute force and with material fire, but with the spiritual correspondences of these tangible agents of a day that has passed. A few more martyrs, Mr. Milton, and spiritual despotism, responsibility to a false and worldly human tribunal, represented by public opinion, will be no more."

"You are an enthusiast, my dear madam. I can not receive your opinions. They are dangerous. They may do for you, but weaker women need protection. I am a *radical*, but I think people who interfere with marriage go too far. If I believed as you do, I should have no wife. Am I to cast off a poor, weak woman, who has lost her beauty and her health, her only inheritance, in bearing my children, because I might love almost any

good-natured, healthy woman better? Your doctrines are very cruel, Mrs. Hervey."

"I have counseled no cruelty, Mr. Milton. I see no necessity why children should be fatherless because a false marriage is dissolved. The number of real orphans seems to me to be increased by the continuance of unloving marriages. Children are sent to school, and placed under the care of nurses and others, where parents live in love. If people have common sense and common humanity, they can take care of their children after the dissolution of a home that but educates their offspring in discord. If they lack these humane attributes, the continuance of their marriage is not any more desirable.

"I have said that I would live in any connection that was productive of more good than evil. But can it be your duty to bring such children as your poor Bessie and Alfred into this hard world? Bessie can never walk a step with her terrible hip disease, and Alfred—" I paused. I could not speak another word on that horrible subject—the boy was an *idiot*. The mother was a walking *cadaver*.

"Mr. Milton, you can sustain and cherish the poor lady who bears your name by law, and every consideration of kindness and justice demands it, but you need not lie to yourself or to God by calling her your wife, if you are conscious that she is not."

"Mrs. Hervey," said "the radical minister," "I believe that you are a well-meaning woman, but your ideas of marriage frighten me. I hope you may not find that they will deprive you of the privilege of earning your bread."

And this man was an abolitionist, and never saw any difficulties in the *immediate* emancipation of aged or sickly slaves tottering into the grave, needing care and kindness from a master and owner, even as Mrs. Milton needed it—the young and untaught—the lazy and shiftless slaves were all fit for freedom, and ought forthwith to be emancipated. Reader, have you any clue of principle to guide you through the chaos of false social relations? Do you believe that God intended women and negroes for freedom? or are both unimprovable, and doomed to be *forever parasites*?

Has it occurred to you, before perusing these pages, that a being, who had no right of property, and therefore no independent will, and no right to her children, and who can not be sold, and thus have the *chance* of a better master, has somewhat of a parallel life with that of the negro slave, with the exception just made, which may be in her favor, and may not?

I once said to William Lloyd Garrison: "The Northern wife is worse off than the Southern slave, for her mental cultivation gives her a keenness of anguish that the want of spiritual culture saves her Southern sister from."

This was a hard saying to the man of one idea, and I now think it is not true. Chattel bondage is the lowest of all—but those who are oppressed by marriage, and find no escape but by loss of name and fame, food and children, may well be excused for seeing a parallel to the institution of marriage in that of slavery.

But I had little leisure to convert "radical clergymen" or others to my unpopular ideas. I must determine on some course of action that should give my child and myself the means of living, and to get also money to defend Mr. Paine in the suit brought against him. Hervey had circulated a report, wherever I was known, that I was a woman of ill fame. This was a terror to many who had not the slightest belief in its truth. Had my father been alive I should not have fled before any report. But I had no home, except to go to a boarding-house.

It is hard to live in a great many places that we are forced into in this world; and especially difficult is it for a "compromised woman" to live in a boarding-house. In the first I essayed many characters congregated. I especially remember a pale, pleasant young woman, with a very white and a very lovely babe. I had much happiness in taking the infant from its mother's arms as often as I had opportunity. I had not been long in the house before I perceived that rumor had found me out. A cross-eyed widow lady of forty-five, and owning to ten years less, a very thin maiden lady, whose disposition and person appeared equally angular, and several of those, who, like straws, float with the current—all these worthy ladies refused to speak to me. The pale, sweet woman with the baby avoided me carefully, and

shielded her infant even from my look. She seemed to be sorrowfully performing a duty in shunning me, and I pitied her. A lady who had much intellectual culture and great force of character, and whose marriage was to the last degree unhappy, also held herself aloof from me. Another, who was very pleasant to me, was forbidden by her husband to converse with me. I began to feel famine. One day the gentleman who kept the house came into the parlor in evident perturbation. A clergyman and his daughter, with whom I had been some time acquainted, had taken board there a little before, for the benefit of the sweet air and scenery of the place, for a few summer weeks. A lady of true refinement and clear perception of truth, but who did not choose to make herself a martyr, though too noble to shun me at all. A clergyman, who was seeking a few days' rest in the beautiful country, and several gentlemen and ladies, who had hitherto hailed me with civil indifference, and who, I found, knew nothing of my position, being laudably busy about their own affairs, were in the parlor at the same time of the perturbed ingress of the man of the house.

"Gentlemen and Ladies," said the little, earnest man, who was a bachelor, and engaged in the rather womanish occupation of keeping a village boarding-house, because he was just fit for it. He now paused, cleared his throat, and assumed a look of authority—of moral dignity, worthy of what he was about to do. "Gentlemen and Ladies, I am obliged to speak to you on a subject that concerns us all. I have been requested by a number of my boarders to ask Mrs. Hervey to leave my house, and as so many of you are here together, I thought we might talk the matter over."

Every body seemed greatly surprised, but nobody spoke. I felt a sort of relief in being brought to trial; any thing was better than the silent Coventry I had been in for some days. The women put me there, and then found fault because I conversed with the men.

Mr. Short waited rather uneasily for the concurrence of the boarders, but it turned out that no one present wished me to leave; or had said any thing about it. The elder clergyman was interested in me a good deal, and his daughter more. The

younger minister was partial to the young lady, and took up her friend with warmth. These three persons gave tone to the rest, and in five minutes Mr. Short found himself in a very uncomfortable minority of one. The gentlemen and ladies unanimously agreed that if I were driven away by such indignities, that they should leave also. Poor Mr. Short's mental arithmetic told him that there were forty dollars' worth of boarders a week in that parlor, and twice that amount in character and influence. He began to be horrified at the cross-eyed widow and the thin maiden, and to be sorry for the pale lady with the baby, and to sympathize decidedly and warmly with me, and to be very brave against gossips and mischief-makers, and very anxious to make his house a pleasant home for me. But I was soon driven to decide on trying my fortune in the great world of New-York. There I believed that I might be successful in teaching, and that I might find peace from vile and scandalous rumors. It seemed a great world where I might forget and be forgotten; where I might be allowed to work for the ransom of my Eva, instead of giving my efforts wholly to sustain and educate her. This last seemed enough for one weak woman, worn down by the sickness caused in her married bondage, by circumstances detailed, and those that must be forever shrouded in darkness. Instead of being left in peace with my wretched remnant of life to earn my living, I was compelled to pay the expenses of a lawsuit, or see innocent and humane people robbed and spoiled. Have we a law with respect to fugitive slaves that is harder in its operation than this from which I was suffering? What might I not be compelled to do under the pressure of law, want, and infamy? seemed to be the question that Hervey was asking. Onward he pushed the calumnies that had been engendered in his own diseased brain. He lamented everywhere the fate of his poor child, to be reared in infamy by a woman depraved enough to say that her will was her law; that she did not believe in legal marriage; that her highest idea of virtue was to be faithful to the deepest and holiest love of her heart. I had said all this. Letters of mine, filled with treason of this sort, were ready to be presented in a court of *Justice*. And though no paramour was found, though a mother's love filled my heart, and I sought a laborious

employment in teaching as many pupils as I could obtain, still I was confounded by Hervey with the poor outcasts who live a life of mercenary sensuality.

Bitter indeed was the draught prepared for me by wicked scandal-mongers, or those honest persons who have no moral discrimination. I would have been burned with fire upon the altar of true purity for the sake of those very women, who, knowing not their birthright, believed that I deserved to be stoned.

Chapter Seven.

NEW YORK.

A STEAMBOAT nearing the wharf of a great city in the gray dawn of the morning is a commonplace thing—not to be remarked—and yet it is a little world full of a wondrous variety of life. Husbands and wives are returning to loved or hated homes, to the freedom of affection, or to the bondage of fear and custom; mothers are returning to their children, and children to their parents; men of business, busy speculators walking the deck restlessly even at this early hour, as a gray squirrel goes round and round on his wheel; rascals on the early look-out for something in their way; and the commonplace multitude, who do not think, and need not be thought of.

Through the entire night I had tossed feverishly in my berth. I could not afford a state-room, and the air had been breathed over so many times by the numbers who crowded in and around the ladies' cabin, that it seemed only fit to cause asphyxia. Eva slept; I had put her in the upper berth that she might be in a better atmosphere. With a dull pain in my head, as if a band of iron or of lead encircled it, I rose in the first light, as I felt the boat settling into silence at the wharf. It was a chill night of autumn, and the morning air was laden with hoar frost. I wrapped my shawl closely around me, but it did not keep my lungs from smarting with each reviving inhalation. I saw several men pacing the deck, and I shrank into a dark corner, and sat down on a stool. One of the men made two or three turns in my direction, and then said, "A sharp morning, miss. Have you the time o' day?" There was no insult in these words, and yet I

felt that I must go back into the smothering suffocation of that cabin, that I must not stay one moment on the deck without *a protector*. In our boasted land of freedom, a poor woman, wrapped in russet clothing, cowering and coughing in a corner of a steamboat deck, is not secure from insult. I went down stairs, and looked at Eva still sleeping, and opened the window of her berth a little, to revive her before she should rise. I had opened the window the night before, but the chamber-maid would close it, as several voices were clamorous against the cold air. I left the child with a lighter heart as the breeze stirred the yellow hair on the calm temples, and a blessing seemed to come with every breath. I leaned over the railing on the side of the boat next the city, and looked at the vast sleeping world, and crowds of sights, scenes, and thoughts filled my mind and heart.

But my musings were soon ended, cut short by a busy stir within, and a gathering crowd without the boat. Our little congregation emerged from night and darkness, close berths, and crowded cabins. Hoarse voices bawled from the shore, "Carriage, sir," "Carriage, madam," "United States," "Astor House," "Courtland Street," "City Hotel;" whips were crossed, and much English uttered that is to be hoped is not in the Dictionary. Some of the passengers seemed in imminent risk of the judgment awarded by the wise King Solomon in the case of the disputed infant.

I shrunk back to the inmost edge of the crowd, keeping Eva's hand close clasped in mine, till I feared I should lose the last carriage, and then I gave my trunk to a black man. He was a Pariah, so was I; and I instinctively sought the sympathy of his service. Why had God made him a negro, and me a woman? These were grave questions, to which I trust I shall yet have an answer; for sure the All-wise, the All-powerful, the All-good is accountable to his creatures, and sooner or later he will answer us all

We were huddled, with half a dozen others, into a lumbering sort of hybrid carriage, half stage and half hackney-coach, and I was crowded into a corner, with Eva on my lap. I had just one straw to cling to in the great, strange sea on which I was cast. A friend had given me a letter to a lady, who, with her husband,

kept a sort of extended boarding-house, or contracted hotel. I had a great many misgivings about the letter and the place; for the lady who gave it me, had told me that Mrs. Leeds was a beauty and a flirt, and her husband a grave and good man, and a great sufferer from his wife's follies.

"You will find him a kind protector," said my friend, "and you will meet the best people at his house, and his wife will never cross your path, for you will be at work, and she will be dressing and winning the most wicked and worthless admiration for her charms. A vain fool, and, if rumor speaks truly, something a great deal worse."

Such was the reputation of the lady to whom I had my only letter of introduction. Our companions in the coach were set down one after another, and it was a comfort that we were left for a little time alone. When we stopped, the driver asked twelve shillings for our fare, probably thinking that I would not dare dispute his demand. I stepped into the hall of the house, and asked the servant to call Mr. Leeds, at the same time offering the fellow a dollar—twice what he deserved for his crazy, crowded old carriage. He took the proffered price, and made off before Mr. Leeds came down. In other cities, hackmen may have hardened, or seared, or threadbare, or elastic consciences, but in New York they escape the damaged article by having none at all.

Mr. Leeds came down stairs just as the man had driven away, and observed that it has been very justly remarked of New York hackmen, that they were somewhat exorbitant in their charges. "Yes, yes," said he, "it is very true, they are exorbitant, quite so," saying it so as to repeat it a good many times.

He was a short, broad man, with a bald head, and an assumption of dignity which sat very ill on his most undignified, puncheon-shaped person. His head was very full and high in the region where phrenologists locate self-esteem and firmness. His lips were African in contour, and he seemed about as empty of ideas as he was full of self-esteem. This was my first impression of the "grave, good man," who was to be my *protector*, and whose wife I was warned against as a beauty and a flirt. I was always a little perverse in liking what I was told I was not to like.

I have always had an objection to the popularity proper. It is very likely, according to my experience, to be as stupid as it is proper.

The house was built at a corner, facing on two streets, and an apothecary, a doctor, and a dressmaker were domiciled in the lower story, while Mr. Leeds, and a large number of those who seek—but never find—" the comforts of a home," through boarding-houses scattered from the Battery to Fourteenth Street, occupied three stories above.

Mr. Leeds was a man of two ideas. I made a mistake in thinking he had none, as he soon convinced me.

When I had thrown off shawl and bonnet, and had taken a seat by a cheerful and comfortable grate full of glowing anthracite, the " grave, good man" began :

" Mrs. Hervey, I conclude you are interested in the two great questions of the day—Colonization and a Sanitary Reform ?"

" I do not know that I am exactly aware of what you wish me to understand by your words, sir."

" Ah—yes—yes. You have not then seen my Journal. The Journal explains my ideas on those two great questions. It is strange—yes—yes—very strange that you have not seen my Journal." He said this in a short, sharp tone, and I felt like a child who has been stealing sugar, or committing some other petty larceny, that I should not know the *little* required by this champion of a something, which I feared I knew nothing about. I had heard of colonization, and did not feel any great interest in the exportation of persons of dark complexion beyond the pale of all home influences, from climate to cradle inclusive.

I might have been born with a few drops of black blood in my vascular system ; thank Heaven that this was not added to my other disabilities. Thousands of ties are woven around the heart in every fatherland, and though they be mingled with chains, they are not easily broken.

Then I knew something of sanitary reform, had heard Sylvester Graham (Doctor, by courtesy) lecture on Hygiene, and was sure that all might be benefited by the truths he told, albeit many said he was not his own disciple. Whether he was blest by his own truths or not, might be no concern of mine. I must accept

and obey what was for me. But *can* any soul be cheated of its birthright?—can any put away the blessing of obedience from heart and life, and can I say it is no concern of mine, or of the whole brotherhood of man? For all of love received, or for all of truth obeyed, does not the sun shine brighter and warmer?—does not the flower bloom with greater sweetness, and the melody of the birds ring out more joyously, and this orbed planet roll more gloriously on the pathway marked by the Omnipotent?

Alas! no one can say my brother's life is no concern of mine. The deed of every doer concerns every other integral part of that great unit, the human family.

How could I turn from such thoughts as these to the personified grossness and conceit of the "grave, good man" who was fidgeting about in great haste to enlighten me respecting his ideas and his Journal, but especially the last, which was the child of his heart, the apple of his eye, his diamond, and pearl, and every sort of precious thing to him. It was his only occupation, and he fancied it was fame, and he had faint visions of fortune to be developed out of it.

He went on to assure me that colonization would draw off all the negro blood from our country in time. "Yes, yes, carry it back to Africa, where it belongs—where it belongs, Mrs. Hervey. My Journal—my Journal, Mrs. Hervey, will do the work, and also teach people a lesson on Hygiene." I noticed that he never said health. "Yes—yes—a lesson—a lesson with regard to the uses of cotton. If every body wore cotton over the entire skin, the hygienic conditions would be fulfilled, as they are not now. Colonization and cotton are my two ideas. My Journal is their true advocate and exponent. I will furnish you with the numbers from the first, to-day, Mrs. Hervey, and you can inform yourself. Yes—yes—" said he, snapping his fingers, and turning quickly here and there, rising and sitting, and sitting and rising, the "grave, good man." What a protector he would be, with his two ideas, and the great influence of his Journal, which he told me already numbered four hundred subscribers—and only a year established.

On my arrival, I had sent up my letter to Mrs. Leeds, but I by no means expected to see a lady, who only consulted her own

personal comfort, at this early hour. While I was listening despairingly to the oft-repeated words of Mr. Leeds, a young and beautiful woman swept, like a sudden summer breeze, into the room.

Her face was infantine in sweetness, full of a beauty like that of a rose-bud just bursting into bloom. Her hair fell in large masses of curls over the roundest and whitest neck I ever saw. She had on a morning dress, with no ornament or covering for her neck but her curls. The rich red lips parted smilingly, and revealed teeth as pretty as they could be. She came, and took both my hands, and said, "Are you Mrs. Hervey?" I said "Yes," just as sure of a friend as I should be of seeing angels in heaven or mortals on earth. She kissed me, and said, in a low, sweet voice, "Please to come with me," and then seeing Eva, she took her hand kindly, kissed her also, and hurried us away from the "grave, good man," colonization, cotton, and "*The Journal*," to my great relief.

She sat down by me, took my hand between her soft, white palms, and looked at me as if I had been an old friend, and said:

"I have long wanted to see you. Somehow you always seemed to be my friend, though perhaps you never heard of me, or only heard evil of me. You will let me love you," and she looked as though her heart must overflow or break from an excess of affection.

I looked at the blushing child's face, that was yet full of a rich, ripe charmingness, and I wondered how any one could help loving her. She had not an ornament on her dress or person. She had not even a comb in her hair. No jewels could have brightened her beauty. I wanted to talk to her; to tell her how heavenly her presence and her sweet welcome were to me, but my heart was too full. We sat in the front parlor; the back parlor that we had just left was the dining-room, and Mr. Leeds had another room on the same floor for library and office. Just now that gentleman came bustling into the parlor, with no notice that he was coming, and brought with him a person whose appearance was about as interesting as his own.

"Ladies," said he, "you will leave the parlor. This gentle*man* and I wish to have some confidential conversation." We

were hustled out in a minute, and the words, "Yes—yes—the Journal," began their rapid and fidgety flow before we had closed the door.

Mrs. Leeds led the way up stairs. On the landing we met an Irish servant, and she said, in a low, pleasant tone, "Is all right. Margaret?" "Yes, mem," said the girl, with a pleased look. We passed along to the farthest end of the hall, and Mrs. Leeds opened the door of a small room, with two pretty couches covered with neat chintz, a grate with a glowing fire, a rocking-chair, and two other chairs, a closed washstand, and one of the prettiest little tables in New York. The room was in the second floor of an addition, which had been built some time for something, and had the luxury of four windows, two looking into the yard and two into the street, and being the stillest part of the house.

"This is your room," said Mrs. Leeds, seeming perfectly happy at my pleased and surprised look. "I will send you some breakfast, and when my babies are all right I shall see you again. My youngest is only three weeks old," said she, archly, "and I always bathe him morning and night myself, and he drinks so much."

"Then you do not nurse him?"

She looked at me in astonishment, and then laughed and said:

"Oh, yes, but I do. I am the cup he drinks from, and you know little babies take a long time to eat their dinners. I give Willie a half hour to dine, and sometimes that is not enough; and then Marie is only two years, and Frank a little over three, and I have them all in the room with me, night and day."

"But surely you have help with all those babies?"

"O, yes, dear, the best of help. Maggie, that you saw in the hall, is nurse. She has a bedroom opening out of our room, and she often takes one or the other of my children, so long as she can keep awake. I often wish I could get weaned from Frank and Marie, because the baby is so much care; but Maggie has a great deal to do besides helping me, and I am sure she could never wake at night with a child, though she keeps awake often very kindly, but once she is asleep, she 'sleeps like a log.' I must go, and you must have your breakfast, and then I shall show you something;" and she ran away, gleeful as a child, to her

babies. These were by no means her only care. She had the little home of her father to manage, two or three blocks away, and the whole care of the boarding-house fell on her. Then the nursery, with its full cup of labor and love. How was Mrs. Leeds to dress and flirt? Where was the time, and where the will? thought I. Our ejection from the parlor was rankling in my feelings, but Mrs. Leeds had not mentioned it. Evidently she was used to such occurrences. For a long time I had not been so happy as in that pleasant room, with a snow, rain, and sleet storm beating against the windows. The sky had darkened since the morning dawned, and a storm that was slightly promised as I left the carriage had been rapidly realized.

My kind friend brought her baby, and exhibited him with much maternal pride; and during the day I went to her room and saw her other treasures. Mr. Leeds was really ubiquitous, and his wife seemed to shrink and become more a child whenever he appeared. I had a comfort in feeling that he would never appear in my room.

With all the kindness of my new-found friend, my fortune was hard enough. I had thirteen dollars. This was the sum of my worldly wealth. Winter was coming on, and Eva and I were scantily clad. The lawsuit dragged its length along, and Mr. Paine must be defended. My character had been assailed, and evidence must be brought to disprove the blackest falsehoods. It was bad enough to contemplate all this then, but it all deepened in atrocity and infamy as the work went on.

In the evening Mrs. Leeds flitted into my room and said, hurriedly:

"He has consented to take six dollars a week for you both. I wish there was no such thing as money, or else that there were a great deal more of it;" and she was gone. For equal style and comfort anywhere else I must have paid ten dollars a week. [illegible] difficulty arose. I must have room for my classes, else could I live at all? I might have this resting-place till I had [illegible]d circulars and given due notice of what I intended to do. All this was to be thought of, and I thought and thought till my [illegible]ain ached, and my heart kept it sad company.

Chapter Eight.

MY FELLOW-BOARDERS.

AT the supper-table I was a good deal surprised. There were many every-day faces—men who seemed especially created to gain bread and clothing for their wives, and women who seemed just as especially destined to eat and inhabit the close quarters of tight dresses and bedrooms in boarding-houses. Besides these, there were several who greatly interested me; young men, who seemed unconsciously determined that the world should not conquer them. One wore his hair long, just as every body else did *not;* another wore a mustache, when half the people about him had never seen another. One or two wore their collars à-la Byron, with a black ribbon instead of a close neck stock. I afterward learned that two of them were artists, one in miniatures, another in portraits; a third was studying landscape painting, and a prophesy of eminence lay on his calm, open brow. A fourth was a poet, another a musician, and a genial medical student completed the number of noticeable persons, which did not include a woman. While we sat at supper, Mrs. Leeds came again among us, like a fragrant breath of air from some sunny, aromatic clime. She passed around the table, brightening even the hard faces of the business men, and making a new light to kindle and burn in the eyes of the poet and artists. She said a few kindly words, and then she was gone, but her influence remained. All seemed more cheerful, except two or three women, who were evidently displeased that their husbands had looked with pleasure anywhere but into their own vinegar cruets. When I went up to my room, Mrs. Leeds was sitting

on the floor with her baby on her lap, divested of all his clothes. She was rubbing him with her soft hands, and he was so fat and white, such "a sweet lump," as she said, that I was very glad she had chosen to put on his night-gown in my room, for my edification. "I bathed him," she said, "and wrapped him all up in this big blanket, and ran here with him to put on his night-gear, because I knew you would so love to see him. Is not he *beautiful?*" and she looked upon her treasure with a tenderness that no words could describe.

"I bathed Frank and Marie, and put them in their crib, and they looked like rose-buds folded in snow. Thank God for my children," said she, with an earnestness that was fearful. "I have something to show you," said she, "something that I love so much. You must see it to-night." She laid her precious burden in my lap and glided away. In a minute she came back with a miniature in her hand. "I have painted this of darling Frank, just when I could. I have very little time, and he is a bad sitter. Mr. Melbourne, whom you saw at table, has helped me. I can not call it my work; but he says it is all mine. He loves to flatter me. Did you notice him? He wears a mustache because he has been in Italy, and a Byron collar, and makes himself odd, I tell him, in the way of business—for every body asks his name, and who, and what he is, when they have once seen him. But nothing can spoil him. He is so good, and such a genius! If I had a fortune, he should paint all my babies."

"When you can do them so much justice, you need not regret the want of fortune." She smiled, took the miniature, and kissed it, and said quickly:

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, if I can."

My fancy was full of artists and miniatures.

"I have heard this evening that my old nurse (Frank's nurse) is sick. She married a year ago, and I fear she has not seen much rest or happiness since. I want to go to her, but I can't yet. I am not strong enough for home and abroad. You can learn her wants, and understand all about her, a great deal better than Margaret. Will you go early?"

I said, "Yes."

"Then take my purse to-night, and you will find a parcel at your door in the morning, and her address is on a bit of paper in the purse. And now I must kiss you; good-night, dear. Give my love to poor Mary, and tell her I will see her as soon as I can. Use as much money as she needs. Poor Mary!"

This was another lesson in the character of a woman whom I had been assured was a flirt, and probably a great deal worse. When will the world forgive beauty, and goodness, and freedom, that all must love or hate?

Mr. Leeds' "business" was very unproductive, and he had a peculiar talent for getting in debt. He owed printers and pressmen, paper-makers and clerks, and errand boys, and he looked to his wife for money to meet all these demands, and many more, for he had his fancies and his charities, and frequently he sported a whip, and a handsome horse and gig; but his most unforgivable quality was his being everywhere present. He was like the frogs of Egypt, in the bed-chamber and the kneading-trough, and particularly the last. He superintended all the cookery, presided at the making of soup and pie crusts, and banished linen dish-clothes and towels, as he verily believed, from his household.

Servant girls cheated him, and boarders despised him, but his fidgety form rolled everywhere, and "The Journal, yes, yes, the Journal," became a by-word with every one who knew him.

I soon got acquainted with most of the *outre* persons who were satellites of Mrs. Leeds. They were young and loving enthusiasts, attracted by the beauty and taste, good sense and informal manners, of their hostess. Each had faults that he had resigned for her. Melbourne had thrown away cigars, and took a cold bath every morning for the sake of his love for the bright creature whom he did not see an hour in the week, unless he were giving her lessons. Wilton, the landscape painter, had been intolerably indolent, and never rose in season to study a sunrise till he saw Mrs. Leeds in the studio of his dear friend Melbourne, and so on of all her friends.

"No man," she would say, "can come into my circle unless he leave his bad habits outside. It is our business to make men better, and theirs to strengthen us for the task. Their admiration may be a little troublesome sometimes, especially when

scandal-mongers are about one, but the game is worth the candle, or I would not play it. I must specially introduce you to my dreamer, the queerest fellow in the world. He sits opposite you at table. He has black hair, doves' eyes of the brightest jet, and is an inveterate mystic; that is, nobody here but me ever could, would, or did understand him. He is a medical student at the University, but no science of medicine but the infinitesimal will ever satisfy him, and so he duly listens to Dr. Mott, and worships Dr. Gray as Hahnemann's vicegerent on earth. Just now he is over head and ears in Fourier, and talks about 'Passional Harmony,' 'Passional Hygiene,' and ever so many other hard words that he never defines, and ninety-nine out of a hundred think he has not any meaning, or touch their foreheads significantly, or hide when they know he is coming, or listen, when caught, with whatever patience they can command. Shall I bring him here some time? but no. You must first see him in the parlor. Maybe you will not get inside of his queer ways, and find his heart as easily as I do."

Chapter Nine.

DR. ELLERY.

I HAVE just ten leisure minutes, Mrs. Hervey, so come in the parlor and see Dr. Ellery."

"Madam," said the young man, rising gracefully, and putting his long hair out of his dark, dreamy, and beautiful eyes, "I am most happy to make your acquaintance. Characters are distributed in categories. I flatter myself we may have affinity. You are no doubt aware that to the individualization of the divine dynamic principles in material forms are due all those specific attractions and sympathies, either of an industrial or social character, which enrich and harmonize life through our senses and affections." Mrs. Leeds looked aslant at me with the utmost archness. I tried to understand, and really did not know but I did, but no remark came to my help, and he continued: "It is God, of whom we are conscious in our highest life, whom we find again in those objects toward which, or whom, we stand in relations of specific natural affinity, and through whose co-action we complete our own being."

I stammered out that there was a great and almost universal disintegration of man—that we were often compelled by social propriety, the inexorable law of custom, to shun, ignore, and destroy affinital relations.

"Madam," said he, with the force and feeling of a prophet, and his dark eyes glittered like the Koh-i-noor, "it is only by the discriminative attainment of those relations toward which the passional fountain of our life eternally wells up, that life becomes divine, and we escape from passional blasphemy."

"Spoken from a true philosophy," said I, musingly.

Deeper and deeper dived my new friend in his abstractions.

"The method of successful incarnation distinguishes the *me* from the *not me*—and the process and order by which the *not me* shall become *me*."

Now of all transcendentalisms, I confess to knowing least of all about this *me* and *not me*. I had mastered the subjective and objective, but there I had, as I thought, judiciously paused, with a bad headache, the consequence of non-comprehension.

But when he went on to talk of the Magi, of the *Djan*, of the *Boe*, the *Rouan*, and the *Akho*, I surrendered all claim to an understanding, and laughingly said, that I believed I was as near a natural-born fool as the climate will admit of! He paused, pondered my words with great gravity and an intensely studious expression, and putting the long, black hair again out of his eyes, he said, slowly, "As-the-climate-will-admit-of. Will you have the goodness to explain the scientific relations which you suppose to exist between your modicum of intelligence, and—"

Mrs. Leeds and I laughed outright, and broke off the elucidating question.

"I was only jesting," said I, "because I did not quite understand you; perhaps, because I have so little time to talk with you to-day," said I, seeing his bewildered and half-comprehending look, and feeling want and work tugging at my heart-strings, as they did all the time. The chilly days and my insufficient clothing hurried me. The feeling that I had six dollars a week to pay for board, and that I had but thirteen dollars in my purse, hurried me. Eva's scantily clad form, and her eager aspirations to learn just those things that I could not teach her, hurried me. If I went into the street, I could not spare sixpence for a ride in an omnibus, and I hurried my walk to save time and to get out of the cold. A Quaker Thibet shawl was my only protection against the winter weather.

What time had I to understand Mr. Ellery? I went to my room, and with pencil and paper analyzed and reckoned my fortunes and prospects. I had come to New York at an unfortunate time, the season of the holidays. It was now close upon the *new year*, and I could do nothing with my proposed classes till

the holidays were passed, and people were quiet enough to look at my circulars. Full three weeks I must live before I could be at work. I had not the means to pay even the moderate price asked for my board. Then I must have a class room, for which I must pay ten dollars in advance. Advertising, circulars, etc., would cost ten more. I could not appear before a class without some additions to my dress. For myself and Eva at least ten dollars must be expended. I determined to reckon, very resolutely, all my indispensable wants, and all my available resources. A dead leaf-colored mouseline de laine for myself and Eva would be eminently proper. We were *ci-devant* Quakers, and besides, poverty in sad colors is humble and unobtrusive. The material would cost thirty-seven cents a yard. Seventeen yards would make the two dresses. A dress-maker would fit them for a dollar, and I could make them. Ten dollars would give us the dresses ready made, with white linen bands for neck and wrists, and they were very neat and becoming when we were invested in them, and Eva's pink bow, added to the linen band on her neck, looked like a pink or rose-bud that has fallen in the dust.

I found that I must leave Mrs. Leeds' comfortable home. I could not pay the little she was obliged to ask me. After reckoning again and again, I found that I must have very near fifty dollars before I should form a class, and my success in teaching was wholly uncertain—but the class room and advertising *must* be paid in advance, whether I succeeded or not. The ten dollars for our wardrobe I had paid—and part of a dollar had stolen out of my purse for pencils and drawing-paper for Eva. I had a little over two dollars, and I owed Mr. Leeds for more than a week's board. He collected all bills himself, and I dreaded to see him, though I was hoping daily to receive some money for three stories which I had written for *Godey's Lady's Book*. Three such stories from my pen now would be worth what would have seemed independence and heaven to me then. The stories had been accepted, and in about a year after their acceptance had been published. I was told that the rule was to pay when an article was published. I had written to Mr. Godey asking him to give me what he thought my stories were worth. He referred me to Mrs. Hale. I wrote to her, and told her that I needed

the money, and asked her to give as much as the work was worth to one who needed all she earned. Mrs. Hale answered that the worth of matter for their "Book" depended entirely on the fame of the writers. I had made no fame, and she therefore inclosed me fifteen dollars, which she assured me was the best they could do. But days elapsed before this money came, and my distress during the waiting I can not tell. As I write this in the midst of a happy and comfortable home, where no anxiety shades the bright green world which I see from my window, where the hours are marked only by their joys, the past seems a dark, sad, and ever-terrible dream.

On the evening of the tenth day after my arrival in New York I had accomplished this much. The leaf-colored dresses were done, and we felt very warm and comfortable in them.

The money for the stories was received. Mr. Leeds was paid, and I had secured a new home in the fourth story of a boarding-house on Broadway. My room was very small, and in a part of the house that boarders would not occupy. I paid one dollar and a half a week rent for this room, and boarded myself. My fuel and light cost seventy-five cents. Our food was mostly Indian mush, with molasses, and we lived very comfortably on twenty-five cents a week, thus saving one half of the small sum paid at Mr. Leeds'. After paying a week's rent in advance, buying some coal and candles, and a bag of meal, and a little can of molasses, with saucepan and other housekeeping indispensables, I had about six dollars left. Eva's whole heart was full of the idea of drawing—of some time becoming an artist. A friend had given her a half-eagle, which we had religiously kept to pay for drawing-lessons. Through the aid of that humble high priest of the beautiful, A. B. Durand, we found an aged and asthmatic, but well-qualified master of drawing, whose price for a quarter's lessons was five dollars, and Eva went rejoicingly to work.

But my classes, how was I to begin? Often I asked myself, Can I fall through the meshes of God's providence? Is it not hard to starve one who can live a week on a shilling's worth of meal, and to whom an apple is a great feast.

I had by me many articles which I had written when expression *had been* an absolute necessity; when I felt that I could not

live if I could not speak, and yet I had only spoken for myself, unless these could find publication. I took one of my most living articles, and a short poem, and directed them to Mr. O'Sullivan, then editor of the *Democratic Review*. Ordinarily I was timid, and I doubted the worth of my writings. Now I was calmly desperate. I could but fail. I could but starve, and I wrote a quiet note, saying that I submitted the inclosed as specimens of what I could do. I made no appeal, as I had to Mrs. Hale, for the worth of my articles, because I needed. For aught the gentleman knew, I might have been a millionaire, for I wrote with an assumed name, and for once was judged fairly. If the "measure full of gold from the enchanted world of the Arabian Nights had been poured into my lap, I could not have been more surprised or delighted than on receiving, without waiting for publication, an appreciating note from the editor, inclosing twenty-one dollars. I felt like pinching my arm to see if I were awake. I was overcome with joy, and I waited the return of Eva from her lesson with the utmost impatience. I could now commence my lessons at once. I could coin money, perhaps, from my labor; not, alas! for our comfort, but to fill the bottomless pit of litigation. But any thing is better than suspense and inaction.

I had two strange treasures in my little "sky parlor," as Eva called our room. The night before I left Mrs. Leeds', having been absent till dusk, getting all ready at my new home, I was met at the door of my room with the blessed perfume of roses and mignonnette. I hastened to light a lamp, and there, on my little table, was a magnificent Luxembourg rose in blossom, and under the table a dear mignonnette. I was "overcome as by a summer cloud," and I wept in joy and sorrow. What had I to do with a rose-bush worth ten dollars, when I must live with my child on twenty-five cents a week! I well knew from whence they came. The dove-eyed philosopher, the incomprehensible abstraction, had the reputation of being rich, and loving flowers.

On this eventful night, with the treasure in my purse, and Eva's head in my lap, weeping glad tears at our wonderful fortune, how glowed my rose-tree with glory! The large, full damask flowers sat queenlike on their stems. The buds were blissful promises, and heavenly aroma exhaled from every leaf. The mignonnette

shed a shower of delicate perfume, and my room was transfigured before me. The little white bed—do not tell Mr. Leeds that it was a present from Mrs. Leeds, with its snowy covering, and two soft hair pillows?

"My dear," said she, when she knew I was going to leave, "don't give me any reasons. I know them all, and I can furnish two or three little helps to your housekeeping, which will make your rent a little lower."

A white porcelain dish, two old, but very beautiful china saucers, two silver spoons, some fine table napkins, the dear, pretty little table that stood in my room at her house, and the bed, were a present from Mrs. Leeds—the lady who maintained a useless biped called a husband, who had borne three children, in a little more than three years, who took care of them, and a boarding-house, and of her aged father, and had the reputation of flirting with all her friends.

I looked around; the glow of the coal fire seemed a happy smile on all the face of the room; the one candle threw a bright light over the little table on which I had placed our evening meal, and which we were too happy to eat. Never has the most magnificent table-service looked half as beautiful to me as that white porcelain dish filled with golden mush, and the two pretty saucers, each with its bright silver spoon. Our home in that attic was this night a pocket-edition of Paradise.

A knock at our door awoke us to common life, and Mrs. Leeds and Mr. Mark Ellery came very unceremoniously into our happiness, for we radiate joy or sorrow as surely as we feel them, and those around us partake the quality of our spiritual life, as really as our diseases are given, sensibly or insensibly, to others.

Mrs. Leeds looked sadly and reproachfully at the table, but when she turned to me, she caught the reflection of my glad heart in my face, and smiling said, "What is it? You look so happy, one would think Mr. Astor had made you his heir."

"Providence has made a will in my favor," said I.

"And I have made another," said Mr. Ellery. A strange, familiar speech, without a "dictionary word." Indeed, this might be said of most of Mr. Ellery's speeches, whose misfortune was, that their words were not in any dictionary.

"Mark is going to do you a great favor," said Mrs. Leeds, laughing; "but I warn you that he is romantic, has been reading about Charles Lambe and his sister, and will be pretty sure to do something ridiculous for you."

Mr. Ellery did not seem to understand Mrs. Leeds, but invited me and Eva very kindly, though somewhat stammeringly, to go to the Park Theater, and see Booth in Pescara, the next evening —his sister would go, and she would be pleased to know me, and he thought I would be equally pleased with her acquaintance. Here was a matter-of-fact, mundane arrangement, proposed by the man whom I had regarded as a sort of abstract mystery, like Melchisedec. I had never once thought of investing him with relations, but think I must unconsciously have referred him to the "aromal kingdom," about which he often discoursed. Well, now the man had a sister, and a human interest in the theater, and a very human interest, as I found, in poor Booth.

"I have been to see him nine consecutive nights," said he. "He was very drunk the first three evenings, but I made him feel me, and two or three more, who were of like mind. He found, I suppose, without being aware of the fact, that passional harmony is identical with passional hygiene. In every darkened soul there is an undeveloped passional scale, which must be known in order to treat it according to its dominants and tonics, and to apply special counterpoises to any passion that has been outraged. Booth, being subject to that species of madness which may be termed subversive charm, is drawn to follow knowingly, and of his own full consent, the road opposite to the end he aims at. Now magnetism alone combines the spiritual and physical influences needed to cure Booth. We went then to the theater, to take hold of his will by the organic end. We went to modify the external, or objective environment, hoping thus to influence his subjective proclivities, and we succeeded."

"And did he really play Pescara without getting so drunk as to drown all the words in the part?" said Mrs. Leeds, half laughing at all the hard words, out of which she had, instinctively or otherwise, extracted the meaning.

"He *lives* the character now, madam, and you hear his words, because his life is extended into them."

Chapter Ten.

THE THEATER TO A NOVICE.

THE enchanted evening came. The theater was as much an enchantment to me as to Eva. No one can know what a world of illusion we have in us, until it is evolved or unrolled by being brought into collision with the actual. In such a presence it is surprising how soon it is dissipated. My first play was more wonderful than fairy-land, than the Arabian Night's Entertainment, or a first love—and yet I have since lived years in New York, not caring to see Burton, or Placide, *or* Mary Taylor, more than once in a season. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

On the wonderful evening, Mr. Ellery came early into my room, with his little gem of a sister. I was never gifted with powers of description, but I must "make an effort," as Miss Chick would say, on behalf of Miss Ellery. She was a sort of miniature of neatness and good looks, without being handsome or graceful. There was no archness, no witchery in her manner. Every thing was in place, and fastened there. Her hair was combed low on her temple, and very smoothly. You felt sure that it could never curl, and that if such an impossibility should occur, all the curls would be cork-screws, of just the same size, and that not one of them could, by any combination of circumstances or chances be found straying, or ruffled, or discomposed any way. Her linen collar and wristbands were glistening in their glossy smoothness, and seemed the type and representative of their wearer. Her eyes were a mild black, her face an oval, her lips *full* and ruddy. She reminded one of a plum or a cherry. She *was too round* and sweet for an old maid, and yet she must have

seen thirty years. Every movement betokened the simplicity of her character. She had never been in New York before, and its vastness and complication almost bewildered her. Her anticipations of the evening's entertainment were quite as delightful as Eva's or mine. Three palpitating hearts were committed to the wise care of Mr. Ellery, and he put us all in an omnibus, and in due time we were at the door of the Park Theater.

"I must go into the gallery," said he, to the man in the office. The man looked sharply at our party, and said, "You don't mean it."

"I do," said Mr. Ellery, and then he remarked, as if to himself, "Charles Lamb and his sister sat quietly in the gallery, and saw the play." The sister seemed a little nervous, but said nothing—and we were civilly directed to a door up the street. The man who kept this aperture to "darkness made visible" by a very dim light, took the shillings Mr. Ellery offered, saying, "You must be mistaken. You don't want to go up, I am sure."

Mr. Ellery assured him that he wanted "nothing else, but to sit quietly in the gallery, and see the play."

Presently he began to ascend, and it really seemed as if we were going to the sky—up, up, up. At last we landed in a queer, darkened place, with benches without backs, or with mere rails, where were a few people of color, and some very poor and humble-looking whites. I sat down next a black woman, Eva next me, and Mr. Ellery and his sister sat next on the seat. I was sure we had got into some place not intended for us. By looking a great way beneath us, we could see the stage, but the gas was not yet fully turned on, and every thing seemed dim and gloomy, and the gloom was increased by our sable neighbors. The little sister soon began to fidget very decidedly. Mr. Ellery applied his fact and argument about Lamb and his sister earnestly. I was amused more than I had been in a long time. The whole matter, when I saw how it was, became irresistibly comic, but it was exceedingly melodramatic to the precise little lady, who had evidently been led out of the region of the proprieties for the first time in her natural life.

"Brother, this is not the proper place, I am sure—do come down. I beg you will."

"Margueritte, you are troublesome. See, the house is lighted now—the play will shortly begin. I tell you, Charles Lamb—"

"Brother, I positively won't stay another minute," and the resolute small woman started alone for the stairs. Eva and I were almost smothered with stifled laughter. We followed our friend, and reached the ticket-office of the theater just as the play was beginning, and then and there Mr. Ellery discovered that he had no money, except the few shillings that paid for our ascension tickets. Fortunately, I had my little all with me, and I loaned him the money that should introduce us to decent society and the wonder world of the play at once.

I was entranced. Every thing on and off the stage was a reality to me. Booth was terribly real in the character which he was obliged to act in pantomime, for he was so really drunk that the words of the piece were entirely lost. It was astonishing the force he threw into the character, and the intensity of the interest aroused, and kept up to the close of the play. I have never read the "Apostate," and never have seen it acted since, and yet the whole drama is indelibly and fully impressed on my mind.

Chapter Eleven.

THE DELICATE ABSTRACT AND THE HARD ACTUAL.

MY friend, Mr. Ellery, was the most abstract of mortals. Propriety, social etiquette, and reputation were meaningless words to him. He lived in a world of Thought and Dreams, and prophecies based upon his Thought—a world of harmony, where freedom should take the place of bonds, where all should follow attraction, as unerringly as the planets move around the sun, as rivers seek the sea, or as dews rest down on tree and lawn, when darkness vails our mother earth, with all her sorrows and her joys. Such was Mark Ellery's world, ready made in his Philosophy.

Talk to him of evils, moral and material, of selfishness, sickness, and all that brood which escaped from Pandora's *bad-box*, and he calmly met you with "duality of movement;" "subversive action of the passions;" "a primitive planet in a state of discord, which constitutes hell," etc., etc., etc.

He was reputed to be rich, but any one could decide that he would not long remain so, unless he owned the philosopher's stone, and all the metals besides. He used to come into our little chamber as unbidden as the sunbeams, and really almost as welcome, for all his abstractions were harmless, and I had no worldly friends to take offense at his oddities, to criticise a slipper and shoe doing duty for boots, a cap that might have been brought over in the May Flower, or the *Ark*, the absence of overcoat and gloves, and pockets full of peppermints, manuscripts, chocolate, and cheese, a wet umbrella if the weather would allow, or a pot of flowers from some conservatory, that was sure to need

transplanting, or meet with a jostle in being deposited, so as to scatter the earth over my carefully kept little home. Mr. Ellery was only twenty-one years old, and had always lived abstracted from the world of forms and rules—consequently, I excused him always. And what use had I for forms? I earned my living, and owned myself. The world was a sealed book to me, and Mrs. Leeds and Mr. Ellery made most of my social life.

At last, my arrangements were all made to begin work, and my last dollar was expended for advertisements, hall, etc. I was full of hope, and my little plate of mush, the last morsel I had, made a sweet meal for us the morning of the day on which my class was to come together for the introductory lecture and lesson. The morning was bright and golden, but shut in gray before noon, and at 3 P. M., the hour for the class to meet, almost a solid sheet of rain fell. Not a person could come to the hall, but it had been warmed and opened, and I had paid for it. Despair fell on me; then, without money, save a few pennies, with a lawsuit gnawing at my heart, with my child to educate, and feed, and clothe, fatherless, and as I felt then, friendless, what was I to do? I could not weep—I had no tears. Eva sat at my feet and laid her face in my lap, but did not speak. In the evening the rain ceased, the moon came up into the heavens with her cold smile, and I sat down in darkness to try to feel that God was with me still. I heard Mr. Ellery's step, and lighted my last candle. He came in quietly, with his still wet umbrella, and a volume of "English Flora" under his arm. It was beautiful exceedingly, and I sat and looked at it, and felt its loveliness through my heartache. Mr. Ellery knew nothing of my class or its failure. He never asked questions of any respecting their business, or even seemed to understand if they volunteered information. But he knew that I was poor and a fugitive from marriage; and this evening, without preface of any kind, he handed me a bank-note across the table. I took it, thinking it a dollar, and remembering that I must have some food on the morrow. I held it to the light, and saw that it was a one-hundred-dollar note. I shrank from it with an indefinite terror, and handed it back; "I can not take it," said I. "I am sorry," said *he, putting* it loosely into his vest pocket. "I thought you

might need it, and I have no use for it now." He soon after went away, without words, as he came.

I now set myself to thinking earnestly what I could do. After an almost sleepless night, I determined to take the manuscript of a novel that I had written the previous year, and go to the Harpers. Why might I not *sell* my book? I could at least try. With a sort of haze before my eyes I entered that treasure-house of genius in Cliff Street. I was frightened at the sound of my own voice as I asked of a man in a cage, containing himself and a writing-desk, if I could see Mr. Harper. He told me to go on, and in one of the inner rooms I would find one of the firm. I found in the third room a pleasant-looking old gentleman, who asked me to sit down, and did not seem at all in a hurry, or in any way surprised that I was afraid of him, and every body, and every thing else. He was garrulous, kindly, with a strong dash of piety, and a much stronger infusion of buffoonery. I told him that I had a manuscript novel, and asked him if he would advise me with regard to a publisher. I did not dare to offer it to him, I was so impressed with the greatness of the place. I had a feeling that I must carry my beginning in literature to some beginner in the business of publishing.

"Let us see the manuscript," said the since Mayor. I took the roll from my muff and handed it to him.

"This must be a work of a genius," said he, funnily, "for it is written on backs of letters, odd half sheets, and some pretty good brown paper. This smacks of genius. Who knows now, but our reader may be pleased with this miscellaneous assortment of paper! I'll ask him for you."

I left the book in his hand, with little hope, asking if I might have it a week. "A fortnight," said he. I thought of our food and said, tremblingly, "Can you not give me answer in a week?" "You may call and see; possibly you may get the manuscript by that time." My heart sunk, and I went out as if I were enveloped in a thick fog or semi-darkness. I envied the apple-women, the ragged newsboys, and poor men pasting handbills on walls. *They* had something to do. O God! how terrible is idleness! To be idle and alone! Who can describe the torture of such a condition?

I went home. Mr. Ellery had not thought of refunding the money I had paid at the theater, and yet he had offered me a hundred dollars. I can not tell how I lived, or what I did that week. I remember twilight as a terror, and all the hours as being full of gnawing discontent. I think Mrs. Leeds sent me some apples, and we had one or two loaves of bread. At the end of the week I walked the weary distance from my lodging up town to Cliff Street. I found the same elderly gentleman in the same place, seemingly a little more disposed to pleasantry than before.

"What is your price for all that waste paper that you have spoiled?" said he.

A vision of twenty or twenty-five dollars rose up before me, and I trembled for joy. "I don't know the worth of the story," I said.

"Oh, it is worth a great deal, no doubt," said he. "The world will stand still the day it is published. We never expect to pay authors the price of their works, though we have paid Stephens $36,000 for his travels. He had been through the countries he describes, and had seen the signs, you know, and we let him have all the works containing information that a traveler ought to have, and he made the books. The people liked them, and we paid him for them. But then we can't expect to pay *you*—a genius that writes on brown paper belongs to a by-gone age of talent. Now name a sum in reason, and I will think of it."

"Give me what you think is right," said I, humbly.

"Well, then, say a hundred dollars. Fifty now, and fifty when the proof is read."

I thanked him—I am sure I did—like a woman in her right mind. I took the money, and held it in my hand, as if my very life were in that clasp; but I never knew how I got home. I passed over the distance, and found myself in my little room, with nothing to eat, and no care whether I ever ate again.

Another week, and I had commenced my lessons, for which I received fifty dollars in advance.

Paradoxical as it may seem, my labor brought repose—rest to my tempest-tossed spirit, which had prayed and longed to trust *wholly in my* heavenly Father, but which nevertheless, wearied

of asking and grew faint with waiting. But now my life was a psalm of praise. I had remunerative employment. I could earn money to defend Mr. Paine against the charge of abducting my child. I knew that my friend Mr. Wilkins would go on with his efforts for this poor man, with or without money, but this only made me the more anxious to lay no more burdens on the man who had given me back my child, the only condition of my happiness. Indeed, this legal friend had saved me from death, or madness for life, for sanity must have been lost if my desolation had been much prolonged. Truly our gratitude to him was deep as our life. What would I not do to serve him—to make him remember that I can never forget; and yet, I suppose, he looks upon me now as a hopeless radical, perhaps plotting against the peace and permanence of civilization, and leading my precious lamb afar from his fold.

Nevertheless, I bless him, as I bless God for light, and air, and water, and all that gives us life.

Mr. Mark Ellery attained his majority, his graduation, and his diploma about the same time, and not many days after my literary windfall. For once he was startled out of his abstractions, and I was wakened at a most unwonted hour by a great knocking at the door of my room. I had added the luxury of a little bedroom to my home.

"I *must* see you," said this usually quiet person, who could sit in the Park gallery and not discover that he was out of place, who could forget every thing but his philosophy and kindness. I made haste to meet this *must*, and received Dr. Ellery's diploma —with these words, very seriously uttered: "I have it here"— handing me the long, thin, tube-like box, "and I must request you always to give me my title when you address me."

"Good-morning, Doctor Ellery," said I. "Doctor, how did you manage to get through the ordeal of examination? Doctor, where is your office to be? Doctor, have you seen Mrs. Leeds? Doctor, shall I call Eva?" He just then began to see that I was showering him with his title, and with a faint smile he put his long, dark hair out of his soft, bright eyes, made more brilliant than usual by his success, and said, "I will go and see Mrs. Leeds." I did not speak of the unseasonableness of the hour, and he left

me with a happiness that I fear his profession never afterward gave him.

What a strange study is this planet, with its races and individuals! Fragments of our ideal of men and women, when we have any ideal, all are about us—but no whole. Here we see a philosopher, who has not enough practical wisdom to kindle a fire, though some monkeys have attained it; who could not be taught the mystery of putting in his shoe-string as it should be; who who has learned, or thinks he has, the art of curing disease by infinitesimal doses of the most harmless and most posionous articles, but finds a woman, with a basin of cold water and a sponge, a better friend in a fever than all his science, tin box, diploma, and the title of "Doctor" included. Fragments of men and women, nothing more. Sweet young girls, with ruby lips and pearly necks, bright eyes and white teeth—who are successively emancipated from nurse, pantalettes, and school, to be given to the care and protection of a husband—never to know any thing of independent volition, and to be shocked at the very thought of being responsible to God and themselves. They turn from such a view of life with terror, and seek protection of fathers, brothers, a husband, and the church. Who, in the whole civilized world, would dare to speak of women but as a being to be protected? Are there ten men in ten thousand who would not consider that woman as a lost being who should repudiate marriage, renounce protection, and declare herself only amenable to the law of Heaven, written in her heart and understanding? And yet such women as these are to be the very blossom and garland for God's holy altar, in an age nigh us, even here.

It is a law of the Highest that we should love what we protect. How lovely, how attractive is woman, even in her want of wisdom and development! She steals into the heart of man, and bewitches the senses in her spring time, but when ignorance and dependence have borne their legitimate fruit, when the headache and heartache have come, when the bright eyes grow dim, the white teeth blacken and decay, when the breath reveals a charnel within, when babes are born that have not been asked of God, *born to fade* and die of hereditary disease, drugs, and doctors,

and all the purgatory of ignorance and falseness, then are sad hearts sorely tried, and the protective love taxed to the utmost. And questionings have begun in this sorrow that will never cease, till man has solved the problem of his destiny.

Amen and amen.

Chapter Twelve.

MORE OF DR. ELLERY.

FLOWERS! how beautiful they are. How they cheer the rough pathway of life! Bright and blessed reminders of heaven, I can never tell my love for them. The highest synonym I have ever found for them, is that dear half of the human race, women and babies. There is nothing so sweet, out of heaven or a flower-garden, as the beautiful, blossom-like young girl with the odorous sanctity of her innocence investing her as a sphere. I don't mean a young girl who has been tortured and crimped from childhood; crowded into corsets, and taught to consider it the ultimatum of all culture to catch a husband, and get a position in the world; but one who has lived with nature, romped with her brothers, studied the landscape from highest hill-top, and threaded the deepest, darkest ravine; who knows natural history by having climbed to an eagle's nest, who has counted robins' eggs, and watched the young birds from the first chip of the shell to flitting maturity; who has made the acquaintance of thrush and wren; who is sad with the whip-poor-will, and merry with the bobolink singing his queer song of "O what signifies, signifies, to plant water-melons among Spanish potatoes, a sabbaday—take a stick and whip you—O severe, severe—so there—so there;" who knows how to wash and mend her own frock and pantalettes, that the brambles have quoted as largely from as a reviewer from *his* last victim; whose mother is her governess and teacher, and who pays for all she receives by lending a loving hand whenever work is to be done; weeding *flower*-garden or melon-patch, training honeysuckle, grape-vine,

or roses; being cook, laundress, or dairy-maid, and yet able to play a waltz for brothers, sisters, and friends, and sit in the moonlight with the blue ribbon of her guitar over her neck, evoking minstrel melodies, and making the evening heavenly with vocal harmony. There is a blessing in thinking of such a girl, and realizing what a baby she must have been; fancying yourself back with her to the days of bread-and-milk, and pinafores, and even earlier, when she was a fragrant lump in her mother's lap, just out of the cold bath, and longing for the living dinner, which none but a mother knows the comfort of providing. Healthy and happy infancy! Eating by day and sleeping by night, only varying the employments by the morning and evening bath, and plenty of clean linen. O God, how beautiful were thy world, were all babies healthy and happy!

I have been led into these reflections, and very happy they have made me, by thinking of a visit I received from Dr. Ellery just after his diploma was achieved.

"I came to talk to you of my most loved sister," said he. "Not Margaretta—Ellena. She is a rare bud of beauty, but she is ill. Spoiled at a fashionable school."

I was surprised at a sentence without a hard word in it. What will not love accomplish! It had made Dr. Ellery perfectly intelligible. I listened with interest, and he went on in a surprisingly lucid manner to inform me of many facts that I had not previously known respecting himself and family. They were Israelites, a wealthy family of the most wonderful people the world has ever seen. Their parents were both deceased, and the orphan children were under the guardianship of an uncle on the father's side. Dr. Ellery remembered his mother as just such a beautiful and gentle creature as Ellena. His father he said nothing about. He ended by proposing that I should take a house, that he should be responsible for the rent, and that his sister and he should become inmates of my family. "Your simple mode of living on vegetables, fruits, and grains, your cold bathing, and the magnetism of your affection, will restore my sister's health," said he. "As for me, I am a subversion from birth. I have little hope. My whole thought and effort are con-

centrated on the moral horrors of a world where collective poverty, fraud, oppression, war, derangements of climate and seasons, diseases artificially produced, circle of error and prejudice, general suspicion and duplicity of action are prevalent features. These are all merely effects of incoherence and antagonism of interests. The wants of the world, Mrs. Hervey, are general riches, practical truth in all relations, real liberty, permanent peace, equilibrium of climate, general system for the prevention of diseases, openings afforded for all amelioration and improvement, general confidence, and unity of action. In seeking the order whence these goods spring, we must trace that universal antagonism of interest, which is the parent of selfishness, sin, and all our evils, to its source in the isolated household and competitive workshop. In substituting for these antagonisms such industrial and domestic combinations as by interlocking all interests shall embody Christianity and humanitary love, we must invoke the aid of Woman, for in her is the Love Principle."

I breathed deeply at a little pause made by my Hebrew friend, who seemed to me in his speech to comprehend Christianity as lovingly as incomprehensibly. He made a slight pause, and I saw that he would have his revenge for the commonplace and common sense of his first remarks.

"In providing the foundations of a true social order, by unitary arrangements, in that whole sphere which woman has filled, in the successive ages of social growth, from the kitchen, which she entered as a savage, to the most exquisite works of art, over which she now presides as the tutelar spirit; in the manutition of flowers, in the drama, the orchestra, the regulation of etiquette, and of the relations of love; above all, in the nursery, whose exclusive management has been her own throughout, no compass will be found so true as the instinct of Woman."

Dr. Ellery was submerged: onward he talked, and I listened, extracting what meaning I might, and deeply penetrated with his earnestness and devotion, till some interruption reminded him that he must go and see his sister. I now learned that his worshiped one was quite ill, about a block off, and Dr. Ellery gave

me a hearty invitation to see her just now with him. It was no use being surprised that my most introverted friend had not told me of this before. I was to go along with him, and see what his sister was like.

Is it at all difficult to determine how far philosophers like Dr. Ellery are from reforming the world, when it is certain that not more than one in a thousand can even *guess* what they mean, and not more than one in ten thousand understand them? Most of my readers will doubtless skip all Dr. Ellery's wise sayings to go on with the story.

I went to No. — Bond Street, and was taken up stairs to a large room, a good deal darkened. A sweet remembrance is a heart-treasure. Ellena Ellery was not at all like her brother or sister, except perhaps her eyes; and they were not mild like her brother's, but had a light that was brilliant, and yet sharp like hoar-frost. She was one of the sunniest visions I ever saw—like a rose-bud that had just burst into bloom, and had not lost one particle of its freshness or perfume. The beautiful brilliancy of her eyes was shaded by long, glossy eyelashes, reminding you of Byron's verse:

"As a stream late concealed
By the fringe of its willows,
Now rushes revealed
In the light of its billows;
As the bolt bursts on high,
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flashed the soul of that eye,
From the long lashes round it."

She was as plump as her sister, but every line was a graceful undulation. Her complexion was *rose et lis;* her hair, a glossy, golden auburn, curled in long silken ringlets, shading her face and neck in a way entirely bewitching. She was a combination of girl, woman, and infant—such an one as I had not seen, and now do not hope ever to see again. If there is, as Carlyle says, somewhere on the earth the greatest scoundrel, then there must be the most perfect rose, the most beautiful valley, the brightest bit of sunshine, and the prettiest young girl. *If* Carlyle is right, I risk saying that Ellena Ellery was *that* prettiest girl, and, if not, she was *one* of the prettiest. She stole into my heart like a sunbeam, or the glow of a good fire into one's fingers on a cold

day. I loved her dearly in five minutes, and yet I felt that cutting light in her eye. She was a *character*, and has work to do in the world yet, however she might have rejected the thought then; and even now she may reject it after many experiences, and much hard teaching from Providence; still the work lies before the worker, and the beautiful blossom-girl, matured into a matron, will yet be redeemed, in loving labor for the redemption of others. With natural refinement and the graces of culture, Ellena had a marked intellect. Of common sense, that inexplicable and invaluable faculty, she possessed her own and her brother's share.

"You find me ill and suffering, my dear madam," said she, smiling as cheerfully as if she had never felt pain. "But I ought to expect it. Three years at a school, where I had hard tasks and little exercise, have gone and left me a little learning and much illness. Brother says I have neuralgia, which he defines as pain in the nerves. I have plenty of proof that he is right as to my disease, with this definition. I have little patience when I think how I have been treated by those who should have been teachers."

"My dear," said I, "did they stipulate to teach you how to live? Had they any professor who knew the art of living?"

"They did not agree to teach me the laws of health, but I think there must have been an implied agreement not to kill me; and yet I was expected to make my waist according to the popular pattern, however stinted I was for breath, or the teachers would call me dowdy. I was expected to walk with my hands locked before me, when we went in procession on pleasant days, the length of one of the squares of your city, and in winter I was expected to run some forty feet, the length of the covered walk in the garden, if I chose to leave the Russian-stove sort of atmosphere of the school-room. I was too much enervated to choose it, and even this slight health-custom was never enforced."

"You seem very sensible of the wrongs of your education, now," said I.

"Thanks to Mark, and the writings of George Combe, and his brother Andrew, I begin to see something of the meaning of *life, and* would like to learn more."

I proposed gymnastic exercises, and described Madame Hawley's admirable institution, with the skill and grace of professor and pupils, the free dress, the leaping, vaulting, and flying of her troop of three hundred girls, who, in the midst of a city, were developing muscular power such as girls in the country seldom if ever acquire. I found a most interested listener. An enthusiasm to gain health had been aroused in this young creature who had been so shamefully defrauded of it. She told me she was already habituated to the cold bath in the morning, "and yet I have been only three months out of Madame M.'s hothouse," she said.

"The Greeks," said Dr. Ellery, "were famous gymnasts. They appeared to have refined themselves more even in their voluptuousness than those nations who adopt codes of moral austerity. This must have been owing to the force of natural instincts, sustained by gymnasia, which produced robust bodies and high standards of physical excellence. The centripetal self-control of power, the very nerve and soul of attraction and enjoyment, enables man to move with concentrated vigor. Physical muscularity is the type and basis of spiritual or passional muscularity. But I should define the difference between spiritual and passional. The passional comprises the dynamics of that life in which spirit is associated with matter, as in our present mundane career, and spiritual, although in its general and essential significance it embraces every force, yet for practical convenience may be applied discriminately to those who transcend our ordinary relations with matter, and the abstractions and complications here incident to our passional movements. But the fascinating gymnasia of Greece was a fatal error. It was a simplism which did not comprehend necessary labor, but enslaved and degraded and vitiated the whole social and national policy, and consigned to defeat and ignominy that favorite race whose genius shining through the centuries still preserves it from oblivion. The true gymnasia will be found in the productive labors of association, in the passional series, in all whose functions woman freely engages with man."

"But meanwhile, brother," said Ellena, smiling, "I am not to die of neuralgia for want of exercise because I can't produce

any thing in the gymnasium but better health and better temper, and a better sister for my good brother:" and she hindered further scientific discussion by playfully putting the least little white hand over Dr. Ellery's mouth, and barring all further eloquence at this time.

Chapter Thirteen.

A HOME IN NEW YORK.

DR. ELLERY, though he made almost every body consider him an abstraction, had nevertheless a very human heart in his bosom. His care for his beautiful young sister was as tender and devotional as his study of the aromal kingdom and the loves of flowers, the subversions and harmonies of the passions, and all that wonderful Religion of his, which seemed always supra-mundane, and yet had, when understood, the most real and vital relation to this world.

He sat himself to find a house of which I was to be the head, and succeeded in obtaining an eligible situation, though at a rent that seemed most formidable to me. This he became responsible for, and he found some persons who appreciated his genius, without being frightened at his formulas, who were willing to become inmates in the new home, which we all agreed to make as healthful as possible. We took possession of our large house, not knowing what we needed, until we went through the spacious rooms, and looked about us, and felt and heard the hollow echoes that the walls gave back. Each inmate was to furnish his or her own room, a small kitchen service was to be bought, and an Irish girl hired. Though I had succeeded well with my classes, my lectures, and lessons, there was a bottomless pit of litigation that swallowed all my gains, and when I went into this new home I had only thirty dollars and the few articles that had been given me by Mrs. Leeds for my housekeeping in that fourth story of the Broadway boarding-house. These articles, few and small, seemed lost in the large room that fell to my lot in the apportioning of the apartments.

There was a want of common prudence, an utter dislocation of our lives from all worldly wisdom, in the forming of this household, that in any observing circle of friends or any gossiping village would have spoiled our enterprise, by friendly interference or criticism and scandal. But we were a set of enthusiasts, who made friends of each other, and over whom criticism had hardly a legitimate and salutary control. One of our number was a lady who translated George Sand; another wrote poems and stories for the magazines. One young man was a musician; another was a poet and novelist, who had been insane and an inebriate; but we had the faith to believe in his aspirations and resolve for a true life, and the enthusiasm to believe we could recover him from his maladies by a pure diet, water-cure, and a loving sympathy. He had a sister, who had also been insane, for madness was in the blood of the family, but our circle expanded to receive her also, for great was our faith. She was a beautiful, gentle, and refined creature, in her periods of sanity. Indeed, both brother and sister seemed angelic in one portion of their nature. There was a loving beauty, and a many-hued brilliancy in these two beings, that made the story of their insanity, though they themselves told it, seem a mistake, a great wrong. I could not believe that God would suffer his brightness to be stained with bloody rust, and seraph wings to be thus draggled in earth-evil. My simple faith in goodness had with these its lesson; and I learned by them that the manifested God may become a devil in the subversions and evils of this time-sphere.

All our circle were satisfied of the good of a pure diet, and so our food only took in the grains and fruits, some varieties of vegetables, and milk and eggs, with water for drink. All were imbued with faith in water-cure, and in the absence of occupation all valued gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, so that a gymnasium was extemporized for us, before our rooms gave softened echoes from the presence of comfortable furniture.

Though I had been floated into this home by a succession of Providences that I seemed unable to resist, I now calmly considered its capabilities. For years I had given lessons and lectures on almost all subjects and sciences, but as a base for all, I had

taught Human Physiology and Hygiene. I had now added, through the agency of my friend in the Heavens, the philosophy of water-cure. This home had at the very first assumed the character of "a cure." Not one of us had health. All were waifs and strays from a sick world, seeking to go higher. Whether all would have the strength for this, whether some would fall back, and be engulfed again in the old, was a question for the future to answer.

Not one of us, with the exception of Dr. Ellery, had a dollar, except what he earned from day to day. From him, then, I was obliged to take money to furnish and organize the home. Dependence in its softest form was ever a chain upon my spirit; and though this man was almost as much an impersonality as the rain or the dew, I still felt the bond. I doubt not it was present with me, eating into my consciousness, when he was as oblivious of having served me as the Croton water-pipe that filled my bath with health and comfort.

I set myself to consider the means of independence. The parlors of the house would accommodate well a class of forty ladies. So soon as I could furnish vacant rooms, I could take pupils and patients. I could cure them of present illness. I could teach them how to preserve health when attained; I would direct the studies of the young; I could teach all the vital, the Divine Philosophy of living our own true and individual life, and adding all truths and goods to this Divine-Human Individuality. My soul expanded with the thought that I should touch many hearts with a living coal from this truth-altar, that the good might be made wiser and better, the lost might be saved, even madness might become harmonic life under my influence, and that I might send out from my teaching truthful spirits, who should become centers to teach and radiate a new and Divine Life in the Earth.

A blessed and blessing enthusiasm came into my spirit with these thoughts. The labor that all this involved seemed light as the rustling leaves, sweet as the fragrance of flowers. Immediately I began to throw out threads in every direction. I formed classes, and gave four lectures a week; I wrote for two reviews and one magazine at three dollars a page. I wrote the editorials for two weekly papers for five dollars a week. I took patients,

and pupils from my classes; for in these classes I had roused an enthusiasm for health and human culture that will never die. It will send its waves of healing onward to Eternity.

I can not look on those days, which have elsewhere found their records, without the most solemn wonder. With my worn life, my feeble heath, the tortures and expenses of a law-suit, the infamous slanders of Hervey, who told everywhere that I kept a house of ill-fame in New York, my duties as housekeeper and helper in every thing, from the making of a pie, or pudding, through healing, to lectures, reviews, editorials, and poems, my manifold duties and cares and labors can never be told. My room was a hall of entry for all inmates, for questions, consultations, and the processes of water-cure; and I wrote articles, with interruptions almost at every line. How I wrote, unless some firm spirit, not to be disturbed, spoke through me, is hardly to be divined. But the evidence of the work remains in the printed page, the living heart, and minds made clear by the rays of light that shone upon them for the first time, in those days of inspiration; for such they were to me, and to many.

Then was it proved to me, for all time, that if I took up any deadly thing it should not hurt me; for as my Eva blossomed into womanhood, there was twined about her young spirit the coil of the serpent. The angelic demoniac, one who had found rest for a time from his insanity and amelioration from his evils, became the avowed lover of my daughter, and she was magnetized into a strong attachment to him. It did not seem a thing vital to her nature, but something imposed from his life and genius. I had watched him through two years, as he had risen to the light, again sunk in the darkness, and I saw that if he were doomed, like all, to rise to a harmonic life at last, he must, and would sink in the hell of discord and utter insanity first.

I had two things to accomplish: to uncoil a serpent from my child, and save the loved one from the sting—the venom of the fallen one. To do this I sent her from home, to wise friends, and presented objects of interest to the unfolding mind.

Thick darkness gathered, and shut in the life of this Lucifer [illegible]. He saw me as an all-conquering spirit, and he madly determined *to* destroy me. The child became her own and mine

when separted from the bright, poetic spell of his presence, and she then saw plainly the blight of evil that was upon all his beauty, through drunkenness and an insane revenge.

He saw his idol pass from his clasp, and he threatened me with the vengeance of a maniac fiend. He has since fulfilled his threat, and, like a scorpion, stung himself to death.

"O Lucifer! son of the morning, how art thou fallen!"

But in all this, I bless God that this soul shall be saved. The muddiest pool, full of slime and filth and venomous things, shall be exhaled by the sun, and live in its beams the pure, bright crystal water. So shall rise this darkened and perverted one, in God's own time; and that fair sister, who clanks her chains within the maniac's cell, shall yet be clothed with all that inner brightness that I oft have seen outshining from her radiant spirit, when the sweet sanity of Heaven possessed her.

Chapter Fourteen.

WORK.

ONWARD, like the rush of battle, like the echo of the hurrying war-cry, the memory of those days sweeps over me. I seem in haste to give their history, as I was in haste to work when in their midst.

Hervey sought by his lie of lies to destroy me. He would have thus marked and murdered me, and his child, if he could have done so. But witnesses of my varied usefulness were multiplied every hour. Still, in his own section of country, he so imbued the minds of the people with his scandal, that the jury gave heavy damages to Hervey, for the so-called crime of abduction, against the man who had led Eva out of bondage.

But through the unwearied patience and persevering effort of my lawyer, Mr. Wilkins, the public were undeceived, a new trial was granted, the judgment of the jury reversed, and an innocent man was relieved from the damages he had been condemned to pay.

I have hastily told the story of these two years, baptized in their labor of Love, while I was held in the most terrible sense as property, maligned in a murderous manner, with no redress against the poor wretch, who perhaps believed, in his foul and diseased life, all that he asserted.

I suppose I have no right to complain of this man's utterance, generated as it was in the wicked public sentiment of the ownership marriage. According to the law of the land, this man owned me, body and soul, and my child. In Boston, I could not sell a *book* that I had written, because he was legally its owner.

When I doubted this fact, I went to Robert Rantoul, and asked him if it were indeed true that I had no property in my work, and no right to sell it. He said, "Madam, you have no legal right to it, and therefore you can not sell it." He received a dollar for this information.

Through every act of my life ran this thread of wrong and misery—the idea of the public that a man owned me—that I had no right to the friendship, love, or sympathy of any other man for this reason. Any wretch could stab me in my happiness and my usefulness by telling some scandalous story, perhaps something only made a wrong, by the false marriage morality that everywhere rules. In several instances, vengeance was taken upon me in this way by persons whom I had foiled in some evil purpose.

As much as the atmosphere of cities, marshes, and miasmatic regions needs purifying, just as much do we need an anti-slavery sentiment which shall extend from the black slave at the South to the pale victims of a loveless marriage, and the scourge of its deathly conscience. These are limited to no locality, but bear the burden of life, wherever men and women are condemned to this soul-killing bondage.

Many times I have sent my plummet to the deepest soundings of the Dead Sea of moralism. I have a better work now: to tell of the growth of true love, of vital freedom, and its inevitable happiness

Those two years seem like a night of watching and of work. Parasites were sucking my labor and my life. Scorpions sometimes stung me, but the stars of many kind friendships shone above me; and if there was no golden sun in my heavens, the blessed moon rained her silver light, and life was worth living in all those hours.

A memory was mine, if not a communion—a memory more precious than a whole life, lived by many a worker here below. And had not my angel left me a heritage of wisdom? and daily and hourly some new fruit ripened from that blossom-time of our spirits, that life-growing love that had been ours in time past. It might be that, in my hours of watching by sick beds, or saving the lives of little children for anguished mothers, or when I thread-

There was a want of common prudence, an utter dislocation of our lives from all worldly wisdom, in the forming of this household, that in any observing circle of friends or any gossiping village would have spoiled our enterprise, by friendly interference or criticism and scandal. But we were a set of enthusiasts, who made friends of each other, and over whom criticism had hardly a legitimate and salutary control. One of our number was a lady who translated George Sand; another wrote poems and stories for the magazines. One young man was a musician; another was a poet and novelist, who had been insane and an inebriate; but we had the faith to believe in his aspirations and resolve for a true life, and the enthusiasm to believe we could recover him from his maladies by a pure diet, water-cure, and a loving sympathy. He had a sister, who had also been insane, for madness was in the blood of the family, but our circle expanded to receive her also, for great was our faith. She was a beautiful, gentle, and refined creature, in her periods of sanity. Indeed, both brother and sister seemed angelic in one portion of their nature. There was a loving beauty, and a many-hued brilliancy in these two beings, that made the story of their insanity, though they themselves told it, seem a mistake, a great wrong. I could not believe that God would suffer his brightness to be stained with bloody rust, and seraph wings to be thus draggled in earth-evil. My simple faith in goodness had with these its lesson; and I learned by them that the manifested God may become a devil in the subversions and evils of this time-sphere.

All our circle were satisfied of the good of a pure diet, and so our food only took in the grains and fruits, some varieties of vegetables, and milk and eggs, with water for drink. All were imbued with faith in water-cure, and in the absence of occupation all valued gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, so that a gymnasium was extemporized for us, before our rooms gave softened echoes from the presence of comfortable furniture.

Though I had been floated into this home by a succession of Providences that I seemed unable to resist, I now calmly considered its capabilities. For years I had given lessons and lectures *on almost all* subjects and sciences, but as a base for all, I had

taught Human Physiology and Hygiene. I had now added, through the agency of my friend in the Heavens, the philosophy of water-cure. This home had at the very first assumed the character of "a cure." Not one of us had health. All were waifs and strays from a sick world, seeking to go higher. Whether all would have the strength for this, whether some would fall back, and be engulfed again in the old, was a question for the future to answer.

Not one of us, with the exception of Dr. Ellery, had a dollar, except what he earned from day to day. From him, then, I was obliged to take money to furnish and organize the home. Dependence in its softest form was ever a chain upon my spirit; and though this man was almost as much an impersonality as the rain or the dew, I still felt the bond. I doubt not it was present with me, eating into my consciousness, when he was as oblivious of having served me as the Croton water-pipe that filled my bath with health and comfort.

I set myself to consider the means of independence. The parlors of the house would accommodate well a class of forty ladies. So soon as I could furnish vacant rooms, I could take pupils and patients. I could cure them of present illness. I could teach them how to preserve health when attained; I would direct the studies of the young; I could teach all the vital, the Divine Philosophy of living our own true and individual life, and adding all truths and goods to this Divine-Human Individuality. My soul expanded with the thought that I should touch many hearts with a living coal from this truth-altar, that the good might be made wiser and better, the lost might be saved, even madness might become harmonic life under my influence, and that I might send out from my teaching truthful spirits, who should become centers to teach and radiate a new and Divine Life in the Earth.

A blessed and blessing enthusiasm came into my spirit with these thoughts. The labor that all this involved seemed light as the rustling leaves, sweet as the fragrance of flowers. Immediately I began to throw out threads in every direction. I formed classes, and gave four lectures a week; I wrote for two reviews and one magazine at three dollars a page. I wrote the editorials for two weekly papers for five dollars a week. I took patients,

There was a want of common prudence, an utter dislocation of our lives from all worldly wisdom, in the forming of this household, that in any observing circle of friends or any gossiping village would have spoiled our enterprise, by friendly interference or criticism and scandal. But we were a set of enthusiasts, who made friends of each other, and over whom criticism had hardly a legitimate and salutary control. One of our number was a lady who translated George Sand; another wrote poems and stories for the magazines. One young man was a musician; another was a poet and novelist, who had been insane and an inebriate; but we had the faith to believe in his aspirations and resolve for a true life, and the enthusiasm to believe we could recover him from his maladies by a pure diet, water-cure, and a loving sympathy. He had a sister, who had also been insane, for madness was in the blood of the family, but our circle expanded to receive her also, for great was our faith. She was a beautiful, gentle, and refined creature, in her periods of sanity. Indeed, both brother and sister seemed angelic in one portion of their nature. There was a loving beauty, and a many-hued brilliancy in these two beings, that made the story of their insanity, though they themselves told it, seem a mistake, a great wrong. I could not believe that God would suffer his brightness to be stained with bloody rust, and seraph wings to be thus draggled in earth-evil. My simple faith in goodness had with these its lesson; and I learned by them that the manifested God may become a devil in the subversions and evils of this time-sphere.

All our circle were satisfied of the good of a pure diet, and so our food only took in the grains and fruits, some varieties of vegetables, and milk and eggs, with water for drink. All were imbued with faith in water-cure, and in the absence of occupation all valued gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, so that a gymnasium was extemporized for us, before our rooms gave softened echoes from the presence of comfortable furniture.

Though I had been floated into this home by a succession of Providences that I seemed unable to resist, I now calmly considered its capabilities. For years I had given lessons and lectures *on almost all* subjects and sciences, but as a base for all, I had

Chapter Fifteen.

MY LIFE AS A PHYSICIAN.

THE swelling waves of a beautiful and beneficent Providence had borne me into a new and unacknowledged position—that of physician. I had long been a public teacher, and, informally, a healer—but I had done all naturally, and from a necessity of my nature to do the most worthful work for woman, and consequently for the race. For many years I had read anatomical and medical works, and as soon as physiological and hygienic works came before the public, I had read them.

Few, perhaps, are aware of the paucity of such works twenty years since. The miracles of water-cure I have myself wrought during twenty years, but when I begun the practice, I had seen but one hygienic work which took in water as a sanative agent.

My faith and knowledge of water-cure had come, then, from an experience of years, and from the teachings and experience of Mr. Lynde, who also brought me books containing many results from the practice of Priessnitz, recorded by German writers. The philosophy of this mode of cure I felt sure that I had found among the principles given to the world by Swedenborg. To me, water-cure is love and truth cure.

I could never willingly know a truth without living and teaching it, and as I cured my ills by water, and general obedience to the laws of health, so I taught others. This led many to seek my aid at their own homes and in mine. What the people deemed miracles were multiplied. Children who had been poisoned by medicines, and given up to die by doctors, were saved to most grateful mothers. Loathsome diseases, as small-pox,

ship-fever, and the like, lost most of their horror, and those deemed fatal and formidable were found to yield readily to the cure by water.

Mothers who loved in loving union, and obeyed the health-laws which I taught them, obtained immunity from suffering, when the last best gift of Heaven, a new being, an infant life, was bestowed through them; birth became painless, or approximated to it. Children were born beautiful in spirit, their eyes sparkling with the light of life, and cheeks blushing with the roses of health, and their infant forms rounded and dimpled with a heavenly, because healthful beauty. These rewards of my labor increased and multiplied in my sphere of action, which extended constantly, till my personal friends, and the disciples and apostles of the truths given to me for woman, give me back a blessing to-day, from Maine to California, from many parts of Europe, from China, and the Isles of the Sea.

It seems astonishing, a sort of special Providence, that very wise men deny, and much wiser ones accept, as a part of the work of the angels who care for us, that during the first four years of my practice I lost but one patient. People learned to feel assurance of being saved, if they could conquer prejudice so far as to call my aid. Nevertheless mine was an *extemporized* profession, if I may so speak. No *alma mater* had nursed me. I had no diploma to shield me from a prosecution for malpractice, in any fatal result. But you see how the good God took care for me in that, by giving me all lives through these first years.

I had not contemplated practice as a physician. I felt that it was not my vocation from attraction. It was a great life-duty. It was like rolling the stone away from the door of the tomb of Love incarnated in woman. It was the last atonement that I had to make in the world of duty, and the opening up of a way for me, and many of my sisters, to come into a world of attraction—that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. I had all things to conquer. The opposition to water-cure was violent from physicians and others. It was a new thing under the sun, and a woman setting herself up as its apostle, and as a physician, seemed the culmination of assumption

and quackery. Besides, I was poor, robbed, and spoiled. My first class in my new home met in a parlor with scarcely any furniture but the commonest chairs, and I taught some twenty women, half of whom had the highest culture and the best gifts, through twenty analytic lectures on the structure and functions of the human system, each lesson occupying two hours, with time besides for questions and illustrations. I had five dollars from each member of this class, but such was my poverty that I met my pupils in a lead-colored gingham dress, worth twelve and a half cents a yard, while they were arrayed beautifully and tastefully, as abundant wealth and leisure allowed. Such, however, was my intense occupation, and my great riches in the truth, that I hardly once thought of my personal appearance. I was awakened to it, however, most sweetly.

One evening, as the spring grew warm upon us, and my winter bonnet became heavy and uncomfortable, a box was left with my servant directed to me. It contained what women call "a love of a bonnet." It was one of the prettiest things I ever saw: white "Neapolitan," with a bunch of violets for trimming, with white ribbons. I trembled with joy and surprise when I took it from the box. It could not be for me—there must be some mistake. I looked at the box. It was fairly directed to me, and if there be a divine right to property, it was mine, for I loved it as I loved flowers and sunbeams. Still I despoiled it of its beautiful artificial violets, and left only the white ribbon upon it. Shortly after, one of the most beautiful and childlike of all my pupils (she is a blossom in heaven now) came in the still evening to bring me a lead-colored silk dress, with a little purple forget-me-not relieving the somber slate color of its ground. How charming it seemed when she sat by me, and laid her face against mine and said, "I have brought you something pretty! You bless us so much, that you ought to have all beautiful things;" and she unfolded the lovely silk, which shone in the lamp-light like the breast of a dove. I felt no humiliation in thus being the recipient of such heavenly charity. I knew that I had given all for good, and all that was given back to me was *mine*. One after another brought me something beautiful, till at last my asceticism was fully conquered, and "I loved dress," and became

"vain and worldly" in the eyes of those who thought me evil, but only simply and prettily dressed to myself and those who loved me, and to whom I ministered day and night.

The last woe of my life, the last sorrow and terror that I had to conquer, was thus made more bitter by the kindness of my friends, who had clothed me when I was robbed of my earnings and my good name at one and the same time, and by the same unhallowed despotism that takes the name of "marriage," "social order," morality, etc.

In labor and struggle, in a wide-spread sympathy, giving for ever to the sick, the afflicted, and to learners, and in a mighty endeavor to move the old formal world from its deathly fastnesses, I had to meet, disprove, and conquer all the scandal that came from "the husband I had forsaken," and the Quakers, who considered a knot of violets on my bonnet, or a sprig of pearls to fasten a collar or ribbon for my neck, as proof positive of any sin that they chose to impute to me. Then I saved patients that doctors had failed to save, and professional jealousy at times is very bitter.

Constantly a conquering and creative love was poured into my spirit, and constantly it unfolded in wisdom, and took form in work, in my own life, and in the lives of all to whom I was an apostle. The blessing of those who were ready to perish has been mine continually, even as the prayer of want goes ever upward.

Though it was my great duty to prove to the world its want of woman as a physician; to show that her love purified and made wise, and freely given, was to be a sick and sinful world's redemption, and to educate her for the mission and high use of the medical profession technically considered, I had no passion for the practice of the profession. I went trembling to the bed of pain, but I became strong, and fully nerved to relieve or save, when once in the presence of my patient, with liberty to do what I thought best. Naturally shrinking and fearful, with all a woman's prayer for protection from the sterner strength of man, I still dealt firmly with the most deadly diseases. The blue blood of cholera was made rose-color again by my ministration; the delicate lips of dear woman, incrusted with the eruption of the

terrible small-pox, still pressed my cheek from day to day, and I did not revolt from them, but quenched the fever with the blessed water, and watched and waited, and was nurse, and doctor, and lover at the same time. No patient of mine was ever pitted with small-pox, and yet I have had patients with it, confluent as distinct, and pure cold water, pure air, clean linen, and all other clothing freshly clean, the juice of fruits, darkness, and kindness, have been my only medicines. Day and night I wrought in my profession, as if it were my only and most satisfying good, but it was not so. From a child, from almost an infant, my passion has been to write books. It seems as much an instinctive desire as my love for light. To teach with my voice was a partial happiness, but alone in my study, away from all disturbing influences, to embody my thoughts and sentiments in what is by many contemptuously denominated "novel writing," but which is to me a life-and-truth fiction, is the true passion, and, as I believe, mission of my life. My audience may not be large, but they are those who have ears to hear, and I am content whether there be many or few whom my Father has given me.

Writing was my solace in sorrow, my relaxation from labor, my amusement, in short, my attraction. I wrote many lectures, medical miscellanies, and records of cases, and occasional tales and poems. I have no idea now how I got time to write, but people are strangely successful in getting what they want, and as I wanted to write a novel, and had a satisfactory plot furnished in the experience of a friend, and had besides a great many characters, I set about taking pen-and-ink portraits of them for a novel, which I called "Agnes," when I began it, and afterward added a surname, as there proved to be several of the first name in the market.

I wrote hastily, and without proper care, being much more anxious "to point a moral" than "to adorn a tale." I was very much an ascetic in writing, as I had been in apparel. I believed in telling the plain, unvarnished truth in the fewest possible words. I was an utilitarian, which word being truly interpreted according to its popular significance, means a person who believes in low uses, in sustaining the animal life of man with little regard to the beautiful Art-Life, the soul-culture which finds its expres-

sion in all forms of beauty addressed to the several senses. Oh, glorious and beautiful Art-Life! ever descending from the heavens, and again ascending; in music, from the simplest minor melody of the slave to the grandest harmony that was ever poured through a Handel, a Mendelsohn, or a Bethoven; in painting, from the girl's rendering of a rose or a butterfly up to the cartoons of Raphael, the landscapes of Turner, or any beautiful limner that the heavens have lost, and the earth gained for a time; in thought and love-painting, poetry, and romance, from the wild nature-notes of charm of the divinely gifted Burns to the orchestral glories of the master-poet, Byron; and in romance, from the homely and home loveliness of Goldsmith to the philosophy, passion, and life-painting of Dumas, Sue, and Sand, and the violet light and purple wine of life so richly given by Landon, D'Israeli, and Bulwer. Glorious Art-Life, world of song, and land of beauty! But "utilities" are stepping-stones to this higher existence. All things are to be reverenced, from the gray earth to the powerful palm-tree, from the chesnut-bush to the rose, from the grain of sand to the planet or the sun.

Chapter Sixteen.

DAWN OF A NEW DAY.

EVERY battle is lost or won at last. We have but to live, and faithfully and honestly work, and change and conquest must come, from the transitions and triumphs of the hour and the day, to the victory of life, and the great change, death, or birth into the beautiful world, where there is no contest with matter, and the strife of the mingling earth and heaven is not known.

Very delightful, and fraught with a genial life, are the holidays of Christmas and the New Year in New York. There was a broad contrast between the sphere of the gay social life of this season of festivities and gifts, and the cold New England life which I had hitherto lived.

In our household there was a curious mingling of many elements. There was more of literary and art-life than seemed compatible with my laborious duty-sphere. Each member of our family, as we at first formed it, was what is termed *a character*. Those who subsequently came to me as students and pupils were generally in advance of the public intelligence, inasmuch as they had a new thought in the art of healing. At that day believers in water-cure were considered very radical persons by all, and deemed a little crazed by the staid, allopathic, and conservative people about them. Almost all our inmates had literary, artistic, and philosophical friends in the city, and on Saturday night a large number came informally, and enjoyed a season of general relaxation and conversation, mingled with good music, and closed by dancing. I was always present when my duties would permit, and thus threw another weight in the scale against my already

ruined reputation. Of course, my rational friends were willing I should find rest and rational converse and amusement, but Hervey and his abettors had no such tolerance. Though our home was a general depôt of ultraisms in thought, we by no means agreed in opinion on the various questions of the day. General toleration was the strong bond that bound us together, and personal liking forgave heresies, when toleration failed for want of principle. Three of our number were known as Fourierists. Of these I was one. Two were orthodox Calvinists, but these were the brother and sister who went mad.

Several had only artistic, poetical, and musical life, based in childlike faith and affection. Here I learned to love music, for the finest musical performers came to see the amateurs who dwelt with me, and who were also the critics of their concerts and other performances, for newspapers and reviews.

Here I sat at the feet of that wonderfully gifted child-man, Sivori, and while he improvised simple and most beautiful airs, suited to my development, on the same violin that his master, Paganini, had drawn magic harmonies from, the heavens seemed open to me. I see him now, as if he were still here, with his broad, calm brow, his great, dark, flashing eyes looking kindly down at me, and tenderly, most tenderly, at his violin, which he handled softly as if it were a love-babe, and from which he evoked miraculous charms all the time. There he is above me; not a child, not a man, not an angel, but a trinity composed of all three, beautiful in his pure, bright innocence, firm and manly in his industry and art-culture, and angelic in his achievement. One entirely forgot, in his presence, his diminutive proportions, so great was he in his minuteness.

Let me go to the heaven of Sivori!

A new and most enchanting world was revealed to me in the love of music—a happiness which I had never had suggested to me in any imagining, and one which seems too interior, too sacred to bring into any words which are mine. My life, before this love and appreciation of the harmony of sounds, seems rudely savage compared with my present. If it were given me to save but one work of fiction from the many that true souls and true artists have given to the world, I think I should select "Charles

Auchester," a work written not in praise, but in the worship of music—a sacred monument raised to the memory and glory of those who have most devoutly interpreted, through their lives, the highest harmonies in sound, who have religiously sought and served that outbirth of the indwelling divinity, that most heavenly expression through man which we call music.

Still, with all that filled my life in these busy days, there was one highest interest. This was the growth and progress of *true thought*. Whoever served this in any degree was my human brother or sister.

Chapter Seventeen.

DESTINY.

I HAD not been long in my new sphere before I was arrested by the bold words of a most thoughtful man. I met his writings in many places: in the ephemeral pamphlet, in the fugitive story, in the light poem, and in the earnest editorials of a weekly journal. In all, his words had the force of blows, and yet he had great beauty of expression, a ready wit, and he was also a most piquant paragraph writer. Who he was I could not discover, but I soon had the power to detect him in any article, though his works were very varied. He hid behind no *nom de plume*, but simply threw the burden of his thought and the blossom of his sentiment on the dark and turbid time-stream, trusting that it would be found of those who sought. And so it was. Many were grateful for a blessing—few knew from whom the blessing came. As I read, from week to week, editorial and other articles, freighted with the boldest thought and the truest sentiment, I said in my heart, This man must surely accept for his journal what I am writing and hoarding, because I know no publisher who dares allow me to speak through any periodical of his. But I knew that many wrote editorials who had no control of the columns in which they were published. I had myself edited two weekly papers, till I had dared to put forth thoughts. I wrote somewhat thoughtful articles from the beginning, though I had been warned by the person who employed me "not to throw away my bread-and-butter" by putting any of my "*confounded* radicalism" into my editorials. This gentleman, who had my good thus at heart, had been asked to edit the papers, but having

too much on his hands, and being one of our literary clique, he charitably gave me the work. The publisher, knowing him to be conservative, did not read the editorials, and the first intimation he had of their quality was from the complaints of his subscribers. I had no idea that a man could own and publish two newspapers, and pass for the editor of both, without knowing something of the matter they contained, particularly the editorials, which his friends supposed he wrote from week to week. As my work passed each week without criticism, I supposed that all my articles were read and appreciated. I was therefore quite surprised one day, when my friend and employer called to pay me my week's salary, to be addressed in this wise:

"Here's your money, but you are not to write any more. Confound your nonsense! Why need you care about ventilation, and basement school-houses, and paupers, and niggers, and women, and war? You should stick to your profession. People are beginning to think well of having women for doctors, and that last cure of croup got you a great deal of credit."

"But what if the want of ventilation, and the ignorance of the mother, caused that case of croup?"

"Never mind that. It was a real triumph, and being an allopathic doctor's child made it a hundred times better thing; and though other doctors say it was not croup, the father knows it was. You are gaining in your own sphere, and you had better stick to it. I have got in a scrape by indorsing you as editor; now you have failed, and I am just in the mood to give you good advice. I like you in your own sphere, and a great many others do."

"How long has it been my sphere to heal the sick and consult with dignified doctors about saving the lives of their own children? I have had to conquer this sphere, and I have had a great deal of good advice not to do it, and I have been told that I ruined my good name by keeping before the public, and that I would starve for going out of my sphere. If you did not believe in water-cure, and hate drugs as much as you do free thought and woman's rights, you would consider my being a physician a great impertinence. And you would think me out of my sphere, and altogether a very improper person. I have had a great amount of good advice in my life. First ministers and good people ad-

vised me to be a patient and obedient wife, which advice followed would have erased me from the earth, after a few more years of bondage and its evils. Some friends advised me to spend all my energies on domestic stories, taking T. S. Arthur for my model, and Arthur himself advised me, when I gave him a specimen of a novelette, to 'beware of radicalism.' One says, 'Your forte is not tales, but moral essays.' Another says, 'The immorality of your thoughts is frightful.' Another, 'You must teach women, lecture to them, save them, but you should never lecture to men.' There are almost as many opinions as to what I may do, as there are persons. I have only to be a law to myself, to do daily, and hourly, and momently the most urgent duty of the day, and hour, and moment. Whatever I feel in my best life is for me to do, that I will do, and conquer my sphere, and compel the good opinion of the world, or live without it."

"I see plainly," said my friend, "that nobody can do any thing for you. You will not accept advice or help."

"I want wisdom, if any one has it for me, not advice. I can help myself, for I am strong to do and suffer. I have a mission and a fate. I have faith in both. I can't give you my faith. You must trim your bark to every popular breeze. I must float where God pleases, with his breath in my sails. My haven is the broad ocean of harmony in the future."

"Harmony! Fourierism!" said he, contemptuously, "neither will maintain you."

"Nevertheless I shall live," said I, smiling. "I live well on brown bread, and luxuriously when I can add apples to my crust. I can go to sleep in one minute on straw, and enjoy a happy and dreamless slumber all the hours that my duties will allow. I can wake, bathe, and dress in eight minutes, and go to work as fresh as a lark rises on his wing. Don't you think, now, that it is eminently needful that I should truckle to all popular opinions, and enslave myself by all senseless, and fashionable, and orthodox rules, in order to 'get a living!'"

"You have a child," said he.

"From an infant she could sleep as well on a bare board as on a bed, and she is as happy with brown bread and apples, and my company, as I am with her and the same goods."

"You want to educate her."

"Yes; but that work is in her own hands. I shall give her what help I can, but she will achieve her destiny as I shall conquer mine. Her life will be in art, and no one will hinder her from perceiving beauty or rendering it in her pictures. My suffering for opinion she will feel sympathetically, but will never have to live my life of struggle for truth, and I thank God that she will not. I thank you, my friend, for all you have done and attempted to do for my good. Let us be friends, though we differ."

"You conquer me as you do your sphere," said he, smiling; and he bade me good-day very pleasantly, but I knew with the feeling which, rendered into words, would have been, "What a fool! Why not turn her talents to account, and not go on fighting wind-mills?"

I never loved argument, contest, or self-defense, and yet they were continually forced upon me. From a court of justice to a bath for health and disease, I was forced to defend my character and my opinion. Why was all this required of one so weak, and timid, and prayerful for the repose of love, and so shrinking from struggle and strife.

The most loving power and the most heavenly rest are found in the deepest love. This I longed for, but this I had not. My love was diffused in healing, in blessing the perverse, in striving to save those who could not be saved, in sowing truths broadcast wherever a place could be found, and I gave much to friends who gave back kindness, sympathy, and strength, as they were able.

The marriage union of love and wisdom, which is the energy and expression of very God, and which creates good by incarnating truth, from the blessed babe that is born of this union, to all holiness created in the spirits of mortals—this marriage I prayed for, and unconsciously tended toward. Some may ask, Were you not the bride of him who blessed and protected you from the heavens? Conjugial persons are nothing, or, rather, are bonds and death without the conjugial principle. The highest love of the life incarnates itself in creation, whether in a babe, or in goods and truths. The principle of life, which is love, ultimates

itself in living works, while men speculate and strangle themselves with theories, and talk of conjugiality, and make laws for it, instead of simply living a life of love.

When we shall be willing to live in the light of truth, and to grow in the sunshine of love, as the life-law demands, and not dwarf and cramp ourselves by preconceived opinions, then alone shall we live.

Two years of arduous labor had given me an honorable standpoint as a physician, and a wide sphere of action, and consequent usefulness. Christmas was coming, with its warm kindness and geniality, and I, unknown to myself, stood upon the threshold of a heaven of Love. In this paradise of affection there is warm sunlight, fruits mellow for food, flowers sparkling with pearly dews, and the earth clothed with soft green, on whose bosom weary ones may rest and breathe a fragrant and ever-living atmosphere. Even then, in my tried and dusty day of toil, when no hour of rest was mine, I stood all unconsciously at the gate of God's best paradise.

Chapter Eighteen.

PLANNING A PARTY.

HAVE you ever got up charades, made ice-cream or jelly, at home, had private theatricals, or edited a family newspaper in manuscript, where most of your readers were writers, and one article, neatly and laboriously printed by the one contributor who had most time, did duty for the character of the type in which your performance would have have been clothed, if some sort of inability had not kept it in manuscript? If you have done any, or all these things, or pieced a quilt in blocks and stars, or wrought a mammoth rug, and ottomans, with cat, King Charles, and a pair of spaniels, or knit a set of four window-curtains, each of the eight halves of which measures a yard in width and three in length, then you may know something of our trials in getting up a Christmas party, where the entertainment was to be contributions from many of those to be entertained.

"Why can't we have a Christmas party of an original kind, and let each one who comes contribute to another's comfort?" said one of our number, who had probably more of the iced champagne of existence in her composition than any American woman who has ever enlivened society by her varied talents.

"Just give an outline portrait," said I.

"Wine, jelly, conundrums, comfits, confectionery generally, with one of my songs, and plenty of cakes, charades, Christmas gifts of poems, and articles from every one, which will make a very popular literature, ice-cream, nuts, raisins, and apples, the best music in the city, and such dancing as pleases fate, with as

many ladies and gentlemen as can stand and move easily on our premises."

"A pleasant programme," said I. "What shall I give?"

"The parlors, a good fire, and plenty of light. Besides, you shall write a mimic letter, from some impossible hero, or lion, excusing himself, or herself, from accepting an invitation to be present. I will write some more of a like character, also a prologue, or epilogue, or monologue. B. shall give money. P. shall recite "The Raven." H. shall be present in poncho and falling collar. C. shall sing a comic song, and a select committee of young folks shall dance, and a more select committee shall act some charades, while I will preside at my piano with music to relieve the evening, besides playing for the dancers, if we can't raise a violin. We will have seventy people, twice our usual number, and it will be strange if we can't find somebody worth entertaining in all this mighty city of Gotham."

"But whom will you ask?"

"All the editors who are not yet frozen into their dignity and dullness; all the poets who have genius and reputation in embryo; all the artists who are ordained such, though they may not have made their calling and election sure; pretty girls for wall flowers; any literary woman, of decided talent, who wears clean gloves and whole hose."

"I must acknowledge," said I, "that I do not find our usual parties possess any very decided interest, and if a sixpenny loaf is poor and without relish, is a shilling loaf likely to be any better?"

"There is surely a larger chance of choice among fifty persons than twenty, but I shall command your interest in the party presently. Be prepared!" and she looked archly up from a sheet of music paper, on which she was prisoning a little musical gem, which she had been running over on the piano a short time before—the song she had composed the night previous, while putting her hair in papers, so as not to lose time. Then she sold the music and verses, after they had done duty at the party, for ten dollars, to the *Ladies' Companion*.

"But how am I to be specially interested?" said I, wonderingly.

"I have unearthed that protean prodigy of yours," said she, "and propose to invite him."

My heart started at a full gallop. What strange things are hearts, and what histories they have! When I think of their prayers and famines, their mistakes and losses, and how little this world gives, and how much it takes away, I feel sympathy with those who despise it, who call it "vanity and vexation of spirit," who dwell upon its evils, and the burden of whose song is for ever sad; who sing,

> "We should suspect some danger nigh,
> When we possess delight."

This variously and wondrously gifted woman, who planned unconsciously my fate, with all that it has involved of joy and usefulness, was herself bound to a cross, and as she hung there, often in extremest agony, she still poured forth gems, like the fairy who spoke pearls—prayers and prophecies of harmony were her happiest and most hopeful utterances. She wrote also tales, in which philosophy, deep pathos, and brilliant and most graceful description gave a clear light and changing hues to a beautifully blended fabric.

Almost always the prism-colored form of wit sparkled in million beads of beauty on the bloody wine of her life.

Oh, Anna! child of golden love and pure white thought, why did thine angel-wings, flashing with heaven's own brightness, bear thee into the dense darkness of this planet? Why camest thou, with Aladdin's lamp, to build palaces for others, while thou shouldst be a wanderer in many lands, dwelling in no home hallowed by the heart, blessed with thy great love, and adorned by the regal and yet fairy beauty of thy most enchanting skill and tastefulness? Why camest thou laden with all delicate, and fragrant, and charming, and glorious flowers for others, while thorns for brow, and heart, and life were wreathed for thee? Could I build for thee a home from the riches showered by thy spirit around thee, and forgotten when expressed, and could the weary one, with folded wing, nestle there and rest, before the rest of heaven should come, I would work sweetly, cheerily for thee. And shall it not be so? Have not the seed-pearls of loving thoughts spoken by thee and others fallen into men's

hearts and lives, to build cities of refuge for the true-hearted, memorial homes, where genius, erst a wanderer, shall rest in the beauty of its love and the harmony of its wisdom?

But prophecy and poetry were not for our days then, but very prosaic planning for our party, and Anna was as skillful in a pie as a poem, in jellies and ice-creams as in the philosophy of Fourier. Sixpence was great wealth in her hands when she resolved to turn it to the largest account. I shall never forget how she lighted all the dark corners of our rooms when the eventful evening came. Our lamps were found quite insufficient, and the great rooms full of people had a funeral seeming. Graceful as a sylph, in a sunny satin dress, with the most delicate lace falling over her hands, and shading her long, white, musical fingers (for all saw that they were made on purpose for the piano, in long runs and reaches, in which she delighted), Anna came in with near a dozen large raw potatoes on a dish, and a tray of candles. In each potato she scooped a hole for a candle. She was assisted by a poet and a philosopher, whose names have won a world-wide celebrity, and they soon had peopled all the darkness with potatoes and candles. A novel invention it was, which made every one merry. On each end of the piano were two of the extemporized candlesticks. There were six or eight little tables, which she had disposed in all corners, as our rooms were fortunate enough to become possessed of them through her taste, and Dr. Ellery's money. On these were placed ordinarily books, shells, statuettes, curiosities, and keepsakes. To-night, the addition of the potatoes made the pretty things look prettier by contrast.

But I am continually straying from our preparations.

"I have found out your nonpareil," said Anna, "by rare good fortune, and I have written him a note, the sixtieth that my poor fingers have perpetrated on our list. I had half a mind to write something familiar and original, but as we never get any thing for the asking, and as the fates manage all acquaintances, affinities, loves and hates, I concluded to leave all to the magnetism contained in a formula, and if he does not come, I will regret that he was not worthy of us, and drop him over among the multitude, *where* we shall then know that he belongs."

"But who is he?" said I, "am I never to know?"

"Exactly what I was waiting for you to ask. I like not to offer information when I am not sure it is wanted," said she, archly. "He is a very tall gentleman, with black eyes."

"Black eyes are my aversion," said I, quickly.

"I have no doubt he would change their color if he knew your taste," said she, laughing. "Is it any fault to be tall?"

"I like tall gentlemen."

"Then I can inform him that he is half right so far."

"He has auburn hair and military whiskers."

"Another aversion of mine are sharp, angular whiskers, though I like auburn hair."

"He is easily reformed to your taste. He has only to have his whiskers cut, and his eyes dyed blue."

"Don't tell me any thing more; but his name?"

"That is just what I can not tell, for I want to see you pick him out from perhaps half a dozen tall men with black eyes and sharp angles to their whiskers."

"And you will not tell my friend's name?"

"Not I; but how is he your friend?"

"Because he writes my thoughts."

"And mine too."

"Well, *our* friend."

"We shall see whether we have any property in him Very likely he is his own friend, and does not care a penny for any body else—some selfish egotist who likes to throw truths at people, as boys like to throw stones, for amusement or in spite, when they have been provoked by some chicken-killing depredator, or to glorify himself as truth gets popular."

"There are those who preach living principles from love," said I, musingly.

"There are plenty of miracles among women," said Anna. "We must love and be devoted to poodles or principles, and I suppose our election happens as much according to law as gravitation. But you are of the smallest possible use in my planning, though I believe I have succeeded in interesting you."

"My contributions shall all be forthcoming. Warm parlors,

lights, and a letter for the rest." At this moment the door-bell rung with a crash. Lady very sick in Amity Street. Her brother had come with a carriage, and I hurried away to many hours of painful watching and labor, and joyous success in the end.

Chapter Nineteen.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR.

I HAVE always shrunk from strangers, though sometimes a friend and a life hath been revealed to me in the musical tones of a voice, when the utterance was entirely unimportant—still, I never like the idea of meeting a stranger, and seldom hear a name, so as to know what it is, when mentioned in an introduction. I like better to sink into a corner in my own parlor, when there is a party, and allow any one who has a vocation for receiving company, to do the honors of the house, rather than to enact hostess myself.

On this Christmas evening I was allowed to play guest, or little girl, as I pleased, for Anna was everywhere. She had "a mission" for all varieties. She knew how to welcome every one, according to character and need. She was dignified to those who deserved it, pleasant and patronizing to the humble and diffident, frozen to the frigid, formal, and fastidious, and a perfect manners-book, if any had a demand for frost-work that would not melt. She was as varied as a life that is lived, not strangled and stultified, and so met the wants of all, and was what is termed popular—a word not expressive of all her character, but only of the gift of adaptation.

It was late in the evening; there was a perfect wilderness of new faces, but enough old friends to make me feel at home; when I observed Anna making her way toward me with two very tall gentlemen. One of them wore the angular military whiskers, and had an air of crystalline precision about him which I did not like. The other gentleman was very handsome, and I observed

both more than was usual with me, for I was anxious among the crowd to see but one person. The name of one I did not understand when she presented him, but the name of the one with whom I was not pleased was Vincent, and he apologized for being late in a fashion quite too gallant for me.

"Madam," said he, "will you pardon a busy man for being kept out of Paradise much longer than he wished or intended to be?"

I did not like the speech or the speaker. He was too finely cut—too manifestly defined a gentleman. There was an ultra neatness and fashion about his dress, and a fastidious formalism in his address, that made me mentally resign him to Anna, who knew all the proprieties as she knew music and dancing. They did not belong to the same species or genus with me. I was the correspondence of a blossom of some sort. Mr. Vincent and Anna were diamonds—regular, clear-pointed, elegant, they shone like twin stars. The commonest judge of human nature and culture and accomplishments, would have classed them together.

As I declined answering the complimentary question, Mr. Vincent gracefully accepted his welcome and excuse from Anna. I said something awkward and irrelevant, and we were separated. Anna passed me a little while after, saying, "Mr. Vincent is *the* man." Could it be so? Could the earnest, democratic, and philosophic spirit I had admired and fraternized with in his writings, be really walking about under a white waistcoat and white kid gloves, a coat of faultless Parisian fit, with a figure graceful as a gymnast, and yet with a manner so formally genteel, that one felt that he never committed a breach of etiquette in his life. I had always been more afraid of what is termed "manners," than any thing in the world. I never had any more orderly manners than a brook, that keeps pretty regular in its own irregular meandering way, when it does not rain. A formal etiquette in persons seemed always a sort of tacit rebuke to me, as a canal is to a brook—saying, "You don't carry boats;" unless they patronized me as we do a rivulet in a landscape, for the very charm and grace of its irregularity; and then I admire what I can not attain, and am well content with informally gliding where I please. I looked after Mr. Vincent, and saw his tall, slender,

and, I had to confess to myself, handsome form, entirely distinguishing him from those about him. Many radicals, at that time, affected singularity. Some wore their hair longer than the reigning style, others wore Byron collars, with black ribbons instead of neck stocks. Mr. Vincent seemed to have no thought, but to look as if he never had a thought.

Anna came to me, after some conversation with him, and said, "You must talk to Mr. Vincent. He is a fine fellow, and I like him cordially."

"He looks a mere dandy," said I.

"Don't quarrel with clothes," said she, smiling, "especially when they fit as well as his. His tailor did not make him. He is entirely unconscious that he is a gentleman, and might be mistaken for d'Orsay."

I found myself in the vicinity of Mr. Vincent, and presently much interested in his conversation. I soon found that as earnest a heart could beat beneath a white vest as under hodden gray. Still I was not at rest. I distrusted his apparent interest in me, and went away, after introducing him to some pretty lady. It was useless to go away. He came, and always with some compliment that provoked me and increased my distrust. Again I left him, but only again to find him by my side, and my interest in his conversation becoming what it was in his writings. There had just been an outburst for freedom in France, and he spoke earnestly of it—so deep and fervent seemed his feelings that I said in my heart, "By-and-by you will make me forget a fop in a man." It must be remembered that I was ascetic—that I had never mingled at all in fashionable society, and that most of those whom I esteemed for philanthropy and philosophy were somewhat ascetic and eccentric, though not so much so as myself. I had decided that I could not please Mr. Vincent, and that therefore he should not please me.

The evening passed off according to the programme. We laughed at counterfeit letters, from real and counterfeit celebrities, some of them satirical, others laughably characteristic. The charades were admirably acted. The music was worthy of Anna, and that was saying much, for the best judges accorded her the merit of being the best unprofessional performer in

America. Mr. Vincent gave her the benefit of his assistance, which was most acceptable to her and others, his musical gifts and graces being of a kind that harmonized with her own, though he was by no means her equal. At a late hour the refrain of "Never more" fell with a monotonous cadence upon the ear, as poor Poe recited "The Raven," and a large circle of gentlemen, at Mr. Vincent's instance, agreed to contradict what they termed the evil omen of the refrain by making their last call upon us on New Year's evening. As all the world may not know the fact, I will state it for their information, that "from the beginning" in New York, New Year's day has been set apart for all gentlemen to call on all their lady friends.

No lady goes out in New York on a New Year's day; but, dressed as for the gayest gala time, they sit in their parlors, receive their gentleman friends, smile, say kind words, receive compliments, genuine, or got up for the occasion, and dispense wine and edibles. It is a genial custom, worthy of our genial and heartful city. May it never fall into disuse through the abuse of its freedoms.

Before we parted, Mr. Vincent laid his hand upon my arm, as he made some remark that greatly interested me. It was a misfortune rather than a liberty. A strange fire shot through my nerves and veins, too powerful to be pleasant; and I rejected his hand with an instinct that I could not repress or control. For many hours I felt the hand a potent spell, against which I revolted. No life should thus grasp mine. A powerful negation of any controlling influence had its birth in all my being, and I bade Mr. Vincent good-evening with a determination never to be his friend, notwithstanding all my respect for his genius and character.

I had for some time sent him my articles. These were regularly inserted in his Journal, but for a long while he was as ignorant of the source from whence they came, as I was of the paternity of his productions. Indeed, I suppose that he had not discovered their author when I made his acquaintance.

I was in a curiously contradictory state during the week between Christmas and New Year's. I was determined not to have any interest in Mr. Vincent—I was quite sure I did not like him;

and yet I thought little of any one but him. I did not speak of him if I could avoid it, but when obliged to make him a subject of conversation, because Anna would talk of him, I was only critical. He was personified precision, I said, and so sharp as to be pierced by his own angles. I was sure he was insincere, for he complimented me, and I knew that such a man could not like me.

"You are mistaken," said Anna. "He has all the method, and order, and elegance he wants. He is all right lines, and just like a well-planned parterre or flower-garden. Now I will wager a small amount that he would like to get lost in the woods, and gather violets instead of pinks, and arbutus blossoms instead of roses—even pussy willows, by way of graceful variety, instead of altheas and laburnums. You are an interesting specimen in natural history, and you will do well to believe it, and allow the gentleman his humor in studying and liking you. What interest can he have in deceiving you, pray?"

"Mr. Vincent likes every thing that I don't know and can't do," said I. "I can't sing or play a note. He does both charmingly, you say. I can not dance or do any ornamental thing."

"What of all that? Is it necessary that one's friends should be dancers or gymnasts, or that one should have a private opera with home performers? Mr. Vincent is able to purchase amusement of this kind where it is provided for the public. Ideas like yours, and an appreciation such as you give him, are not in the market. Allow the man the credit of being honest, when there is not the smallest chance or temptation for his being otherwise."

"But I don't like Mr. Vincent."

"I did not ask you to like him. Perhaps he will not desire it. He can be very useful to you. And if you will persist in having no personal ambition, then I must recommend him by saying that he can and will be very useful to this planet."

New Year's evening came, and brought many friends—some who, "after life's fitful fever," now, perhaps, "sleep well." Poor Poe was there, and his image rises in memory, with those of common men, like a marble shaft among wooden pillars. He was very beautiful, though it was a pale, cold beauty, that was

the correspondence of his intellect. His life was not the life of a man, but an artist. He had no conscience but his taste. His perception of beauty, and order, of true harmonic relations was telescopic and microscopic—and he wished much to report all he saw truly, as a just critic; but prophets and critics have a tenacity of life—as the phrenologists say, vitativeness large—and when asked to prophesy smooth things, bread is a powerful argument. A poet and critic in poverty, starving with cold and hunger, by the side of a pale fading flower of a wife, may be excused if he sells his poetry to swell another's fame, severing his own name from it forever; or if he indorses, in his character of critic, the worthless notes of some pretender to property on Parnassus.

Granted that Poe was venal; that he sometimes sold favorable opinions, which were not opinions, but shams. Let me recount his temptations. The year before this, when the winter frost had just shut us in, I learned from the most devotional mother of Mrs. Poe that her daughter was dying of want, and that Poe was very ill. I went to them at once. He seemed lost in a stupor, not living or suffering, but existing merely. The wife, who was his cousin, his sister-spirit, whom he married at fourteen, and who now seemed only a child, lay dying of consumption. The husband's overcoat was her chief protection against cold, though she said she derived much warmth from a large cat that lay in her bosom. When he was unable to write, or unable to sell his articles, they had no money to save them from cold or hunger. Some time previous to my visit, when the full horror of the coming woe was upon his most vivid imagination, one came as a friend and gave him money, and then asked him for criticism. He made the lying payment, and I never knew him express so deep remorse as for that deed. Let those whose lives are warp and woof of the same falsehood, who ask no higher fate than to be bought and sold continually, condemn Poe. Such have, and such will blast his memory, so far as they can.

I immediately brought the great need of the family home to some persons of benevolence, who were admirers of Poe's genius, and they were provided for, in the most delicate and beautiful manner, till the frail flower-like wife faded into the grave. That

he loved her, and sorrowed for her, as few can love and sorrow, I *know*. That he loved other beautiful and loveful spirits also, will be his honor, and not his condemnation, when our race becomes *human*. Till then, his memory can wait. The gangrene of a false and sensual moralism can never destroy any of the gold of genius—the immortality of a true love.

There was another very remarkable man, who rises a head taller than any of his fellows, among the memories of that evening. A tall, pale, graceful man, with a massive forehead, and a most intense expression, as if his eyes were made for perforating instead of seeing. He had a pearly transparency of complexion, and a delicacy of outline and analysis in his face and figure that were very charming. At the same time there was a nervous angularity of movement that displeased, and an earnestness of manner that oppressed. He did not converse—he talked. His utterance was a monologue always, and his endurance only measured by the attention he received. If you would listen, ten, twenty, thirty hours, it was all the same to him; he would talk so long. He seemed a proof of the doctrine of possession, that could not be denied. He was possessed and entirely subjected by the spirit of Fourier. He had no will but that of his master, no thought that was not born of that master's principles. He continued, and still continues, the earth-life of the philosopher, and was, and is, one of the most remarkable men of our age, or of any age. His name is Albert Brisbane, and if the surname of Fourier were added, it would be no more amiss than that Simon should be called Peter, or any man after his father.

But neither acquaintances nor strangers could divert me from one perplexing subject. My life was a contest. I felt interested in Mr. Vincent, and the more I strove to escape the interest, the more inextricably I became involved in it. Wherever I went, he came. Whatever I said, he understood and improved. Whatever I liked, he appreciated with an analysis which gave me more to like, and at the same time proved his sincerity. I was troubled with his gracefully and openly expressed admiration. I could not believe that one so entirely contrasted with myself could be so much pleased with me; and then, if he really were in earnest, it must be a dangerous fact for me. I was "a married woman."

A man owned me, and all the property I had or could accumulate. I had been forgiven rather widely for escaping from this owner, but he held me as it were in a net made up of the false ideas of marriage, fidelity, morality, and religion. I had earned this forgiveness of the community, by my great usefulness, for separating from my husband; but who would dare forgive me if I should love another man until I was legally divorced? I must wait for a Legislature to grant me leave to love, and I must pay largely for the liberty, the bill of divorce, as the owner of a garden in Cuba must get license to fence it, and perhaps wait years for the authorities to grant him liberty, and pay a large sum of money before he can raise any plant or flower! Such are the despicable despotisms of our own and other lands. When shall we learn the simple and beautiful lesson, that to let each other alone is a sublime good?

Mr. Vincent chose this evening to let me know that he was very well aware who was their unknown correspondent. I was pleased and displeased with his manner of doing this.

"Do you know," said he, "that you say wise things very beautifully? that you can persuade the world to be good, even when it is very disagreeable to them, because you so well know the pleasing art of persuasion?"

"More flattery, sir!" said I, almost rudely. He looked earnestly at me.

"Some time you will believe in me," said he. "I can wait."

He did not say another sober word for an hour. He made points, and pretty and exceedingly witty speeches; proposed games—one of "twenty questions," in which the questioner discovers a person's thought, even when he thinks the strangest and most remote thing in the world, by twenty ingeniously arranged questions. He sung songs, improvised waltzes for the dancers and accompaniments for the singers upon the piano, and was one of a half a dozen who out-stayed every body, and went home at two o'clock in the morning, leaving me dizzy with delight and wonder, and still fully believing, notwithstanding the profound and varied interest he excited, he was one of the last men in the world whom I could love.

Chapter Twenty.

LETTERS.

I WAITED impatiently, though I would not have confessed it even to myself, for Mr. Vincent to call after the New Year's evening. I knew that he was sufficiently interested in me and in others of our family to call; and yet he did not come.

So long a time elapsed that I began to think of charging a very polite gentleman with rudeness, when the following note was handed to me:

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

Mr. Vincent presents his very respectful compliments to Mrs. Hervey and the ladies of her family, and begs them to accept of his sincere regret at his rudeness in keeping them so long from their repose on the night of New Year's. Mr. V. would have felt bound to make this apology in person, but from the fear that a call for that purpose would have proved an irresistible temptation to repeat the offense for which he hopes to be excused and forgiven.

It was evident that he had some reason for not wishing to call, and so he sent this civil excuse, which was very characteristic of the man.

I looked over my memories of the evening, and saw that my often-expressed dislike was not encouraging to Mr. Vincent, and I concluded that, as I was not to see him, I would continue to write for his Journal, and make him useful in giving my thoughts to the world, with no further care for his acquaintance. But the

care would intrude. I longed for more healthy companionship than my many patients. I wanted a varied interest. I wanted, indeed, almost all things that I had not. I gave continually, and the void of my spirit was at times a famine. I asked for love, as I asked for life.

I at length determined to send the little novel I had written, in my strange sort of leisure, to Mr. Vincent, for his Journal, to be published as a serial. I might have had a hope that I should see him, instead of hearing from him, if I did so. I do not remember that this was so, but it was very likely to be, for human nature and human life are little else but a bundle of contradictions. I sent my manuscript on Saturday, and waited not very quietly till the next Monday, when I received the following from Mr. Vincent:

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

My Dear Friend—You want very much to know what I think of "Agnes," and I will not keep you waiting. I read every line of it yesterday. The story is just like yourself, and I don't know whether to like it, or not. It is full of beauties, and beautiful utilities. No one can read it without feeling better; and yet no one will be quite satisfied with it. The characters are all excellent; but there is not one of them, not even Agnes, of whom we have enough. The hero is done no sort of justice to. That good creature, Miss Abbot, is left in a haze. We do not have enough of her. I don't half like Mrs. Morgan; and as for that dear little Ellen, say, do you think you have done her justice? I believe, in my soul, that you have spoiled the best story ever conceived. This is the cause of my impatience, and I protest against its being published in its present state. Do make it three times as long. Give us more. This is absolutely requisite.

Now, don't be angry with me. You shall not fool away such characters, and such a scope of incidents. You shall not provoke these longings, and then not satisfy them. You shall not —I insist that you shall not—make people wish to know more of you, and love you, and worship you, and then repulse them *with a jest*. I will allow of no such thing. The story is good—

but its great goodness is undeveloped. You had much better make this what I wish it to be, than to write twenty more, in which you give the world just such fragments of your bright and beneficent spirit as to make them angry and impatient because they get no more.

If you think I criticise too freely, I pray you have done with me. I find fault with nothing that is; I will find fault, because there is not what there should be. How do I know that your hero, Henry, is worthy of Agnes? But enough of fault-finding. Don't say that I am ungrateful. I wish you to know what I feel. It is this. You shall throw your whole soul, mind, and strength into a book—this, or some other, and the world shall know you for one of God's blessed angels; and every body, that is any body, shall feel toward you just as I feel; but I am very jealous of your doing any thing that has not that fullness and completeness that I require.

I wish I knew whether you understand me. I suppose you will tell me, in time.

If I have offended you, I recommend you to forget it, and forget me, if you think you can; but that's past praying for. Don't spend your strength for naught, in uselessly fighting against your destiny; but be good, and do as I wish you to. Meantime, forgive this long, impertinent note; and prepare to receive me very kindly when I come to see you, for I am your dear friend.

I was affected by this note, precisely as by Mr. Vincent's personal presence. I was interested, flattered, and offended. There was a familiar taking it for granted that he was agreeable to me that displeased me. There was a value and truthfulness in his criticism that pleased me. But how could I write again that book? That I wrote it at all was a modern miracle, something like what we read, of soldiers sleeping while marching.

I wrote an answer to Mr. Vincent's letter next Thursday—a sort of tacit assertion that I was in no way hurried by any interest in him or his opinions. I affected to consider his criticism as a good and politic mode of refusing my story a place in his paper; but I felt that he had a regard for my fame that far surpassed his interest in his Journal.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

MR. VINCENT:

Dear Sir—Verily, you say *no* more elegantly, more bewitchingly, than any body I ever knew. If you were a lady and I a gentleman, I believe I would propose to you, just for the sake of the polite, and kind, and really handsome *no* I should get. As it is, when I want to borrow money, I mean to come to you, for really I can't tell which I should like best, a bank-note, or such a note of denial as yours on Monday. I commend every body to you who is to be refused any thing, henceforth. I think I will send you two or three more stories, professedly for your Journal, but really to be refused. But the refusals must all be of this pattern. I am spoiled for any others. Don't you wish I would tell you just how I took your refusal of "Agnes"—just how I relished your note, and whether it came up to my brain as full of delicious intoxication as you could wish? Yes, I know you want me to tell you, and for that very reason I will not. When am I to find time to write again this book? I would so love to expand it! yet I have no idea that it would please you any better. After I had enlarged it to treble its present dimensions, you would have only treble the amount of fault to find. I don't believe in your liking me, or my books.

I shall see you very kindly when you call, without "preparing" to do it, as you ask. Very truly, your friend.

Mr. Vincent soon came to see me. As his call was for me, I received him alone, and I sat very quietly and said very little while he made a great deal of effort to be agreeable and interesting. I believe true people always fail when they make an unnatural or untrue effort. I was more interested and amused than I had been in a long time, watching all that Mr. Vincent was trying to do. He knew that I appreciated him, but he wanted me to like him, perhaps to love him. I was determined to keep entirely free from the magnetism of his life, and merely to regard him as a mind. I did not believe that I could love him, and I did not wish to do so.

After spending an hour, in a very unsatisfactory way, Mr.

Vincent bade me good-evening, as I plainly saw, mortified and chagrined at his want of success in making a favorable impression.

I was well enough pleased at this, for I thought he had been too familiar in his notes and his manners; and I like retributive justice in the small particulars of life, as well as in its large affairs.

The next day I received the following letter from Mr. Vincent:

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

I begin at the top of the sheet, because I have much to say; but whether that much will be said, and whether in many words or few, would be hard to tell just now.

I don't know when I have been less satisfied with myself, or with you. You are determined to misunderstand me in every possible way. We shall never, never be known to each other in this world. I can't even get credit for my commonplace utilities. Still less is my heroism, in writing you the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—of your story, "Agnes," appreciated.

I am convinced that I have lost all power to talk. I used to think that the reason I could not converse was because the people I met were so stupid—and because I have always thought it a waste of breath to talk nonsense. Now, I see my mistake, for with you I am no better off. I can tell you nothing you don't know already. I only repeat the same things I have said before, and it is wicked to "use vain repetitions as the heathen do." I am sure that I shall never be heard for my "much speaking." Do you know that I would like to have you in the room, and never speak to you at all? I should feel your presence all the same. I don't know what people talk for. I detest it. Your voice is not musical. It never speaks to the heart—that is, I suppose, it never does, for I have never heard it. It is soft enough, and clear, penetrating, and impressive. But when you talk to me, I always think your voice has come through some medium, which has stopped a portion of it, as some kinds of glass let the light through, but stop the heat.

I have half a mind not to tell you that I have left off using coffee for your sake. What is the use of telling you any thing that will not interest you?

I am a fool to write to you, for I don't love, I don't even like, you. I have not the least degree of warm, or kind, or tender feeling in regard to you. Not the least. There is no mother, nor sister, nor friend about it. I have no regard for you; I feel no kind of affection; nothing but a vague strong influence upon my brain, which, in opposition to the habits of my whole life, compels me to see you—for no purpose; to write to you—for no reason; to think of you forever—for no object or conclusion. Now, do you understand? I shall never compliment you—I shall never flatter—I shall tell you the plain truth; and I care so little for your opinion, good or bad, that I will not soften my speech with any honeyed phrases.

You and I were born to precisely the same destiny, and we shall both do our work. It is not to rule mankind; or be loved by mankind; nor even much known of them; we are schoolmasters—teachers—nothing more. You will teach the women, I the men. We shall both instruct them. They will profit by our work, without knowing it; and without applause or fame, with the simple consciousness of having known our duty and done it, we shall enter upon a sphere of being where that consciousness will be to both an eternal satisfaction. To this I pledge my hand, without a glove; and so far am yours.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

I received your letter when on the steps, going to see a poor sick lady, and now, at 10 o'clock, P.M., I am writing at her desk. I shall answer it sentence by sentence, because it is worthy of it. I am not sure that it does not deserve to be glassed and framed.

First, you say you are not satisfied with yourself; *vous avez raison*, I doubt not. Next, that you are not satisfied with me; you are all wrong there, I assure you. You say I determine to misunderstand you. No such thing, my affectionate friend. I know you, and your present class of emotions, better than you *know either*.

You say we shall never be known to each other. This knowledge is already accomplished on my side. Whether you will know me, depends on your wit and willingness. About your truthfulness of "Agnes." One sober word is coming; now open your heart. I *bless* you for it—yes, I bless *you*, and will write the book so that it shall please you; you shall like "Agnes," if you don't like me. I have commenced it. Know this for your comfort—I am writing it with love, with happiness, that you may envy me, if you please. I know it will be appreciated, and this will inspire me.

As to your losing your power to talk, don't you think it may vex you more than your friends?

You say you have left off coffee; I congratulate you. There are some things I can't account for; they seem to me utterly unaccountable; of these is your liking for yourself, and your dislike for me. You must have a *very* barbarous taste. I could say such ugly things to you, if I wished to write an untruth, as you have.

As to this influence on your brain, I will explain it a little. The first step of all philosophizing is to wonder. You have taken it with me. You are becoming a philosopher, Heaven help you. I believe they generally repudiate the affections, and boil watches for eggs, etc.

Thank you for your promise to never compliment or flatter me; I am afraid there is about as much truth in it as in the foregoing assertions about your want of liking for me.

You are greatly mistaken respecting my destiny. I am loved strongly, deeply, by very many. Don't think there are many such barbarians in the world as you profess to be. I don't say that I love strongly or deeply in return, but I know and thank God for the knowledge, that I am deeply loved by many men and many women. Take care, or you will like me before you know it.

I hope you will write me again. You know my life is without condiments or candy, wine or malt liquors; so the spice of your letters is very acrid and delightful to me. Thank you for all. Very truly, your friend.

With what a beautiful happiness and a most fruitful strength I

wrote on my book! Almost every day I found time to write a chapter—time that I should have spent in weariness—that my worn life would have imperatively demanded for rest, had I not been inspired by a new and pleasing interest. It was not love, or I did not recognize it as such, but a certainty of appreciation.

Every thought would find an echo in another mind, and every sentiment a response in another heart. The joy with which I wrote pervaded my whole life. I trembled with happiness, as the bird sings and vibrates with ecstasy.

After I had written three chapters I began to reflect on reading them to Mr. Vincent, and in the midst of this consideration the following note was handed me:

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

Good-morning; I am reading your "Uncle John." I begin to think that I have been insufferably rude and presuming; especially do I think so since reading this delightful book, as it seems to me so far. Will you forgive me?

There is much more to be forgiven. What fiend tempted me to send you such a letter as my last? I don't know what made me write at all! I scarcely ever did such a thing in my life. I do not remember very well; but I am sure that it was madly improper; and I really hope that you had the charity to throw it behind the grate.

I inclose the proof of your article, which is excellent—clear and brief.

I also inclose some scraps which will interest you.

If you are kind, and loving, and merciful, give me some assurance of forgiveness. I shall feel very uncomfortable till you do.

I have really abandoned coffee. Not a drop since I saw you—and doing well. Wine, of which I drank sparingly, I have also renounced. You shall see. Already I feel calm, and cool, and strong—much better. And all this, if it be a good work, is yours.

A thousand thanks and a thousand blessings. I am indeed your friend.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

My Friend—I have long wanted to write a larger book than any of mine, and if you behave at all decently to me, this may be that larger book. I was intended for a woman—a being to be encouraged, and helped, and protected; this was the original design, but it has been sadly thwarted. I have had to look to God's providence for encouragement, help, and protection, and I have found this providence much in my own energies. Originally I was timid, weak, and clinging; and am now in some of my moods and tenses, however little you may be disposed to believe it. I have had to struggle in the darkness.

I have been made brave and strong, and some would say unwomanly in these struggles. The greatest happiness of my life has been to find a human soul. Whenever I have discovered one in its integrity and wholeness, or holiness, and have taken the ungloved hand that belonged to that soul, I have been happy. I ask for nothing in God's world but work and sympathy. I do not ask for love, while half my sisters are sold in bondage to legal license, and the other half outlawed and degraded to a lawless lust, and all lying prone beneath disease that leaves us no true idea of humanity. Who, in the name of mercy, should ask for any thing but to work for their redemption? Companionship, sympathy, I must have, as no arm can work when torn from the body. Show me the man or woman who works with honest, earnest purpose for the best wisdom and the whitest purity, and you have shown me my brother, my sister. I ask only for this purpose in the heart, and all minor morals and manners may adjust themselves as they may or can. I can forgive much to him who loves humanity much.

I don't quite like your last note, though it is kind, and I do love kindness, and feel grateful for it.

You must call soon, and I will read what I have written on my book—my "Agnes." We will talk of the matter of your forgiveness when we meet, if we do not find more worthful subjects of conversation. Very respectfully, etc.

I did not wait long for an answer to my note of invitation. It came by a private hand.

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

My Dear Madam—(Am I sufficiently respectful?)—I will come to-morrow at 4 P.M., the earliest moment at my disposal.

A full reading of "Uncle John" confirms my judgment with regard to "Agnes."

It must be full, and strong, and perfect, in its way. There must not be a pillar here, and an arch yonder, but a complete edifice finished from basement to dome. Must it not? People shall make better matches; they shall find better children; they shall know better how to take care of them; and all this shall be taught by you; not by learning, but by a pervading, alluring, overmastering love. What courage must it give to a poor woman to read such a book as you *can* write, to say nothing of the books you have written! We will talk of this.

I do not wish that I had known you before. It is just right. I was never before so likely to profit by your—sympathy. I paused for the word, but that comes very near it. Adieu, my friend. Yours ever is hard to say and mean. I am yours *now*.

I read my chapters to Mr. Vincent the next day with a rare delight. I knew that I had succeeded. My friend was charmed, but his acceptance was most discriminating. He made suggestions with the best taste, and without hesitation, and I felt assured that he was a Heaven-ordained help to me. A new light was arising in my heavens. I thought over all the world as far as it related to me, after Mr. Vincent had left me, and I felt a great thankfulness spring in my heart for this new help and encouragement.

Day after day my work went on in peace and joy; and a sentiment grew in my heart unseen, as the plant grows under the ground, but just as certain was its growth, though I was mostly unconscious of it. The delight of intellectual appreciation hid from me the germination of love; indeed, I was not aware that I had a heart at all, so busy was I with my head, till the illness of a friend kept Mr. Vincent from calling on alternate days to hear me read. A week's absence was a great means of enlightenment to me.

Two or three little notes of excuse, with some pretty gem of thought or sentiment with their answers, had helped me through the days that grew long and weary toward the close of the week. I failed to write on my book when I could not read the chapters to Mr. Vincent. In great sadness I received the following letter. I had sent him some pages of my work, thinking I might be able to work on after the encouragement I knew I should get when he had read them.

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

Friday, half-past 10 P. M.

I sit by the fire. On the grate is simmering a saucepan of barley-water. The little clock ticks away the moments on the mantle. My sick friend moans with the weariness of a long day of illness—and I? I sigh profoundly. When I first felt what was in store for me, the thought was one of exultation. Then came a peaceful serenity—the calm after the storm; yet it was no storm. There was something like what the chrysalis may be supposed to feel in the first throbbings of the new and beautiful life to which it is awakening.

Still I sighed—for you. You have borne sorrow, and have come out of the furnace like fine gold. But there is a new trial for you, which comes in the form of all that is most holy in humanity, and which may yet bring you great sorrow. The currents of our existence mingle—our feelings are like the eddies and whirlpools at the junction of two rivers. There will be much turmoil and perturbation if they meet suddenly and rush together impetuously, as strong souls are likely to do. You can not but be affected in many ways by what has befallen us, and with all the rest you may be sorrowfully affected.

But I have no presentiments. The Good Spirit that has guided us to each other, will protect us. You seem to me so entirely noble and generous, that I can not but think that good angels ever guard you, and that I am destined to afford you aid and comfort in all your pilgrimage. Of this, I have a steadfast faith. I am well assured that we shall be as happy as it is permitted mortals to be—and happiness, much of it, is in having a duty and

doing it. You will do yours, I mine; rather, we will do ours, mutually aiding each other.

You have opened "Agnes" with exceeding cleverness. In my mood to-night I sympathized with the humorous part more than the pathetic. At another time, the sweet sad prattle of the dying boy might have moved me more. My heart was pre-occupied with a joy so intense as to shut out sorrow. But the whole chapter is admirable—admirable every way. Our "Agnes" will be a story of stories. And it will be to me that you will owe the best part of it, though yours will still be all the merit—all of mine will be in a keen appreciation of what there was, and a keen desire for more.

It seems to me that we are to just fill the vacant places in each other's lives. Had I asked of God his choicest blessing, I could have asked no more. I pray that you may feel it so. How charming was your frankness the other night! I had never dreamed of a being so noble as you then seemed to me. I must avow my feelings as fast as they define themselves. Their conception was an astonishment; their birth an anguish; but when they were born, they took the shape of smiling loves, and flew to nestle in your bosom, and I feel for them a parent's joy.

You wrote for me to come and see you to-morrow, when you did not expect me to-night. (It is not quite 12 yet.) Now, you will not expect me. I shall see you on Saturday—one moment at least. I have a pretty little project which I will tell you. I will tell you now. It is to have a little room, down town, all to myself; fitted up in all respects to suit myself, and accessible only to those I wish to see. There I will have my pictures, my work, my books, and one of my musical instruments. It shall be my study, my studio, my workshop. My mechanical tools will be in one corner, my writing-desk in another, and I shall have some modeling materials, to put in execution one of my favorite fancies. There will be a rare clutter, no doubt, but I think I know a lady who will be very glad, whenever she has a hour to spare, to look in, and walk in, and make herself perfectly at home. I think so.

Your whole soul is sweetly, beautifully, and delicately feminine. You need the infusion of masculine energy. Your future

works will prove it. You will be braver, stronger, more reliant, much more firm. On my part, I shall gain delicacy, and tenderness, and purity.

You see I wish to assure you. You are accustomed to meet your emotions; to combat with courage; but this is a new emotion. You could not love any other with the same love. There might be more or less; there could not be the same kind.

Still another page—for I know you are not yet in the mood to tire easily. You said, from some prescience, or unconscious determination, some act of your spirit, of which you were but partially cognizant—you said that I should love you. I felt the subtile influence spreading around and overpowering me with its sweet energy. I did not resist, but I did retaliate. In my inmost will, I said, she also must love me—and the two charms worked themselves out; only yours had the start of mine. I can express myself no more clearly, but thus it was; and what you choose to call an exercise of intellectual gymnastics, was a much more serious encounter of certain mysterious forces of the inner spirit, which has its center and home where you wished this night, when you retired to rest, that your head might be pillowed. You would lay it on my bosom in perfect purity and peace.

You were very kind to wish to assist me in my work. It shall be your duty henceforth to inspire me. I shall work off your inspirations. I shall be pleased with your suggestions. At present, write as little as you can, and read as little as you can. Throw the whole force, brightness, and geniality of your spirit into "Agnes." It is now past twelve, and I hope you will sleep calmly and wake happily. The thorn of my present rose is anxiety for your happiness. Yours.

This letter was a revelation for which I was prepared. And I met my friend the next day in a new world all peopled with joys. The hour that he could spare seemed but one blessed minute, and when he was gone I worked happily till very late, and then wrote him as follows:

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

Oh, it is more blessed to have memories, precious memories

to feed upon, than hopes and anxieties. Yes, I am happier, much happier, and I can work now—bless you! You know what I can do, what I ought to do, and what I shall have done, when I have finished my work. This was too much to ask of Providence, but that God saw my labor of love and gave me one to help me do it. My pain is gone. No more anguish. I am happy now; my cares, my many cares, press lightly. I want to look into your eyes a long, happy look, such as I must look, for I can look no other. I love my friends very dearly; many are very sweet to me. I love them much, but not *all*. Oh, it is a rare thing to love with all the heart, might, mind, and strength, and it is as beautiful as rare. But it will not be rare when men and women have mind, and hearts, and consequent strength. How true it is that we must be our own before we can be another's! We can not give what we have not. It is not foolish for me to write to you to-night. I will sleep very sweetly when I have finished telling you that I am very happy. How much my writing looks like yours, and yet it does not, for it is not half so pretty. But I don't care; you love it, and me, as much as if it were pretty. When do you expect to get another mocking note from me, overbrimming with sport? Am I not grown very serious? I am sure I will see you to-morrow—may-be only for a minute, and under other eyes, and I suppose it is poor economy to see you. I might be common clay if you saw me daily, but as that happy time can't come to us, I will just be wasteful, and see you, for I can't help it.

Please write me a note that shall not have the common fault of your notes—an end! I want one to read always, when I don't see you; but this will pass, and I shall be so essentially near you, that I shall not wish for these material links to magnetize me with a sense of your presence; meantime you will write me. Good-night. Bless you!

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

I am not astonished that I have you, but I am infinitely content. If the blessing of existence were ever doubtful, it is so no longer. To love you and to be loved by you is worth living for,

and will sweeten death, since there can be no consolation like that of not having lived in vain.

You must not sit up quite so late. All after midnight should be sleep. You must not hurry with our work. Just now, I take up much of your time and thought. We must feel; we must enjoy. Our union must have time to grow, or it will be very sad. We must not hinder, now, the growth of this divine love, which springs up and buds and blossoms, and will yet bear beautiful fruit. When this tree has attained its growth it will be firm and hardy, and can not then be disturbed. We shall, by-and-by, be more economical of our time. But we must not have any constraint. I feel certain that every thing will come as it best should, by the interposition of our good angels, who must long since have established a firm league with each other against all opposing elements.

I wish much to be what I ought to be, to be beloved by you, as I wish to be. You are so purely good, that I can not be satisfied while there is one particle of wickedness about me. Are they not very blind who do not see that only the purest and tenderest love could have such results? I see no reason, I feel none, why our confidence can not be as complete as between our hearts and God.

Now as to my visiting you, it is for you to judge and decide. Surely no one with you has any right to find fault, and, so far as I see, no one else need know more than is necessary. I wish you to act wisely, considering *all things*. Be neither too brave for the world, nor too cautious for ourselves. None but your own family can know how often I see you, how long, or whether it is you I see. But I am very sure that all this will be well. All circumstances conspire to favor us. Every thing tends to our happiness. There requires but a strong will to carry all securely, and make us, in all time, as happy as I feel we are at this moment, when we love wisely, and can not love too well.

And now, sweet and blessed one, whom God has given to fill up an existence that only lacked one joy, may kind spirits guard thee. Sleep on my heart, beloved; its pulses beat musically ever with thine. Thy fond thoughts come home to nestle in my

heart. Thy dear emotions are all treasured here. Thy sweet caresses are numbered over, and my heart reposes in delicious memories. Blessed—blessed love, ever up-springing and immortal, there can be no heaven without thee!

Good-night! I know that you have written or are now writing to me. I have felt you loving me. You, like me, were dissatisfied with what we lacked to-day. You will expect me to-morrow as anxiously as I shall wait until I can come to you. How very beautiful is this trust! I do not fear that you forget me. I never doubt your love. No; I am completely satisfied, and completely happy. Can mortal ask for more? I do not. All I ask is, that you may love me ever just as much as I love you now, and that I may ever be worthy and capable of so much happiness.

May the Almighty One bless thee forever, and keep us both in all the fullness of love and peace.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

What can I say to you, my true, noble and beautiful friend? I can never tell you how my whole soul is satisfied with you, yet this love, this satisfaction, alters not one love or relation of my life. Know this for your comfort, that you displace no one. I love all more truly for this new life that it has come into my soul, but no one less. You divine all that I am. You say the same things that I say to you, when we both write at the same minute. You fear that sorrow will come to me for this joy. No—no—I am sure not. We will be careful that it do not come, for care shields our lives often. I know how much I have to consider; my position is one of difficulty. I have to impress myself in a new character upon the world. I am the Apostle of Health and the Illustrator of Health Laws. Health, physical and material, is another name for harmony and holiness. I feel the worth of my work, and I have long been willing to be sacrificed, crucified, in any way that should best serve God, for the health of man. Mark the goodness of my Father: "Whoso will lose his life for my sake shall find it." I have given up my

life and it has been given back to me, and a thousand-fold more of life and love comes with it.

I have ever had faith in giving, and my faith has not been disappointed. Often and again I have thrown my soul into literary labor as I have for your Journal, without thought of remuneration, with friends preaching of my folly, but, somehow or other, God has fed me. Once I had an opportunity of writing a series of articles amounting to forty columns of your paper. I was to be rewarded only by a goodly publicity. Mercenary men saw my love of truth, and they gave me the chance of doing the work for the work's sake. I had not two shillings in the world; and if I wrote, I looked want in the face, and every body else (that is, all prudent people) would have decided that I must starve. I locked myself into my room, and sat alone with God, to think and decide what I would do. I made up my mind and heart to trust to Providence, and do the work. I was invited out to dinner; when I went home I knew not where I should get my next food, and I had my child to feed also. I found a letter waiting for me when I got home. The postman knew me, and had trusted me. I could not have paid him had I been at home. The letter contained money enough to pay our board two weeks. It was from a stranger, who had read my writings, and felt moved to send it. I was about as well sustained till the articles were finished as if I had been paid for them. The many drafts that I have made on the Bank of Heaven have been paid; and this fact has made me a most trusting creature.

I know all the uncertainties of my position now. I have never felt, till quite recently, that I had any firmness of standing in my new and almost unrecognized position. I have had no one to lean upon in the slightest since I began here. Dear, good Dr. Ellery gave me a beginning by becoming security for my rent, and advancing me some money, which he agreed to take in board, and care—and for him, as for me, it was well invested. My whole heart blesses him. Now I begin to feel as though I had created a stand-point in my profession that, with health, will give me by-and-by an independence. Especially will it do this if I struggle hard this year, and I have two valuable little articles, which, well sold to my lady patients, who love

me, will, I think, relieve me of the burden which the events of the past year have brought. So I can see my way clear with some sacrifice, through to a fine place in my business—a business that I have created for myself, and my sisters after me, for women will come into this noble and ample field. Every month my work expands, and I still obey my deep love and write, though prudent, croaking friends warn me that I can not attend to my profession properly and write. Now I am dependent on the conservative world for business and for bread. I have already had hard things said to me for my acquaintance with you—for this I care not, *only* so far as it may affect my happiness with you, and my business. If I were simply a writer, and had a stipend that would support me, the world might edify itself after its own fashion. But my business, my darling profession of water-cure, must not go into other hands, and I must not fail in my life-purpose. I can not give up usefulness, even for life itself. How are we to save ourselves from the world, and the sad, sick world from itself? I TRUST.

Yes, we will TRUST. O this blessed, this all-sustaining Trust! Our God and His angels will do all for us that we can not do. We are to have no anxious care, but only faith and love, and a pure, heavenly obedience to our faith and our love.

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

All I read of your writing tells me that you are the apostle of woman. How deeply do you sympathize with your oppressed and injured sex! How warmly do you advocate their cause! How divinely do you pity and forgive the weak and erring! This character of your writings is so much a speciality, that it must make an impression. If it is not appreciated by women, it will be by men. But I believe that you will finally impress women with so much of your own spirit as shall prove their redemption.

If I remember rightly, I glanced at some points of female character in the little work which you liked for its own sake, and without knowing its author, which I would like you to consider. The rapid decline of female character into the depths

of depravity, under certain influences, is a mystery to be explained. The subject is so curious, that I must talk with you about it.

I am very glad that you do not belong to that amiable class of philanthropists who do nothing for their fellow-creatures until they are in the last extremity. They take drunkards out of the gutter; they seek for magdalens in the Five Points; they are very kind to malefactors, and anxiously attend the last hours of the condemned felon.

All this philanthropy is full of excitement; it shows well; it reads well in the newspapers; but it does a very homeopathic amount of real benefit to society. We had much better spend our efforts in prevention than in cure. These hard cases are warnings to others, but we had better be assured that people are worth saving before we give a good life to redeem a very poor one.

You are directing your efforts in the best manner. Follow your profession; it is noble, useful, honorable, and will command the world's respect. The active work, the society, the observation it gives you, are just what you require. It has dignity and independence. It will surround you with grateful and admiring friends. It is the solid foundation of an enduring usefulness.

But do not suppose that this is your greatest work. The least of your writings may accomplish more than all your personal efforts. Your books may not make a fortune, but they will lay up for you treasures in heaven where you will know, and so enjoy, the good you will have accomplished. *You must write.* There is a directness and energy in all you write, a heartiness, and a soul-fullness, that must produce its effect.

My friend B. is puzzled, and well he may be, for he does not and can not know or conceive of what the last few weeks have done for me. How should he know that I have been born to a new life, and baptized in a new love? How can he know that my world is expanded and brightened? What can he imagine, poor fellow, of all that process by which my being burst its shell, not without pain in the operation, and grew into a higher and better sphere of life, and thought, and feeling? He can never know—it can never be known but to us who feel it, how much I owe to

you—rather, I would wish to say, what we have acquired in each other.

I have worked all day, scissors in hand, gleaning a not very fertile field, our exchange list. Ten hours of steady work. I shall see you, either before night or in the evening. We must not repine at the necessities. They are thrown in our way for something.

To-morrow I shall get a long letter from you. Part of it is written—part you will write to-night. All will be a joy and a blessing to me, for no one ever wrote to me as you write. No one ever was to be as you are. I can be to no being on Earth what I am to you. You have filled, oh! how happily, the one blank page of my existence. How can I ever thank and bless you as you deserve? Peace be with you.

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

I feel born into a new life, and, like a little child, I am filled with wonder at the mere fact of existence, without much care of what shall come afterward. Oh! I have so longed, from my infancy, for such a friend as you. It has been the want of a whole life. It seems as if you became mortal expressly to fulfill this ever-recurring wish of my soul. I feel the sweetest confidence in you, as if I could lay my heart all open, and tell you every act of my life, every thought, every emotion. I don't wish you to think me a bit better than I am. I charge you do not form any opinion you may lose, or fix a standard of character which you will have to lower. You must not be disappointed in me, in any respect, and you must love me just as I deserve to be loved.

I know what I am, and what I should be, and I know that you can aid me more than any being of God, to attain to that which I should be. I feel that you will do so, and that reliance makes me strong. I shall yet do something worthy of life. At times, I say to myself, I deceive myself. She takes an interest in me, certainly—a benevolent interest. She wishes to improve and reprove me. Her motives are noble—the same she would have in any similar case, and accompanied by the same emotions. She is one who has sublimely devoted her life to the cause of

humanity, and she thinks rightly that one way to promote these interests is to acquire an influence over those who can influence others. Hence her interest in me—in many more.

But a still small voice, speaking out from the depths of my soul, tells me much more than this—more than I can write—more than I can speak.

But the other, the superficial voice, says: "You are an enthusiast, a little frozen on the surface, but all the warmer beneath. Your life has been so long shut up to all the delights of friendship; you have so long repressed or concealed all emotions, or they have so long been at rest, that the first fine intellect and pure soul that speaks to yours throws you into a delirium, and you are not capable of forming a cool judgment."

But the memory of one warm pressure of a hand comes to reassure me. I can not be mistaken. I am as rich as I thought.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

I am full of wonder about you. You seem very wonderful to me, though doubtless you are very commonplace to yourself. My great wonder and joy is, that my head so fully approves my heart. My heart made its election, and now my understanding is more than satisfied. I shall explore you with the most exquisite interest. I shall "read my precious volume warily, line by line," and if we really belong to each other, this reading will not stop with time. *If*—what a scandalous thing for me to say that —*If* there is any sun, there is light, would be just as proper. Do we not know this fact? There are some things that I want to say to you, that there is no need of my saying, because you know them; and yet I want to say them. I do not want you to have the most superficial feeling even (a deep feeling I know you will never have) that I wish ever to lay the weight of a hair on you in arbitrary influence. You must do what your heart tells you, if it tell you to go from me. You must eat, drink, sleep, work, and love, from your own life. If our love make us one, then we shall have one life only, and one life-impulse. But neither must live falsely or arbitrarily from the other's life. There certainly seems to be an astonishing oneness—this must

flow outward, and mold conditions around us, so far as it is possible; but hard and unyielding conditions may make discrepancies in our lives. May we be wise to distinguish the real from the accidental, and never lightly determine that there is a difference till we have explored to the center of our hearts.

I could never blame you unless you blame yourself, and then I could not. I could only love you till you could not do a wrong to your noble and true nature. My work toward you is to love you, as the sun loves the center of the world. As freely, as fully, and as much of necessity.

I do not fear you in the slightest. You can know me as God knows me, and I am willing. I never before saw a mortal that I had not some distrust of, in some particulars, that amounted to fear. You are my confessor; I will be yours, if it so please you. I look forward with such joy to to-morrow, at 3 P. M. By the way, I have two reminiscences of Time that are worth Time itself—*Eight o'clock, and Three P. M.* Will you not love those two beautiful hours for ever? Will you not keep Christmas with me while I live, and for me when I am gone? I am almost frightened at my enthusiasm about you. It is wrong of Emerson to say, that "the Celestial rapture falling out of heaven seizes only upon those of tender age." If he had said it seizes only upon the young, of whatever age, he would have been right.

May the fullness of blessing fill your heart, pray always. Yours.

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

I am bewildered with the wealth of my happiness. I scarcely know how to bestow it. It is inexhaustible; but how shall I turn it to its best uses, and improve it to my best advantage? I should be in the same momentary perplexity should Astor leave me his millions. I should not know where to commence with my expenditure. But I should begin. I should make all the dollars tell, and should not be satisfied unless every dollar did its utmost for human happiness. It seems as if one had a property in all the good they can do and all the happiness they confer. Is it not so? We share the pleasures we bestow. We please ourselves in pleasing others; and since it is more blessed to give

than to receive, the giver has the largest share. What I write, if it be a matter of the feelings, I am sure I feel more vividly than the reader. If it is amusing, I enjoy it; if pathetic, the tears fall upon the paper, and blind me as I am writing. This has occurred to me a hundred times, and whenever it does, I am very sure that it will go home to many hearts as it comes from mine, and that many papers will be wet by the falling tear, as well as the one on which I am writing.

This is all egotism of one kind—but, my other self, my soul's consort, my twin spirit, it is you, you only, to whom this is written. Long since, I had outlived all small vanities, like that of seeing my name in print. I still prize approval and success, not of me, but of my work, because it is a confirmation of my own consciousness, and proves that I know myself and mankind.

And you, who concentrate in yourself so much that is bright and noble—so much that is truthful and excellent—you open to me as the fairest volume of humanity, and I read with never-failing admiration. You are my "proper study." A heart and soul like yours is the study of a lifetime. If man is a microcosm, you are the fair world I would study, and it is your nature through which I would look up to God.

At every step you have been beyond my wishes. In all respects you are more noble than my ideal; and the noblest thing of all has been that greatness of soul which has disdained all common arts to meet one whom you are pleased to acknowledge as an equal, on equal terms. I see no end to a fusion so simply grand as this. I tell you frankly, I have no fear. You will never love another better than you do me on earth, whatever you may do in some other sphere. Is this boasting? It is avowing that I am worthy of the best love, and the greatest you are capable of giving. Have I not reason? You do love me so entirely, that I can not imagine your loving another more, nor could I be satisfied if I thought you capable of a greater love.

Still, you are *free*. No little jealousy shall ever annoy you. I know that one grand passion must overwhelm all lesser loves, if it do not destroy them. No other can be what I am to you. I do not believe any one can be more, but if there be such an one, *I will worship him.*

Continue to write to me. You will invigorate and animate me. You know what I should do. You can make me what you will. I do not mean that you can turn me back, but you can cheer me forward. It is your duty; it is my most happy destiny. You are to do a great work for humanity—you are also to do a great work for me; and through me you may doubtless greatly increase your usefulness. Adieu.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

I have read your letter; and the great love of your soul, that which makes its strength and beauty, has been manifested to me, and I have felt that all trials will but nerve you for your work, or be passed as the accidents of a great and true life.

Your beautiful love is your glorious dower of strength, and the devotion you give to your own golden and pure ideal, and, I had almost said idol, is the earnest of a devotion to a world that can only be redeemed and made to blossom before God by just such love as yours. I am not worthy of it in any other sense than the world is worthy, because of its need. And yet I feel almost sure that such love must create me—must cause all those lovely qualities to find birth in my soul, that the dear, loving, and creating spirit already invests me with. Let my love, then, be united with yours. Let us be one in patience, and purity, and power, and the world shall be better that we have lived—the only thing worth living for.

I have loved long and deeply before, and my love has been my life—my power.

My first love was a young poet full of aspiration and beauty. I loved him ten years in a hopeless crucifixion of my heart, for I thought it sin. God forgive me. But no—I could not be pardoned. I had to suffer for the profane thought that such love was sin. Fate had separated us, and I was a spirit in prison. We died to each other, but his memory is precious to me.

Then I loved an angel—one just leaving this world for heaven. This love made me wise and pure for a love of earth and heaven, for my affection for him was more devotion than human love.

And now I love one who has wrought in the world's work, who has suffered, and grown strong and worthy. Now my heavens have a new sun that lights the night and the day.

I love you with an infinite love. There is not the struggle, the unquiet, the hunger and thirst of a finite state. I am stilled in this love that wraps, and *is*, my being. I pause reverently before this almightiness of affection.

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

As men poured out libations to the gods while drinking; as they offered the first fruits and choicest of their labors, I offer to you, who are my divine inspirer, each day, some little tribute; not that it is much to you, more than the sacrifices were to the gods of old, but because it is good for me to offer it. I might be pardoned for being too selfish in my love by those who knew its happiness, but I should feel more pleasure in making your life a joy to you, O trusting heart, than in the bliss of my own emotions.

How beautiful was our visit last night! I was as happy as an archangel. I loved you supremely; and what made me more completely happy was to see you recover from the exhaustion of fatigue, and seem to grow stronger every moment. I felt my power then, to encourage, to revive, to invigorate you. It seemed as if I could give you my strong, firm brain, my iron nerves, my muscles like strong cords, my tenacity of life, my power of endurance, and of will.

I am so pleased with our dear "Agnes." Do you hear—*our* "Agnes?" So far it is supremely good, and you supply just what was wanting.

I shall see you soon, and I shall write no more this morning. To-night, when all is silent, when all are asleep, I shall write you more—more of the same subject, which never can tire me. Now, *adieu*.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

I was about to say that you could not know how precious your notes are to me—but you can know. You know, because mine

are precious to you. I do not believe that I was ever loved so wholly and unselfishly as you love me. No love ever so fully satisfied me. Not that you are all I could wish. You are not, as to the manner of your being; but as to your being itself, I believe fully that you are. You are to vivify my life, and I am to refine yours. Oh! what would be life without you? I wonder if you are writing to me now. I seem to have absolutely nothing to say to you, and yet I keep on writing. My heart is full of love and happiness. How I love to work now with the full blessing of appreciation!

How thankful I am for the strength you gave me—that true and beautiful magnetism. Daily, mine own, you must lay your hands on me, and bless me; that is, when it may be so. Oh! with what a heavenly hope I look to the future. To-morrow will come, and many to-morrows; and Sunday will come, and many Sundays; and though I will not live long, I will be happy all the days I live.

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

I shall not write much to you to-night, but I shall not see you to-morrow, and I must send you as much of myself as I can. Nay, I must send you all of myself, for you will be all the better for me. Do you feel that ring? How earnestly I tried to make it a part of myself—to breathe around it the aroma of my life. I hope it carried something to you. I wish that I could impress every thing about you, and envelop you in myself. It seems to me that you would never be sick again.

How I love you to tell me how much I love you! I can tell you so, but I like much better that you should recognize it for yourself. No, you never were loved so much, and I am your destiny, and you have tried hard to find me, and the nearer you came to it the greater were your efforts. Do you see that I describe you from myself? And when you saw me at last, and before you saw me, this destiny had fastened itself upon you, and this deep love sought for an utterance. It was the struggle between your inner life and outer consciousness that made the lightest pressure of my fingers so painfully sensible to you. It

was not your flesh, but your spirit, that I took hold of "and the flesh warred against the spirit," as saith the apostle you do not much respect. Now you must see all this very clearly. And I—ah! did not I have my struggles, too? Oh! how I chafed one night, and all but cursed, at my pent and undefined emotions, when I should have knelt at your feet and laid my head in your lap, and let my tears flow.

But I have no tears. The joy of my heart has dried them up. I have not shed one tear since I knew you, though the fountains used to be unsealed at every strong emotion.

I must love you now, through a few lines more. I wish I could write them more beautiful. A letter to you should be all perfect; every line should be full of grace and energy. Above all, it should be full of the sweetest and tenderest love—such love as the cherubim glow with—such love as may draw spirits of the higher spheres from one end of the universe to the other—such love, in one word, as is mine for you, to the full power of my soul to feel and language to express. Good-night.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

You think me better, a great deal better than I am, but I am glad of it, for the Ideal proves the Real, in that our loved ideal is the extension of our own being. You are in the *esse* what you believe me to be actually and essentially. This beautiful faith of yours serves two ends: first, it reveals you to me; and second, it makes me aspire to be all you believe me to be. Do you know that Bancroft the historian never said but one golden thing among all the brilliant glitter of his works? (and I think well of his brilliancy too.) He said, "Columbus started for the new world with a faith that would have created it, if he had not found it." So keep on with your blessed faith, and you will make me at last. It can not be otherwise. I can not tell you, but some time you will know, the goodness of God in giving you to me at this particular time. How can we ever distrust that bountiful Providence that provides? You will not ever—and I can not. If I had done so, I would not again. If I had been an Atheist hitherto, now I should be a Theist to the full

I have not a lock and key in the world that fit each other. I never lock any thing, but now I have something I want to lock. I want you to give me a box with a lock and key expressly to lock your letters in. Not that I have the slightest fear of anybody's reading them. I leave them on my table with perfect confidence. No one has the wish, any more than the right, to intrude on my life. Now, I leave you to find the reason, if you can, why I wish to lock them up. Some time we shall use them, some of them, and you must not tell me not to praise them. I must tell you all about my feelings that I can tell; every thing that is not too deep for words must find voice for you. Do you remember when I promised always to tell you the truth? So far I have kept my word to the letter.

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

Oh! I assure you, the wealth of your soul is not wasted. For every blessing you confer on me, I will bestow some blessing on the world. Nothing shall be lost. Our emotions shall penetrate the hearts of thousands; they shall vibrate through generations; they shall hasten the destiny of the race.

And you, sweet fellow-worker in this life-labor of love—you, whose path has at last run into mine so that we can cheer our onward jonrney with loving converse, and assist each other in every worthy labor—you shall be both better and happier for me. I will increase the usefulness of your life, and make it more blessed to others and to you. We shall do our work patiently and joyfully. Whatever the world may know, *we* shall know what we have done; and we shall look back upon this existence with a noble satisfaction. We shall not reproach ourselves with selfishness, but accept all the pleasure that is in our path of duty.

Oh! be my good angel forever! Our characters seem established; our tendencies are upward; our work is the same; our minds are alike opened to the light, though yours is nearer, or your light is clearer; our views harmonize, and there seems to be no danger that either of us will radically change; but we shall only improve indefinitely upon what we are.

I feel assured that you can make no criticism upon any thing I have written, in which I would not anticipate your thought. I rely upon your judgment as on your feelings, for they seem to be the reflection of my own. I acknowledge the standard of infinite and eternal goodness to which your soul seems attuned, and with which I hope also to harmonize. We may make accidental discords by the interposition of *sharps* or *flats*, but throughout the general scale we must move in a delightful harmony.

I am filled. I realize fully the answer to the deep craving of my soul, from my infancy till now; that which in my early youth wet my pillow with hot tears; that which swelled my heart with anguish; that for which I sighed, and to the want of which I have endeavored to feel resigned; the love of appreciation; the intimate companionship of a kindred spirit; some one to love, and reverence, and adore, all at once. This has been the want of my life; and it is at last so fully, so completely satisfied, that were I to ask any thing of God, it would be only that I might keep what I have found.

Nobody knows me in the world but you. Father, nor mother, brothers, nor sisters, nor acquaintances, nor those who have loved me—none know me but you. It is only you who love me as I must be loved—only you who satisfy every want of my existence; and in you I see such blessings, such happiness, such a long heaven of delightful emotions, that I feel an overflowing joy in every thought of you. How good, how very good you are! Sweet and dear, and noble beyond all my hopes and thoughts. Can we complain of a world where there is such happiness for us? Even the chance of such would be worth living for, and would be a recompense for much suffering. Are not flowers, white flowers, springing up around us? Is there not a glorious light shed upon our pathway—and perfumes and music?

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

I have nothing new to say to you; all that I have said I would say again, and more, if more could be said. I have been very happy this morning in faith. What is more precious than faith? How it underlies life, and how we rest upon it! The faith that is made up of love and trust is the very central vitality of the

soul. It is this that strengthens us for all work. This faith is most truly the substance of things that we hope for, and the evidence of things that we do not see. My prayers have been answered. How such agonizing prayer opens the soul to the influx of reason. The divine life of faith flows in, and in that life we live and love and are happy. How true it is that our love is our life, and just as high and pure as our love is will be our life and its uses! May the angels be with you and strengthen you. May you feel the life of my spirit giving you strength and peace. May you see clearly, and may your spirit REST.

How good you have been to me in every thing! I knew you were no common man, because I could not have loved such an one, but I did not conceive of such noble devotion, such greatness and purity of soul, as I find in you. Oh, would I not give my life for this love! I could give up all else on earth, but not this, but with my life. Yes, it is eternal bliss, now and forever. You bless me from the center to the circumference of my being, and I reciprocate that blessing. This is the greatest happiness of our love, that it is mutual and equal; what I have I give, and what you have you give; and each is as rich as before the gift. Yes, our riches are doubled. Oh, for the language of an archangel to tell you how dear you are to me! You do not choose to love me, but you are chosen to love; you love me in the world above choice, as the good never choose to do right, because they are above choice.

The greatest men are always the most devotional in their love, but I have feared discrepancies in opinion. I have not, as yet, found any, and I am astonished all the time that I don't. Whence came all our preparedness for each other.

Ah me, how my heart asks to rest upon yours this night! Alas, what a world! Who can blame the good for wishing to leave it?

Our holiness is impurity to the world, and freedom for us, except in spirit, is impossible. No—not so—all things are possible to our Father.

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

Last night you wrote me the most soulful of letters. Every

line was as warm as your caresses. It was written to the heart, and my heart received and treasures up all its beautiful sayings.

I never thought much of letters till now. I never quite new what they were for; now I feel their blessed uses; now that I get a letter from you every day—the same subject expressed in an infinite variety of ways—the same motive, with a thousand beautiful variations—I feel what a blessed thing it is to write, and I see how miserable I should be without such a resource and such a solace.

I am very happy; but I am a little anxious for you. I pray you, summon up all the energies of your strong will, and gird up your spirit. This love of ours must be no sickly abortion of nature, it must circle us in light and music like the shining spheres. When first I fell into the sphere of your attraction, I was perturbed, and moved in a very eccentric orbit, now attracted and now repelled. Now I am finding my equilibrium, and it is to be ever near you, and ever feel your influence upon me. So may our souls, like the twin stars, shown by the telescope, revolve for ever around a common center of happiness.

What a blessing you will be to me! your love seems to me of such sterling value, a pearl of great price. It is not only that I am loved, all for myself—all for my own very self—but it is such a love, and belongs to the only person in the world capable of loving so directly and so intensely. All the world is to be pitied; all men are very much to be pitied, because they can never have such a love as mine. Can we not teach them how to love, or how they ought to be loved? but that would only make them unhappy, and give them longings they could not satisfy. I feel very good to-night. I wish every worthy man could be loved just as I am, and could love as well and as worthily as I do. But that is impossible; and so I pity them. If all women were like you, and all men felt as I feel, the earth would change its course. We should hurry up its poles to a right angle with the ecliptic, a universal summer would pervade an Eden earth, and this would be one of the happiest little planets in the universe.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

God save me from the sin of selfishness, I who have been so

self-sacrificing, that I could give all my own comforts for others, and find my happiness in it. Now, God knows, I am so bad that I would absorb you as a sponge does water—*all your life*, if I could drink it up. True, I would give it back with my own life, for the world, but *only* with my own life. I would that we were united as the light and heat rays from the sun, as intimately, as divinely—and are we not? The light rays can not nourish the plant alone, and the heat rays can not; it is only when both are united that vegetation goes on, and when the plant is robbed of either, its hunger is a prayer that the divided rays feel by a law divine, and they seek unison that they may give life to the asking plant. Now, is not this hunger of my spirit the working of the Divine Law, and though selfish, right? And if I do not violate benevolence, am I sinful in having it fill my soul with its terrible, craving vacuity? See how earnestly I try to justify myself. Does it not look as though I needed justification, to be so anxious about it? Well! we shall see. By fruits we know the quality of being; thorns do not give us grapes, nor thistles, figs. I have no word of endearment for you. I can not say words to you that I have said to others. I have never called another myself. You are my *best self*.

You love me as I wish to be loved; your love leaves me nothing to desire but you. Others have loved and do love me deeply, with sweet and pure affection, but not with the whole of so great a soul as yours.

Now I remember your words, and dwell upon them and repeat them in my thoughts; your delicate life comes to me as the breath of the flowers that I love so much, and yet seems as firm to me as the oak. Oh! I can never tell you what you are to me. I only ask that I may be as much to you. Has not this last two weeks' work been a wonderful business? Don't you remember when you said I might forget you if I could, but that it was past praying for?

I feel to-night, before God, that but for you this world would be darker than the raven-wing of the darkest night that God ever suffered to rest on the world. I am so thankful for you, that I never hope to express any thing of my thankfulness. You give me rest. I rejoice in you wholly; I am happy that nothing in

was not your flesh, but your spirit, that I took hold of "and the flesh warred against the spirit," as saith the apostle you do not much respect. Now you must see all this very clearly. And I—ah! did not I have my struggles, too? Oh! how I chafed one night, and all but cursed, at my pent and undefined emotions, when I should have knelt at your feet and laid my head in your lap, and let my tears flow.

But I have no tears. The joy of my heart has dried them up. I have not shed one tear since I knew you, though the fountains used to be unsealed at every strong emotion.

I must love you now, through a few lines more. I wish I could write them more beautiful. A letter to you should be all perfect; every line should be full of grace and energy. Above all, it should be full of the sweetest and tenderest love—such love as the cherubim glow with—such love as may draw spirits of the higher spheres from one end of the universe to the other—such love, in one word, as is mine for you, to the full power of my soul to feel and language to express. Good-night.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

You think me better, a great deal better than I am, but I am glad of it, for the Ideal proves the Real, in that our loved ideal is the extension of our own being. You are in the *esse* what you believe me to be actually and essentially. This beautiful faith of yours serves two ends: first, it reveals you to me; and second, it makes me aspire to be all you believe me to be. Do you know that Bancroft the historian never said but one golden thing among all the brilliant glitter of his works? (and I think well of his brilliancy too.) He said, "Columbus started for the new world with a faith that would have created it, if he had not found it." So keep on with your blessed faith, and you will make me at last. It can not be otherwise. I can not tell you, but some time you will know, the goodness of God in giving you to me at this particular time. How can we ever distrust that bountiful Providence that provides? You will not ever—and I can not. If I had done so, I would not again. If I had been an Atheist hitherto, now I should be a Theist to the full

in you. You have been, in all this, so true, so noble, so entirely free from all foibles of character or conduct, so entirely the tender, truthful, angelic woman of my ideal, that it would be a terrible wrong in me not to be all that I should be, to give me the right of having so much happiness—and I can never have more than I deserve—which would prove that I deserve a great deal! I do; but I must have much more to satisfy the longings which now press around my spirit.

I don't know what you will think of all this. I have probably expressed myself confusedly, but it is my feeling now, and must find its expression. It is an egotism; but one with which I can not reproach myself. I must have all your love; it may be generous of you to give it, but while I give all mine in exchange, it must still be mine as a sacred right—the right of the most worthy. Feeling this acutely, I may distrust myself; but this egotism is so far from selfish, that it would be an agony for me to be loved greatly beyond my deserts, and I can not endure to be ranked, in any respect, above my true position, which time must inevitably define to you. What you now know is, that, with all the tenderness of my heart, and all the capacity of my mind, and all the fervor of my soul, I love you, I admire you, I adore you. My heart would say more—such words will not express it; there is left me but the mute eloquence of the language of nature; you shall read it in the throbbing of my heart, in the glances of my eyes, in the sweet emotions with which I enfold you in my arms, with a rapture such as breathes of heaven.

I must go on. I have not written what I wished—I know well that I can not, still I must write on. How consoling has been ever, what you wrote me so long ago—I say so long, because, measuring time by emotions, I have passed a whole lifetime since I knew you. You told me the same to day. I must read your heart in my own. How much you love me, then! My heart tells me every thing that is beautiful of you, and every thing my heart tells me, your lips confirm. You look into your own heart and read the same sweet story. What happiness! Shall we ever again complain of our life and our destiny? Shall we ever doubt that the balance is in favor of existence? I have never doubted that it would be. My hope has been strong. I

have had some dim revealing of this, and I entered upon it as if it were a long-promised heaven for me, just as I shall enter, with you, upon another existence when this is ended.

There were some other things I wished to say. "Agnes" is growing up fresh and strong, and very beautiful. You must write only when the spirit moves you—the spirit of love, which you embody, and with which you have so blessed me, as I bless you.

MRS. HERVEY TO VINCENT.

Here I am in my chastened happiness, with the beautiful flowers blessing me that are *your* gift, mine own. I am filled with a sad, thoughtful happiness. Perhaps I ought not to have said *sad* to you, but, my precious, it is so; though I am happy enough, God knows, to make my heart overflow continually. I do thank our Father with continual thanksgiving, and I do trust *fully* that all will be ordered just right. You are calm, strong, great, my beloved. You will act wisely. I am sure of it. I trust your clear understanding and your good heart. You will be impelled and guided rightly. I have no mere "human wisdom" in this matter, and I do not ask it. I know what a great passion is. I know its resistless power—so do you. We may reason and calculate, and still the passion will triumph. The more we build barriers, the more they will be swept away. And we do not necessarily neglect duty because of this. I do not neglect my duty or my friends because I love you. No true love ever yet conflicted with another true love. God's attributes are never discordant.

You know all my thoughts and feelings toward you. You know how sweet and precious they are, and these emotions will not stop with us. This is no useless, unproductive love. Our lives are to be fertilized by it. Onward flow these waves of love—onward, ever onward, freighted with blessings for humanity. Ah, darling, how greatly comforting is the thought! A love that will help to redeem this evil world, and make it the base of a heaven that shall in its turn be the accord of another, till our universe shall feel the blessing and brightening of a love that no mortal knows but those in whose hearts it burns.

are precious to you. I do not believe that I was ever loved so wholly and unselfishly as you love me. No love ever so fully satisfied me. Not that you are all I could wish. You are not, as to the manner of your being; but as to your being itself, I believe fully that you are. You are to vivify my life, and I am to refine yours. Oh! what would be life without you? I wonder if you are writing to me now. I seem to have absolutely nothing to say to you, and yet I keep on writing. My heart is full of love and happiness. How I love to work now with the full blessing of appreciation!

How thankful I am for the strength you gave me—that true and beautiful magnetism. Daily, mine own, you must lay your hands on me, and bless me; that is, when it may be so. Oh! with what a heavenly hope I look to the future. To-morrow will come, and many to-morrows; and Sunday will come, and many Sundays; and though I will not live long, I will be happy all the days I live.

VINCENT TO MRS. HERVEY.

I shall not write much to you to-night, but I shall not see you to-morrow, and I must send you as much of myself as I can. Nay, I must send you all of myself, for you will be all the better for me. Do you feel that ring? How earnestly I tried to make it a part of myself—to breathe around it the aroma of my life. I hope it carried something to you. I wish that I could impress every thing about you, and envelop you in myself. It seems to me that you would never be sick again.

How I love you to tell me how much I love you! I can tell you so, but I like much better that you should recognize it for yourself. No, you never were loved so much, and I am your destiny, and you have tried hard to find me, and the nearer you came to it the greater were your efforts. Do you see that I describe you from myself? And when you saw me at last, and before you saw me, this destiny had fastened itself upon you, and this deep love sought for an utterance. It was the struggle between your inner life and outer consciousness that made the *lightest pressure* of my fingers so painfully sensible to you. It

All will be well. How or when, I can not see. I repose on this assurance; I wish you to be satisfied with it. You merit every thing—every wish of your heart; and you will have it. There will be an end corresponding to the beginning; I mean a result. We have no cause for repining. I am very calm and patient, and I can work and wait.

I can write of nothing but happiness—so full, so unalloyed. I can think of nothing but the calm rapture of pressing you to my heart, and of reading in your face how much I am beloved, and seeing reflected in it every emotion of my heart. How weak is language when the heart is speaking for itself! How much is there in a glance, a tone, a gesture, a flush of passionate emotion, more than all words can express. You have seemed very beautiful to me to day, and you have felt very dear to me; the most precious treasure of my life; something for which I am as grateful as for my own existence, since it makes my existence so blessed. There are many good and noble spirits on the earth, but none like you. Best of God's best gifts, do I not prize you as you deserve?

You shall see and feel that I do. You shall love me more every year of your life, for I will be more worthy of your love. You shall give me all the untold wealth of your warm affections, but you shall be no loser, for I will pay all back with such interest of sweet adoration, as shall make you forever satisfied with this disposal of yourself. Dear, generous soul, you have bestowed upon me yourself, and I have paid you back with myself, with such devotion and gratitude as may make it a fair exchange. You wanted some one to love, and so did I. We both wanted such love as God has enabled us to bestow upon each other, and one happy day we found ourselves, and our happiness begun.

I thank the angels that guard us that we were no longer kept apart; I bless my destiny that there were no more obstacles in the way of our happiness. And I bless you, sweetest of all angels and all destinies, for that great soul that made you know my love even before I knew it, and that made you so kind, so generous, so nobly true. I shall never be able to express fully to you my sense of the purity of soul which you have manifested from the first hour of our acquaintance up to the last and tender-

est moment of our love. It will take a long lifetime of devotion to repay what I owe to you, and still I am getting deeper in debt to you every day. When we enter upon another life, we must be able to look back upon some worthy, well-directed work in this. I hope to bid the world good-bye with a clear conscience. Had I not known you, it would not have been without a sigh of vague regret; but now I shall have enjoyed all of life that has any charms. I shall have realized the secret hope of my heart. I *have* found what I have ever longed for—the true love of a true woman.

This is the crowning blessing of my life. All others are of little value, all others could be better kept back than this. With this, I can dispense with the trifles that usually occupy human vanity and ambition. I must see you every day. The time will come when I shall see you all day.

Chapter Twenty-one.

A DIVORCE AND A WEDDING.

THUS have I faithfully transcribed the impassioned and prophetic letters which we wrote day after day, from the deep and beautiful life of our love.

Thus have I faithfully given the conception, growth, and maturity of a divine passion—the love of two human souls, whose union was to produce a heaven of happiness for them, and an outflowing of uses to the world, of which it is not for me to speak. Their testimony is in many hearts—the appreciation of their work is in many minds.

When we reflect that this love, so sacred, so full of goods and truths, was prohibited by our laws and our customs; that in the State of Massachusetts, where I parted from Hervey, and repudiated his ownership, my union with Vincent would have been a State's-prison offense, to be punished by years of incarceration and hard labor, we see how much freedom there is for a true love and a true life in America—the boasted "land of the free and home of the brave." Our laws would have bound me in a worse than brothel; for in the house of infamy there is one chance in a million that persons may meet who are in some measure congenial. In the terrible relation I had sustained there was no chance. I must live to be polluted, to suffer undying agonies, to bear half-living babes, that death claimed before they had opened their eyes on a world, where impurity, murder, and all sins are legalized—where pulpits, public journals, and armies of Christian moralists are set for the defense of a system that sanctifies all vice, all crime, all sickness, and all sorrow.

Until this great love came into my soul, I had been content with bonds—or I had not actively rebelled against them. My lawsuit having terminated favorably, after a great deal of earnest work, by the lawyer who had my interests in keeping, I felt less the annoyance of the ownership marriage. Though, according to the law of New York at that time, Hervey could come and despoil my house of its furniture, if it was known to be mine; though he could take Eva and me violently, by law, away from our home, I knew that he would not do this. Public opinion is sometimes above the law, and perhaps he could not have done it. I felt assured he would not make the attempt. But his power, the power of the marriage contract, held me as firmly as if he had been in the house.

I had made no attempt to procure a divorce, because, having really left *him*, though he appeared to have left me at my father's, I was convinced that I had no right to take advantage of the law. In the State where he resided, abandoning his home and refusing to live with him was a cause for divorce. He, therefore, could obtain a divorce, as he had my letters containing refusals to live with him. But I had little reason to hope that he would risk his membership in "Friends' Society" by obtaining a divorce, as this people believe that marriage should be indissoluble, except for one offense.

Just as I began to feel strongly the pressure of my chain, I received a visit from Mr. Wilkins, my lawyer, who told me that Hervey thought somewhat of obtaining a divorce. The hope that he would do so opened a bright future for me. Though I was fully convinced of the truth and holiness of my passion for Vincent, for the sake of my profession, and my great usefulness to woman, I did not wish to incur disgrace by living with him without a legal marriage. I resolved to wait with patience a sufficient length of time for Hervey to move in the matter. If before the close of the year he should not obtain a divorce, and thus leave me at liberty to marry, I resolved to take my fate in my own hands, and risk all, by living with my chosen one, as his wife, without the legal sanction. Fortunately for my work, Hervey, wishing himself to marry, and being unopposed, obtained a divorce within the year. I was left free, and I was very jealous of my freedom.

No man on the broad earth could more fully sympathize with me in the holy fear I felt of bonds than Vincent. I knew that he would give his life to guard mine in the most full and sacred outflowing of all my love—my duty to myself, and, consequently, my usefulness to others. I said: "In a marriage with you, I resign no right of my soul. I enter into no compact to be faithful to you. I only promise to be faithful to the deepest love of my heart. If that love is yours, it will bear fruit for you, and enrich your life—our life. If my love leads me from you, I must go."

He said, "Your are free. I ask only what is mine, through your love, and I ask that you give to all what is sacredly theirs. I am content to wait. I shall have my own—I ask only that."

I said, "I must keep my name—the name I have made for myself, through labor and suffering."

He smiled and said, "I do not ask you to take mine."

"I must have my room, into which none can come, but because I wish it."

He said, "A woman's right to her room is as imperative as her right to her garments. By the law of marriage she has no right to her clothing, you know, and any man who runs away with her can be sued by her husband for stealing her clothes from their owner. But the laws or customs of Northern or Southern slavery are not for us. I shall only be too happy to come into your room when you desire it." And it was all settled, and a day for the ceremony of marriage was appointed.

A bright morning dawned upon us on the 29th of July, 18—. It was the day of the acknowledgment of our union. A few of our friends were gathered; Prof. B., a clergyman of the New Church (Swedenborgian), read the beautiful marriage service of that denomination; and then he repeated the Lord's Prayer, as we knelt together, in deepest thankfulness, before our Father and his angels.

Fragrant flowers were given to all, and a happiness as large as our love rested upon us and thrilled through our all of life. Blessed be the dear God for the gift of his love. When shall we become worthy of the boon by giving fully as we receive; by daring to live to the higher law of love, instead of being bondmen and bondwomen to laws, manners, morals, and our own selfishness?

When will man recognize woman as her own, and accept her love as a free and vivifying gift, instead of claiming it as a property in an arbitrary fidelity, which may be false and full of death!

When will woman cease to be an appendage, a parasite of man; a thing, a creature having no independent existence, but subject to the will of an owner-husband; her true life stultified or crucified; the miserable mother of miserable men and more wretched women!

Ah, when will woman stand before the universe an individual being, faithful to her own life-law, fully sensible of her God-given dower of love, and her right to bestow it according to the divine law of her attraction?

Chapter Twenty-two.

CONCLUSION.

THE reader may possibly recollect that this book began with a baby, who served no purpose but to show my weariness in carrying him all day. That baby may have a history, but not here.

I am to close my Revelations of a Life, for the present, with another baby, whose rose-bud face, and golden curls, and bright blue eyes only shine in upon you for a moment, to show you how happy I am. A gift from the heaven of our love is this beaming child; blessing us, and her artist-sister Eva, with a joy that, in our wildest aspiration, we should not have dared to pray for. She has reached the jubilee of words that have thoughts and loves in them, and she questions already of many things. "Mamma, how did I come from the Beautiful World into your heart, and then to live here? Did I come on a star-beam?"

And when my mother, after growing to the ripe wisdom and goodness that years and suffering bring, left us, a few months since, and we laid her body in the narrow home, the little one asked anxiously, "Mamma, is my dear grandmother beneath that little pile of earth?"

I said, "No. The grandmother who thought and loved has gone to the Beautiful World." She was quite still for a few moments, as if realizing the truth that her loved one still lived, and then she said, "Mamma, how did my grandmother get to that world? Did she have wings, or did angels come and carry her?"

Bright bud of the beautiful, with your heart full of pure young faith. All your questionings shall yet be answered; though I am not wise enough to tell you what you would know.

Arthur and Eva Wilmot have had a happiness that is the portion of very few. I have many histories to write; perhaps theirs will be of the number.

Mr. Wilkins is a successful man, who has life before him; and may he know how to command its goods by living not in externals only, but in a depth of loving-kindness which truly vivifies existence.

Dr. Ellery has become greatly changed. He has written his abstractions into many books, and left them to their fate in the library. He is no longer the philosopher, careful only that his thoughts should find a place in men's minds; but he is a gentleman, also, in dress and manner, and has no recollection that he was ever eccentric, or violated any of the rules of etiquette, unless, perhaps, when his long-continued night studies had deprived him of the power to rest or sleep; then he acknowledges that he may at times have been abstracted—possibly somewhat eccentric. On the whole, he protests against my pen-and-ink portrait of him as a sad caricature, if not altogether a libel. I think he is more inclined to think it the last.

Hervey is "happily married," and I believe is entirely "respectable."

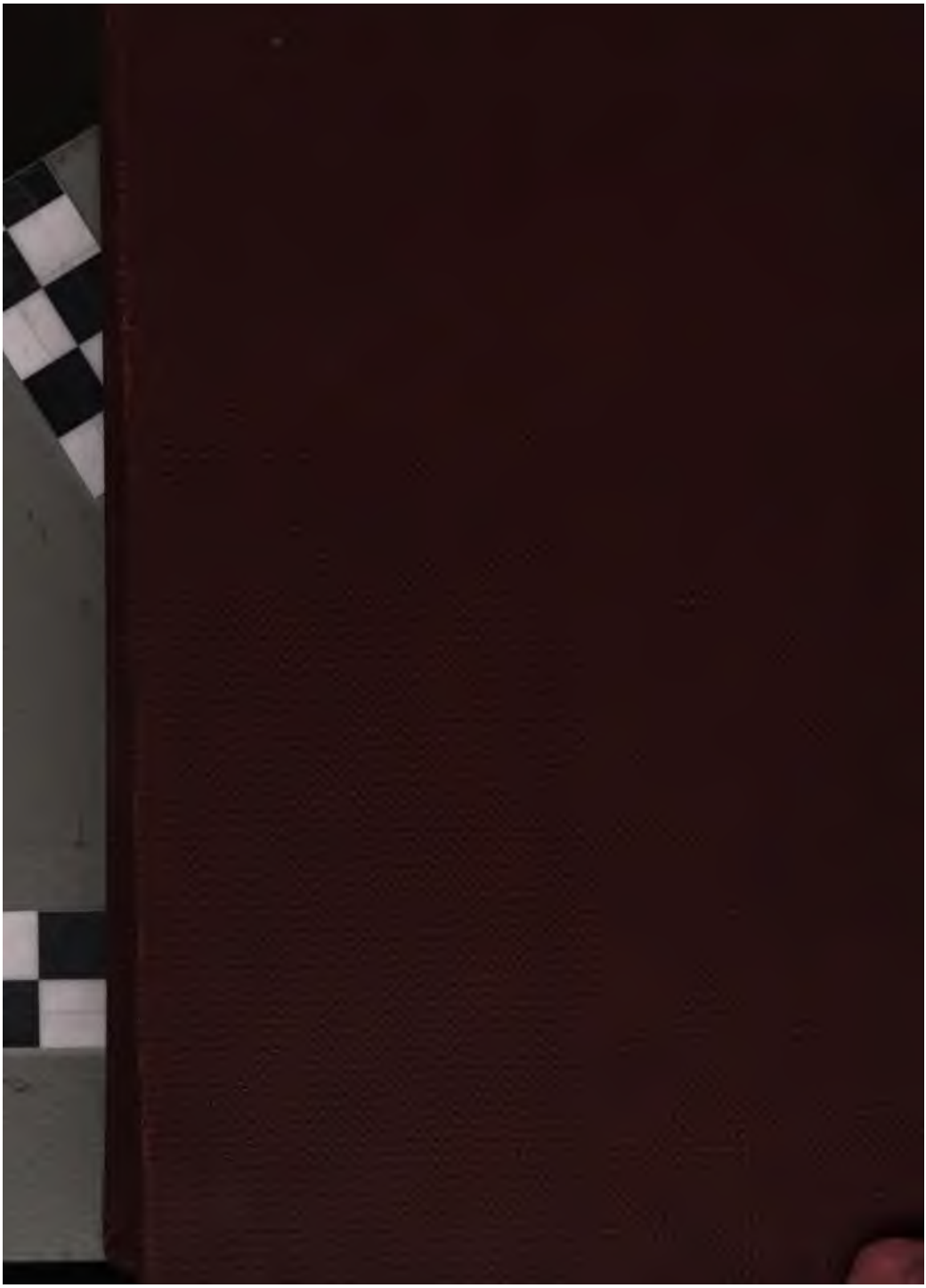
My Eva is deepening into the Life of Art, which has been her passion from a child, and is preparing for a three years' study in Italy, living much less for the social relations, than for the expression of the Divine form of Beauty which she sees in Nature and in Human Life.

For myself, and the noble co-worker whom God has given me, I can speak in loving joy of the happiness in which we live continually. None know the goods of Life but those who love, and who are free to love all things and souls who are lovely to them. The multitude may profane the truth, and cry, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" against the Divine Love. But the Eternal Love lives on, and subdues all to itself.

In giving this book to the world, I seek to know the fate of honest utterance. If I am accepted, I have more of Life to write; if not, I have still more to live: and life is to me, to us, THE HEAVEN OF LOVE.

THE END.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

Form 410